



W. O. Simpson

*Methodist Minister
and
Missionary*



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with best wishes

and kind regards

Fred. C. Barrows

Xmas/86

W. O. SIMPSON.

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Yours as ever
W. O. Simpson

W. O. SIMPSON,

Methodist Minister and Missionary.

EARLY LIFE, AND LIFE IN THE HOME WORK.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

MISSION LIFE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT STEPHENSON, B.A.

EDITED

BY THE REV. JOSEPH BUSH.

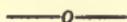
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PREFACE.



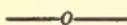
IT is five years this day since William Overend Simpson entered into rest. More than many, “he dwelt in the presence of all his brethren.” He was eminently a travelling preacher; and during the years of his ministry in the Home Work, he gave himself without stint or grudging to the Connexion which he loved so well. In town Circuits and in country Circuits, he went in and out amongst ministers and members. And it never occurred to him to seem other than he was; but “with open face” and “great plainness of speech” he lived and moved amidst the people called Methodists. And as he lived, so “he died in the presence of all his brethren.” Death found William Overend Simpson where he finds not one in ten thousand—in a District Meeting. On the Laymen’s day, and at an hour when every one was present,—it was just then that he who lived equally in the hearts of preachers and people was stricken down. And as he lay unconscious for the space of two hours, ere the spirit went home to God, those who had known his manner of life gathered round and witnessed “by what death” it was ordained that “he should glorify God.” These Memoirs reveal the man not less fully than they describe the minister and missionary. The minister is built upon the man, and not the man upon the minister. Personal goodness is the only sure founda-

tion of official virtue. Unless the man be of sterling quality, the minister can never be of much worth or weight. In a word, the root of ministerial excellence lies deep in the character of the man who is "made a minister." And in these Memoirs the man is brought out; and they who read of labours more abundant will not soon "forget what manner of man he was" who did the work. In the publication of this volume there has been unwelcome delay, arising out of unexpected hindrances. Brethren who have charge of important Circuits do not find it easy to command time for consecutive literary work. And in the case of Mr. Wray, this circumstance was aggravated by failing health. To this labour of love he gave the latest months of his life; and probably the last effort, ere his right hand lost its cunning, was a brief note in pencil to myself in reference to these Memoirs. My own work has been chiefly upon the manuscripts of Mr. Simpson's Sermons, Lectures, and Addresses. In relation to this volume, my principal duty has been to condense within the limits prescribed by the Book Committee the work of my two friends, and to conduct it through the press. These Memoirs are sent forth in the full assurance that they who shared his "fellowship in the Gospel" will be refreshed in spirit as they commune with him in these pages; and especially does the Editor hope and pray that many a young man will be stirred up to "offer himself willingly" unto the Lord, and to follow in the footsteps of William Overend Simpson, Methodist minister and missionary.

JOSEPH BUSH.

52, AUBERT PARK, LONDON, N.,
May 18th, 1886.

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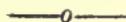
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Part First.



EARLY LIFE.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND CONVERSION.

1831-1847.

TO Thomas Simpson and his wife Mary Ann, of the good old Methodist town of Leeds, pertains the honour of the parentage and upbringing of a son who lived, by God's grace, to render signal service to his own generation at home and abroad, before he "fell on sleep."

Mr. Simpson, senior, was convinced of sin at family prayer, during his apprenticeship, and shortly afterwards was enabled to trust in Christ as his Saviour, and so to rejoice in a sense of God's pardoning mercy. He became a member of the Methodist Society in 1804, and began forthwith to render active and acceptable service to the Church of his choice. He was first a prayer-leader, then a local preacher, then a class-leader; and in the course of years he came to be entrusted with every Society and Circuit office whereto a layman is usually appointed.

Mrs. Simpson, at the time of her marriage, was a member of the Independent congregation of which the late Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton was the minister. She is described as a woman of strong mind and will, patient, candid, persevering, and of strict integrity.

If a thing was right, no matter what were the difficulties, no matter what might be the cost, *that* was the thing to be done. She was one of those unselfish, faithful, brave-hearted mothers who live to show their boys and girls what men and women ought to be, and send them forth to add life and strength to the commonwealth. Her piety was deep and genuine, though, owing perhaps to her early connection with the Independents, less demonstrative than her husband's: she became, nevertheless, a stedfast and whole-hearted Methodist.

Their coming together was assuredly of the Lord. Helpers of each other's faith and joy, their prayers were not hindered; and "the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush" was manifest in their life-long unity, their great domestic felicity, and the success with which they trained up their children to godliness and manliness.

It was a bright and happy home—a resort of the good and the gifted; the Conference-home of the Revs. Joseph Fowler and Samuel Jackson; the inn at which the most distinguished Methodist preachers were wont to turn aside to tarry for a night or two; and a favourite meeting-place of the Circuit ministers and other devout and intelligent friends. On these occasions the children, always kept in becoming order, were allowed to listen to the prayers, the spiritual conversation, the promiscuous talk—the anecdotes, the wit, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which the survivors gratefully remember and acknowledge as among the most precious educational influences brought to bear upon them. Mr. Simpson was one of the kindest, faithfulest of fathers; readily entering

into, assisting and sharing their pleasures, but scrupulous in excluding questionable amusements, and coming down in never-to-be-forgotten scorn upon all slothfulness and deceit. He was at once strict and very considerate in enforcing a due observance of the Sabbath-day. The children were taken to chapel and received religious instruction at home, suitable books were provided for them to read, their singing gifts were encouraged freely, and all means considered lawful were employed to make the Sabbath a delight.

Among other things the father was remarkable for his love of flowers, of which, particularly roses, he was, on a small scale, a careful cultivator: at the time of his sudden decease, his own little garden was bright and fragrant with his favourite blooms. Both father and mother, a surviving daughter certifies, were enthusiastic admirers of natural scenery. The "mighty ocean" had attractions ever fresh and inexhaustible; and special mention is made of the English lake district as having filled them with admiration and delight. No ordinary sight-seers—such as limit their communion with nature to hours of sunshine and good weather, they loved to wander over hill and dale, among woods and streams, when the skies were unpropitious. They enjoyed an exploration under a stout umbrella. "Sometimes they were drenched with rain outside the stage-coach, but in times of pouring rain the cataracts are at their best, and this was ample compensation." This information has been given in reply to the inquiry, "Where did your brother get his poetry from? his keen appreciation of all things grand and beautiful?"

To the brief but admirable sketch of their son's

life and character by the Rev. Joseph Bush, in the *Wesleyan Magazine* for July 1881, the present gifted Editor appends a note, in which he asks quite needlessly:—

“ May we be forgiven for seizing this opportunity of paying a grateful tribute to the memory of Mr. Simpson’s parents? Our acquaintance with the family began in a way very characteristic of them. It was as a Grove lad, a Supernumerary’s son who could not go home for the Christmas holidays, and was invited to mingle in their festivities, and enjoy their hearty Yorkshire hospitalities. . . . W. O. Simpson’s benevolence and generosity were home-taught and hereditary. His parents were thorough Yorkshire Methodists. His father’s intellectual superiority manifested itself in conversation, and was proved by the close friendship formed between him and the late Rev. Joseph Fowler, with whom some kind of mental vigour was a *sine quâ non* of intimate association. But the pervading impression formed by intercourse with Mr. Simpson, senior, was that of sweetness and simplicity. The last time we saw him was in Leeds, a few weeks before his death. He breathed the genuine spirit of old Methodism.”

The memory of the just is blessed; and in this instance we owe some gratitude to Dr. Gregory for assisting to preserve and make it known. After the death of Mrs. Simpson, in a letter to one of her daughters, dated November 17, 1864, the late Rev. John Bowers says:—

“ For her and your beloved father I always cherished the most sincere and affectionate esteem, and I shall ever dwell upon their memory with pensive interest

and pleasure. They were Christians indeed, exemplifying in all the relations of life those things which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. Their attachment to the interests of our religious community was warm and stedfast, undeviating in seasons of trial and discouragement; and very valuable in the active service they rendered to its cause, in its sphere of benevolent and useful enterprize."

William Overend Simpson, the youngest child in a family of eight, was born in Leeds, April 15, 1831. Like his twin-sister, who lived only eighteen months, he was very puny and unpromising. Under the supposition that he was dying, the future stalwart missionary was baptized in private by the worthy hands of the Rev. Richard Treffry, senior. Prayer was offered in his behalf and answered; for after the peculiar ills which infant flesh is heir to, the boy began to thrive, and did uncommonly well, and grew up hale and strong.

If his infancy agreed with his riper years—if the child was father of the man, no long period elapsed without abundant demonstration of the advent of a strongly emphasized individuality. At no epoch of his life was his personality a thing to be ignored. This is said to his praise. Together with his other natural characteristics, his ever ready, though perhaps unconscious, assertion of himself was given him for wise ends, and he never lost it. W. O. Simpson was born to be regarded. We might therefore expect to hear of very early instances of self-will, of his kinging it among his peers; but under the influence of his judicious and godly parents' precepts and examples, his more amiable qualities were drawn into promi-

nence, and all appear to have been held in admirable equipoise. The Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., in the editorial note above referred to, says:—

“The future missionary and orator was then a sturdy, well-behaved, pleasant little fellow, giving himself up with unselfish eagerness to the socialities of his fourth Christmas.” There were times, it is true, as he unfolded into bigger boyhood, when the spirit that was in him came outside and showed itself. When he had commenced attendance at school with an older brother, one bag or satchel served for both, and this they carried by agreement on alternate days in turn. One day there was a dispute between them as to whose turn it was; and William, loudly protesting against a supposed wrong, was compelled to bear the bag. Halfway to school, however, he dropped it in the street and would not carry it any further. His brother was equally determined, and when they were returning home, they looked in vain for the satchel with its treasures. This was scarcely amiable, though perhaps his sense of injustice, well or ill founded, raises it above sheer obstinacy. The man was in the boy; for it always overtaxed his powers to be compelled to yield when he felt himself in the right.

On another occasion this spirit betrayed itself in an act of filial disobedience which nearly cost his life. There were stepping-stones across the river for foot-passengers when the water was low, a way dangerous for little boys, though safe enough for adults; but it is somewhat doubtful whether W. O. Simpson ever felt himself a little boy. This way was strictly forbidden him, to the mortification of his budding manhood. Others passed and repassed with impunity, and why

not he? He resolved to try, but chose an unfortunate time for the experiment. The river was swollen with recent rain, and few eyes were about. Away he ran over the stepping-stones, and was first discovered midway across, just as, confused by the rush and noise of the impetuous stream, he dropped upon a stone and clung to it with both hands. A shoe and sock were forced off and carried away by the current. From this perilous situation he had to be rescued with horse and cart, providentially at hand, or he must have perished. He had about a mile to walk through the town to get home, where he arrived a pitiable object—dripping with water, and with only one sock and one shoe; though he had exercised his excellent mother-wit in transferring the remaining shoe to the naked foot. Bed was the best place for him, and his friends were too thankful for his preservation to inflict further penalty.

His school-going was limited to Leeds. Lastly, and chiefly, he was under Mr. Richard Hiley, a zealous, strict, and conscientious teacher, who kept one of the principal seminaries in the town. Here he received an excellent education, including classics, wherein his master was a scholar of high repute. At a time when the systems of training in middle-class schools were commonly perfunctory and superficial, this gentleman was painstaking and thorough. His pupils did him honour, and W. O. Simpson was in the forefront of them; although, it is said, he was not brilliant at his lessons, and it was only by dint of indomitable application and perseverance that he won his high position in the academy. In after years he was profuse in his expressions of indebtedness and gratitude to his old

master ; and undoubtedly, by God's blessing, Mr. Hiley had much to do in the making of the man his admiring pupil eventually became.

A gentleman who went to Mr. Hiley's school with Mr. Simpson gives a description of him that well agrees with what we might suppose would distinguish him in those days, showing that he was no unimportant personage among his fellows. This gentleman and he were then of the same age, but the latter was much more courageous, as well as stouter and stronger ; and the former avers that, in cases of contention, he was always sure of a victory if Simpson was on his side, "for few could withstand his onsets."

Leaving Mr. Hiley's school when he was about sixteen years old, William—as had been afore determined—was put to business under his father, who was a prosperous house-decorator, gilder, and painter ; and highly esteemed as a tradesman. A youth with such health and spirits, tact and taste, push and perseverance, adroitness and address, so fertile in resources, so admirably grounded in uprightness, could scarcely fail to be a valuable auxiliary to his employer. These qualities presage and ensure success in any vocation whereto they may be devoted. Had not the purpose of his parents been interfered with by Him who controls and often frustrates the fixers of youthful fates, the name of "Mr. W. O. Simpson" would probably have stood prominently forth among those many successful laymen—princes in munificence, heroes in active service, that make the history of Methodism in Leeds illustrious. But the youth was a chosen vessel, chosen for high employment far hence among the Gentiles, and for work of equal importance subse-

quently in his own land. Therefore it was that while his father was endeavouring to fit him for a life he was not to follow, and looking forward with pardonable pride to successes won and services rendered by the lad in his native town, his heavenly Father was secretly making ready a prophet of the Highest, whose voice was ere long to awaken echoes in Oriental wildernesses.

One great change, the change above all essential to his qualification for the work whereunto he was appointed, had yet to be brought about.

An unconverted professor of the faith of Jesus in any circumstances is a gross anomaly—a goat among God's sheep, a nettle among Christ's lilies; much more so is an unconverted minister, an unconverted missionary. "Unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare My statutes, or that thou shouldst take My covenant into thy mouth?" A minister, to be really and extensively useful as such, must understand the spiritual nature of his work, must be able from his own experience to judge as to the truth and thoroughness of its effects in others. Through repentance towards God, through the pangs of the New Birth, through a personal trust in Christ, the joy of pardon, the conflicts of the Christian life and habitual intercourse with heaven, he must gradually grow and ripen into the experienced, established and successful preacher of the righteousness which is by faith. Otherwise, in his endeavours to edify the Church, he will daub with untempered mortar; in exercising the ministry of reconciliation, he will speak peace where there is no peace. We may leave the dead to bury their dead, but we cannot recognize them as God's instruments for raising the dead to life.

Under powerful influences for good from his childhood, the prayers and admonitions of his parents, the atmosphere of such a home, the spirit and conversation of such men as resorted thither, and such services as he was privileged to attend at Brunswick chapel, W. O. Simpson was frequently subject to strong strivings of the Holy Spirit; but though forced betimes to muse upon his ways, he hasted not to keep God's commandments. As the first step, therefore, in the luminous career that lay before him, he must be converted. Hearing and answering prayer, and carrying out His plans for the moulding of the future missionary in His own ways, the Divine Spirit never left him till he was guided to a decision that was firm and final.

It appears from his early writings that he met in a Society class for several months before the great change was wrought; and, notwithstanding his youth, he was teacher of the principal class in the Sunday School. But though determined to serve God, and endeavouring to do so, he was not satisfied, not happy, because not born again. Occasionally, under special influences, he fancied he had experienced this change, but generally he thought otherwise, and the reasons he gives for his doubts prove them to have been too well founded. He repeatedly accuses himself of such sins as lying, prevarication, lust, obstinacy, and anger. The tenderness of his conscience probably led him to make the worst of his case, yet these things are wholly incompatible with the life that is hid with Christ in God. Assuredly, "He that committeth sin is," for the time being, "of the devil." Still, though subject to powerful temptations, though often grievously failing

to keep the whole law, he never lost his desire to flee from the wrath to come, never discontinued his endeavours to cease to do evil and learn to do well. At last, in his seventeenth year, feeling himself condemned and miserable, but assured that God, for Christ's sake, waited to be gracious, he resolved to allow himself no rest till, according to his own expressive phrase, he was "soundly converted."

Soundly converted he was, and that in a way too much ignored in some modern Churches, but happily still usual in others which have not yet learned to blush when mocked as "Evangelical"; a way foreshown by such typical cases as Saul of Tarsus and the Philippian jailer. The Holy Spirit directed his gaze inwards, and showed him unloveliness which no art could bring to beauty, vice which no efforts of his own could reform to virtue, and depravity which no power save that which is Divine could conquer; and then commenced that memorable struggle from which he emerged in triumph, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ," says St. Paul to the Corinthian believers, "yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the Gospel." He speaks as with kindling pride of his relation to them, wayward as they were; albeit pride might have been felt more justly by themselves, in owing their spiritual paternity to "such an one as Paul the aged." The honour of bringing William O. Simpson to Jesus fell to the late Rev. Robert Young, long known to be wise above most ministers in winning souls; and in this case the honour was reciprocal. The son was worthy of the

apostolic father : the father was worthy of the apostolic son.

How this happy event was brought about, is well told by the youth himself in a letter addressed to Mr. Simpson, senior, who was then away from Leeds :—

“MY DEAR FATHER,—For some time I have been distressed with fears that I had not undergone a real change of heart, that my hopes of salvation did not rest upon the proper foundation. My fears were strengthened by James’s *Christian Father’s Present*. He says of a religion not founded on Christ, ‘It is sufficient to discover sin, but not to correct it; sufficient to make good resolutions, but not to keep them. It softens the heart, but does not renew it; it excites grief, but does not eradicate evil dispositions.’

“Now this was my case to ‘a tye.’ I was not purged from sin by the blood of Christ; I had not the witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God; and I resolved not to rest till I had His seal upon me.

“Then it was announced that the Rev. Robert Young was coming. From what I had heard of him from Truro, I judged we should have revival sermons, and I prayed that the Holy Spirit would prepare me to receive the Word with gladness, and that under Mr. Young’s preaching I might obtain salvation; and I did not go in vain.

“O what sermons those two were! In the evening the text was, ‘While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word’; and while Mr. Young spake the word, the Holy Ghost fell upon *me*.

“In the prayer-meeting, though Mr. Young invited,

and the Spirit was knocking at my heart, I did not go to the communion-rail. The struggle in my soul was so great that I thought I should have fallen. Mr. Young repeated the verse:—

“ ‘ Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror.’ ”

“ Instantly my beating heart was quiet. I felt a cool determination, went up to the rail, and—glory be to God! I was the first that night over whom the angels sang their Hallelujah.

“ ‘ Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul’s anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world’s foundation slain.’ ”

“ Is not this good news? You will rejoice with me.—I remain your affectionate son,

“ WILLIAM.”

“ *July 26, 1847.* ”

Remarking upon this prime turning-point in Mr. Simpson’s life, the Rev. Joseph Bush says:—

“ Upon the foundation of absolute surrender to Christ thus deliberately laid, the personal and ministerial character of our friend was built; and how firm and massive a character that was Methodists will not soon forget. In a superficial piety he could not rest, but resolutely sought ‘the further grace’; and by a deep and clear experience of the forgiving and renewing mercy of God, he came to know the certainty of those things wherein he had been instructed.”

II.

CALLED TO THE MINISTRY.

1847—1851.

BY an instinct of the New Nature, William O. Simpson, from the time of his conversion, sought to make known to others the truth which had made him free. The absence of this instinct is a strong presumptive evidence of the survival of the Old Nature. Can they be one with Christ who do not share the travail of His soul? who feel no passionate longing to win for Him the world which He has bought with His own blood?

Andrew—having been brought to Jesus by John the Baptist, and Philip—won by our Lord Himself, immediately cast forth their nets, though not yet formally set apart to fish for men. Andrew first finds his own brother Simon, Philip his friend Nathanael, and draw them to their Lord. So it was in the beginning of the Gospel: so, to a vastly enlarged extent, it was from the commencement of the fuller ministration of the Spirit.

In his celebrated sermon on "Scriptural Christianity," Mr. Wesley regards it as beginning to exist in individuals, as then spreading from one to another, and then as covering the earth. These main thoughts

of that wonderful discourse, which first fell like a bombshell on the slumbering University of Oxford, cannot be too often or too earnestly pressed upon the attention of all new converts. This is Scriptural Christianity.

“Friends, parents, neighbours first it will embrace ;
Our country next, and next the human race.”

When Christianity loses this characteristic—when its neophytes lack the animating love and burning zeal of its first converts, in the warmth and glow whereof it looked forth in the morning, so far it ceases to be Scriptural. It resembles Samson shorn of his locks, and weak as other men.

“If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength : but wisdom is profitable to direct.” While young Simpson was seeking to bring souls to Christ by reproofing sin, reasoning with sinners, and inviting them to God’s house, he often found his iron blunt—soft and easily turned at the edge, for want of knowledge and experience. He sought, therefore, to temper the blade and whet the edge by close study and communion with God. Lacking wisdom, he asked it of the Lord. Naturally self-reliant, sanguine, and impetuous, he made little way with his blunt instrument, though swung with his full strength, till wisdom taught him to whet the edge, and so to achieve by a skilful stroke what mere force could not accomplish.

He resolved to qualify himself as much as possible for future usefulness, for already the Holy Spirit was moving him to take upon himself the office and work of a Christian minister. This he subsequently avowed,

and it is confirmed by numerous original sermonettes and reflections on Scripture passages found among his youthful compositions.

Wisdom to direct was liberally given. Not as beginners frequently expect it, as a sudden inspiration in answer to a spasmodic prayer ; but by the prompting of the Spirit to personal diligence, and the blessing which prospered his own exertions. God gave it in various ways and by slow degrees : by the Word, by self-examination, by intercourse with wiser and better people than himself, by much reading, by the lips and pen of one of the wisest of Christian fathers. Many letters passed between Mr. Simpson, senior, and William, for the father lived in the son, and in him renewed his youth as the eagle's : the son revered the father, and yielded him all the homage of a warm and loyal heart. In one of these paternal epistles the junior is thus admonished :—

“Recollect, youth is the seed-time of life. Take care and break up the fallow ground in your heart. Let the soil be well prepared by a close examination of yourself. Pray much in private, and God will give you heavenly wisdom and direct you in all things. Read your Bible with such application and attention as you were formerly obliged to give to your Latin and Composition when at school. Think and judge for yourself on all points. Form your own character. It is well to be humble, and not dogmatical. Read calmly, weigh carefully, make your own conclusions. Recollect that the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the only standard of truth.”

This glad father of a wise son was not permitted, in the flesh, to honour the successful Christian warrior

whom he had trained so well—not even to see him harnessed; for at the age of sixty-two, shortly after writing the above letter—just one year after his son's conversion, he was suddenly summoned into the immediate presence of his Judge and Saviour. The painful event was the work of a few moments, and it is graphically described by Mr. Bush in words as few:—

“On the 26th of June, 1848, at the Brunswick Circuit Quarterly Meeting, Mr. Simpson rose to speak. As his friends listened, the arrow of death was launched; and while he yet spake, Mr. Simpson fell, and died with words of kindly wisdom on his lips.”

It was a very solemn, but, except to short-sighted mortals, not a saddening spectacle. Forty-four years before he had begun in earnest to serve the Lord Christ, and for forty years he had preached the Gospel; there had been no break or pause in his service, no wavering in his devotion; and if he entered into rest before he was work-wearied, who shall say it was not a mark of the Master's signal favour? The good and faithful servant had done his work, and gone to receive his reward. There, indeed, lay the familiar form, rigid and cold in death; but the inmate, the man, the father, the faithful Christian worker, had entered an invisible chariot and, while his friends stood helplessly by, and before the first gush of their grief was spent, was already at the gate of heaven.

To William this was a heavy loss as well as a mighty sorrow. He never lost the impression of it, and some of us who knew him intimately will not soon forget the brimming eyes with which in after years he sometimes spoke of that sore bereavement. We now

connect what is here described with a like scene at another chapel in a similar meeting, when, thirty-three years afterwards, the heavenly chariot, unexpectedly sent down, conveyed with equal suddenness this same wise son to that same glad father.

William never departed from the way in which he had been taught to go. His beloved parent, companion, friend, philosopher, and guide held in fact a heightened influence over him. The father, being dead, still spoke to the son in the imperishable impressions produced by an unmarred example of rectitude and devotion, in well-remembered teachings, in thrilling echoes of the living voice, in multitudinous reminiscences of the precious past, in dreams and visions of the night, in that mysterious inter-communion of soul with disembodied soul of which many of us are happily conscious, but which we do not expect to understand till afterwards. He was thus brought to a fuller consecration of himself to God; and now the moving of the Holy Ghost towards the ministry of the Church, erewhile a secret hidden in his own breast, began to manifest itself to his friends. Born for action, and, having decided on any particular course, plunging into it with a will, never could he be long depressed. This distinguished him through life. Like the petrels which he delights to notice in his sea-journal, he was calm and gladsome in the midst of storms which sent for shelter into clefts of the rocks all birds of weaker wing and tamer pluck.

All spare hours—spared from the imperative claims of business, family, and devotion—he gave to the preparation of his mind for the high office whereto he believed himself anointed. In the good Providence of

God, the late Rev. George Steward was then localized in Leeds, co-pastor with others of Brunswick Society and Circuit; and it was no mean advantage to W. O. Simpson and his compeer, James D. Tetley, when, for some time, "that bright particular star" assumed the direction of their youthful studies.

Mr. Simpson began to exercise his gifts as a preacher in his eighteenth year, first at cottage services, wherein for some time his only encouragement was the apparent profiting of the poor. Much pains were bestowed upon these early lucubrations, but though leading men who occasionally heard him acknowledged his abilities to one another, they were tardy in administering praise; just as it has ever been with our sober seniors, particularly if the beginner has been marked by anything approaching self-confidence. To such imputations the manner of the outspoken and unsophisticated "lad" may have laid him open. He used afterwards to say, "I was only a boy, with a short jacket and a peaked cap." Nevertheless, his genuine modesty and humility shone forth through all, and received in due time their merited recognition.

In his Journal at that period there is a degree of self-abasement which comports not with lofty airs. He is continually searching his heart, and writing bitter things against himself. Thus:—

"May this volume of my Journal report progress—lust overcome, idleness banished, faith guiding, love reigning, God all in all!" "To-day I have observed the effect of prayer upon my duties: let me pray, and I can do all things." "Thou, Lord, hast been with me, but I have forsaken Thee; Thou hast held out to me the untold pleasures, but I have been taken

with the lusts of the flesh ; I vowed and have broken my vows ; I prayed and Thou didst answer, and yet I ceased to pray. Canst Thou look upon such a nest of unclean birds as my heart is ?

“ ‘ Why not now, my God, my God !
 Ready if Thou always art,
 Make in me Thy mean abode,
 Take possession of my heart ;
 If Thou canst so greatly bow,
 Friend of sinners, why not now ? ’ ”

He speaks of the lusts of the flesh as his besetting sin, and complains of idleness and self-indulgence.

“ Again I lay too long in bed, and suffered for it all day. Lord, help me ! I will not let Thee go.”

To those who knew him it must seem quite incredible that W. O. Simpson was at any time an idle man. Only out of his own mouth proceeds the charge, and out of his own mouth shall it be refuted. His Journals are records of work, and prove that he was rarely if ever without employment. Even in those early years he had formed the habit, to which he adhered through life, of arranging each day's work beforehand, and it appears to have been his fixed determination to get in as much as possible. Here is an example :—

“ *Saturday, October 7th, 1848.* Plan for to-morrow. Rise at six. From six to half-past, prayer ; half-past six to seven, Scripture Lessons ; seven to eight, vestry prayer-meeting ; eight to half-past, prayer for schools ; half-past eight to nine, breakfast ; nine to half-past twelve, school and chapel ; half-past twelve to one, tracts ; one to a quarter to two, sketch of morning sermon ; a quarter before two to a quarter after,

dinner ; a quarter past two to four, school ; four to five, sketch of morning sermon ; five to six, tea, etc. ; six to eight, chapel ; eight to nine, tract prayer-meeting ; nine to half-past, review evening sermon ; half-past nine to ten, see how I have observed this plan ; ten to eleven, prayer."

In those days William was a member of a Mission Band, with Mr. John W. Roadhouse and another. The others helped with prayer and singing, but Simpson was the chief speaker. They had long endeavoured in vain to gain access to a certain "Court" which had a specially ill-repute ; but at last one of the residents, a sick woman, invited them to hold a service in her house. This they were not allowed to do without much disturbance from without. The third member of the Band, whose name was worth preserving, rose in spirits as the tumult grew, and was much drawn out in prayer. Then came through the window a shower of stones, but this, instead of intimidating the good man, only raised his enthusiasm to a higher pitch. "Glory be to God," he cried, "the devil's up!" Mr. Simpson remembered this when he was surrounded in India by a mob of many thousands, infuriated by Kaliarnaraman's conversion. He then seemed to hear the shout of his ancient friend, "Glory be to God, the devils up!" and it gave him strength and comfort.

Few things perhaps are commoner among pious youths than an impulse towards the Christian ministry, or at least a supposed call to preach. But how many of them make answer to what they conceive to be the awful voice within by a diligent preparation for the work upon which they have set their hearts? Asked,

“How long have you had this call?” their reply may be, “Of a child,” or, “Ever since my conversion.” But to the further question, “What have you been doing all this time to fit yourself for the work?” the answers are, for the most part, unreportable. Very pitiful it is when young men of good parts and unquestioned piety, who have scarcely advanced one step in knowledge from their school-days, aspire to preach the Gospel. Sometimes a lad in humble life, poorly educated, occupied long days with hard labour, having no one to assist him in his search for wisdom, by snatching all spare moments, and burning midnight oil, has obtained a smattering of knowledge which, though but a smattering, is vastly to his credit, affording proof of brain-power and mental application big with promise of future excellence. Such a case may well be treated exceptionally; but for the rest of these unfurnished or ill-furnished aspirants to this high office, what is there but rejection, disappointment, and a misdirected life?

Should any one whom God designs for the Gospel ministry be kept back from this honour by his own indolence and indifference, “that were an iniquity to be punished by the Judge.” Such cases perhaps have been, but it is obvious that the All-wise Spirit will not entrust His highest commission to unqualified and indolent men. When He moves a man to take upon himself this office, He moves him also to seek the necessary gifts by study, the necessary grace by prayer. If a candidate for the ministry is not influenced in this wise, the flame he follows is not Divine, but only an *ignis fatuus* which, by diverting him from other useful avocations, will lure him into

a quagmire, the mud of which may adhere to him to the end of life.

A true call to the ministry is twofold. The Holy Spirit who moves the candidate, moves also those who are pillars in the Church, after examination had, to accept his candidature. Both these witnesses were joined in the case of W. O. Simpson. Having had exceptional advantages, commensurate qualifications were looked for in him, and as surely found as sought. "Signs" also attended his preaching; souls, sometimes several, once at Leylands eight, passing from death to life. He soon obtained a good report, and in March, 1851, on the nomination of the late Rev. Robert Jackson, he was heartily approved by those who knew him best as a candidate for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. He thus refers in his Journal to this occasion,—

"I know not what feeling predominates in my mind, rejoicing at the prospect God has opened for the fulfilment of the strongest desires of my heart, or trembling at the awful responsibility which has now devolved upon me. But here, as in all other things, the word of God is my comfort. The Lord speak to me, as He spake to Aaron, that He will go with me and speak for me!"

At the District Meeting, held at Pontefract, he was again cordially recommended. His trial sermon was preached at Knottingley; and—let present-day candidates make a note of it—his oral examination lasted from ten o'clock till one, and again from two o'clock till three!

During his stay at Pontefract, Mr. Simpson was the guest of Mr. Wordsworth, a gentleman who had

frequently entertained at his house the renowned Hodgson Casson, respecting whom he told some characteristic anecdotes, which are duly given in the inevitable Journal. One of these is worthy of reproduction here, particularly as its authenticity is beyond dispute. Praying with Mr. Wordsworth's family, consisting of himself, a sister, and a brother, all unmarried, Mr. Casson said: "Lord, in the days of Thy flesh, Thou didst visit a house at Bethany, where there were two old maids and one old bachelor. Here, Lord, are two old bachelors and one old maid. Bless them with Thy presence; and teach Thy handmaid that she has a soul to save, as well as a pot to boil."

In the schedule sent from London to be filled up preparatory to the "July examinations" there, Mr. Simpson did not over-estimate his attainments when he described himself as having, besides a sound English education, "some acquaintance with Greek and French, and a good knowledge of Latin and of the first principles of mathematics as contained in the First Book of Euclid." To a working youth of twenty this was highly creditable. As to the sphere of ministerial labours, whether at home or abroad, he placed himself in the hands of the Conference. He appears to have acquitted himself well at the July examinations, and the trial sermon he preached at Spitalfields gave full satisfaction. At the Conference he was accepted as a missionary candidate. He was informed that he stood for immediate admission into the Richmond College, and would be expected to present himself there on the 5th of September. The following is touching: "Mother was a little done over by the foreign part of the business. E—— was quite cross at my offering

for the general work. Amidst all I still say, 'Here I am, send me.'” It is pleasing to know that, after these first feelings of natural disappointment and regret, his dearest friends cheerfully acquiesced in what was clearly his providential path. God, who called him to the work, made clear his way.

III.

RICHMOND COLLEGE.

1851—1853.

“**H**ERE goes for Lord Chancellor!” said a rawish north country lad as he climbed to the top of the stage coach whereon he made his first journey to London. Had W. O. Simpson said as he left the door of his widowed mother for Richmond, Surrey, “Here goes for President of the Conference!” it would not have been out of keeping with his character then or afterwards; for he had confidence in his resources, and was resolved by God’s help to make the most of them. And as Henry Brougham—the lad referred to—after many a hard struggle, actually mounted the woolsack, so certainly would Mr. Simpson have been invested with the highest honour in the Methodist Church, had he not been called up higher.

His first taste of college-life was unpleasant. Arriving late at night, he took a hasty cup of tea, and then went through the corridors in quest of unoccupied apartments. The bedroom he selected had not been set in order. He thus describes what followed:—

“I proceeded to undress, and, jumping into bed, guess my surprise on finding blankets wrapped up in

squares and no sheets ; and to add to the unpleasantness of the affair, out went the gas ! Making the best of a bad job, I made the bed, slept in it without sheets, and arose much refreshed.”

The above trivial incident is mentioned here as illustrating the character of the man, his habitual disregard of ordinary difficulties, the facility with which he was accustomed to “make the best of a bad job.”

The leaders in the little world of Wesleyan college-life are the students of the third year, the men who, at the Conference next ensuing, will carry into Circuit work the wonderful stores of knowledge with which freshmen commonly credit them. Sometimes a second year's man of pre-eminent natural parts, of superior education, or special manly and Christian worth ; occasionally even a first year's man, standing in some well-defined respects head and shoulders above his brethren, is admitted cautiously into their circle ; but theirs is the power to admit or to taboo, to promote to honour, or to keep back from honour.

Freshmen do not usually make known at once what manner of spirit they are of. There is a brief time of caution, like that of an inexperienced swimmer reluctant to lose his feet ; a careful observing of others—a watching, as if to learn by example what is right to be said and done. Mr. Simpson was subject to this law like the rest, but probably no one for a shorter period. The vivacity of his nature could not be long kept under ; and, of all the men of his year, his robust and original individuality was first perceptible and soonest came into prominence. Not long after his arrival he would obtrude himself into

rings, and attach himself to coteries of his fellow-students—ay, even of his seniors! In conversations, in deliberations, in disputations, he would have his say and give forth his opinions, scorning compromise and without respect of persons. When Mr. Simpson, senior, remarked to him in the letter already given, "It is well to be humble and not dogmatical," had he discerned in the character of his son a feature that was more or less unamiable? It is very likely; but be this as it may, his *confrères* failed not to mark right early what they supposed was a decided blot. Altogether, our first impressions in regard to the fearless innovator, though short-lived, were generally adverse. He had, however, several short and easy methods of disarming avowed resentment. Meaning no offence himself, offence he would not take. At a word from him, a joke, a witticism, a mocking tone, a bantering parody, an expressive gesture, a significant cast of that polyglot face of his, defying all repartee; nettled remonstrants perforce must smile, and onlookers melt into laughter.

The superior education bestowed upon his boyhood, and tenaciously retained through the few years he spent in business, was greatly helpful to him in commencing his course as a Richmond student. It set him far ahead of most of the men of his own year, and of several who had been longer in residence, but who, through their early disadvantages, had lost much time in rudimentary work which should have been done before. Ground once gained he never lost. Into everything made his own he drove a sure nail. From the first he gave himself up to the studies assigned him, and as Mr. Bush says, "developed a

strong tendency to the uppermost place in the class." He won also the marked approval of the authorities, who, seeing little of him during his hours of relaxation, formed their opinions chiefly from his manly bearing in their presence, his vigorous intelligence, and his manifest determination to achieve the purposes for which he had come to college.

But that which more than anything besides removed unfavourable impressions was his simple and humble piety. At family worship, at class-meeting, and the prayer-meeting, in reading the Scriptures and in preaching, all self, all dogmatism, all roughness disappeared. Language, voice, manner, all were changed. You could only see and hear the reverent disciple, perceptibly enjoying a high privilege, but deeply conscious of his unworthiness. After a time the prevalent feeling was that, though he had knots and protuberances which were better taken off, he was assuredly a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, already bright with promise—a tree "the fruit whereof should be for meat, and the leaf for medicine."

The tree grew, but some knots and protuberances remained, until at last trunk and all were suddenly laid low by the feller's axe. Some few might regard these things as excrescences, marring the beauty and impairing the value of the tree; but many of us came to like them, as adding a kind of rugged grandeur to its stateliness. Many a smooth and symmetrical bole bears barren branches, while the most gnarled trunk you can find may yield the best crop in the orchard. In truth, the things to which exception was chiefly taken were expressions

of essential characteristics, without which he could not have been himself. Some of them might be premature, might be open to criticism, might be rough, incongruous, grotesque ; but he was only in training yet. He wanted rounding off. His qualities had to be brought into harmony and mutual subjection, a work which went on steadily and surely till he became a man of well-balanced mind. The gifts which formerly "thrust each other" no longer "broke their ranks." He went forth "a mighty man of valour," who could fight with both hands, who had within ready reach all lawful implements of war, light and heavy, who could use them indiscriminately with equal skill, and send them by the shortest route to the hearts of the King's enemies.

A few glimpses of his inner and outer life during those Richmond years shall be given from the Journal of the period:—

"*October 24th, 1851.* Private devotions in the morning were neglected through procrastination. I will hold sacred that hour whether lessons are ready or not. Distributed tracts at Isleworth.

"My faults: 1. Self-conceit, evidencing itself in what I may call modest declarations which partake of pride. 2. Allowing moments to slip away while I am chatting or musing. 3. Words uttered without thought, sometimes to avoid a suspicion of ignorance, sometimes in ill-nature towards a brother, arising from wrong desire and feeling. 4. Want of a determined adherence to a fixed plan, finishing the work of each day before I lie down.

"*Sunday, 26th.* Preached twice at Pinner ; walked there and back—twenty-eight miles.

"*Sunday, November 2nd.* Preached at Salisbury Street; several souls under deep feeling.

"*December 18th.* The Rev. Samuel Jackson read a paper on the 'Duties of Preachers with respect to Children,' and made a very great impression on the minds of the men. I have decided to turn more attention to children.

"*19th.* Home to Leeds. Nearly met my death at my own door. The horse became restive just at our gate, but with great presence of mind, the driver turned its head against the wall. In a moment we were out of the cab, and in another the horse was at the bottom of the street and the cab much broken.

"*January 5th, 1852.* Returned to Richmond, gathered many good thoughts on the road, and was not sorry to get back to my studies.

"*Sunday, 25th.* West Drayton. Stayed at Mr. ——'s. Gave a little attention to his children; obtained a pleasure to myself and the mother's goodwill. No more Sunday railway travelling for *me*.

"*February 28th.* Went to Stoke. Ran from Slough to avoid a storm, and just escaped it. Mistook a ditch for a path, and stepped into it. Found in the vestry a nice clean turn-up bed, a kettle boiling, and the china set ready. At eight made tea, warmed up a chop, and had a good supper. Sermonized a bit and retired to rest.

"*Sunday, 29th.* Rose at eight, lighted my fire, and made a good breakfast. Preached. Warmed two chops, which, with preserves and bread, sufficed for dinner. Miss G—— brought me two slices of plum-pudding, which I kept for supper. Addressed the Sunday School, and met the Society class. Was

invited out to tea. Preached, supped, and to bed. The chief workers and most consistent characters here are two servants, fine examples of usefulness in humble circumstances.

“*March 1st.* Left the prophet’s chamber at seven. Stayed to look at Gray’s monument in Stoke churchyard, where the yews and elms still grow. A more lovely scene can scarcely be imagined.

“*22nd.* Hutton (Samuel) and I resolved that in future all our studies should commence with prayer. Very refreshing this is, and preserves us whilst together from wasting time with frivolous conversation.

“*Sunday, April 4th.* At Acton. Spent the day with Miss Farmer and her sister; Mr. and Mrs. F. at Hastings. Such society is a luxury.

“*21st.* Had a good prayer-meeting at five this morning. I have found a churlish or austere mannerism growing upon me, for which I can find no better remedy than ever to consider others before myself, for it springs from self-love.

“*28th.* Walked to City Road and back, to hear Mr. ——. Sermon no higher than ‘good.’ Style animated, but entirely without grace. He *nearly* avoided two hideous gestures which I have heretofore seen him practise—now placing both hands under his coat tails, and then leaning both elbows upon the Bible. Got home wet through.

“*29th.* Heard Dr. Bunting at the Mission House, on Rom. xv. 15–21. He apologized for reading his sermon, which he had never done before. His voice was very low, and frequently interrupted by emotion, so that little of the sermon could be heard; but much

of his bygone powers shone forth in his observations on being without 'the name of Christ,' and on the work of spreading the truth as being 'a grace' committed. Went afterwards to St. James' Palace to see the Queen's drawing-room.

"30th. Heard Dr. Hannah at Queen Street. Gestures somewhat awkward; delivery strangely alternating between the fullest tones of his voice and the gentlest whisper; but the broadness of his views and the earnestness of his appeals made the sermon a fine example to Methodist preachers. Went to the British Museum.

"May 3rd. Renewed my covenant with God; a very gracious time.

"Sunday, 9th. South Ockendon. Prayer-meeting at seven, took a class in the Sunday School in the forenoon, preached at half-past two and six.

"29th. Am panting for an increase of power.

" 'More of Thy life, and more, I have
As the old Adam dies;
Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,
That I with Thee may rise.'

"Sunday, 30th. Ranelagh Road and Chelsea. Noticed at Lovefeast in the evening that four out of every five or six who spoke received conviction for sin under 'the terrors of the Lord.'

"Sunday, June 13th. Great Marlow. Good times. good prayer-meeting, though Brother Taylor and myself had to pray thrice each.

"25th. Home to Leeds.

"July 22nd. Went to Woodhouse Grove School. Mr. Lord was away at the Conference. Heard the boys sing grace very sweetly, and dined with them.

They had no pudding, and were only served once with meat, which seemed rather tight. For dessert, they had their Bibles and hymn-books.

“*November 6th.* Richard Taylor (a fellow-student) died.

“*Sunday, 7th.* Heard the Rev. W. L. Thornton in the morning at the college chapel. Saw poor Taylor’s body. Preached at the Town chapel in the evening on, ‘So shall we ever be with the Lord,’ but my feelings were too strong for me. Got back in time to hear part of Mr. Thornton’s evening sermon, and afterwards supped with him at Mr. Peter Brames Hall’s: a very profitable and pleasant hour.

“*16th.* A gracious time with Brother Preston in his sick room, in renewing our covenant.

“*22nd.* Heard of Brother Hoskin’s death. What lessons the Lord is teaching us! Richard Taylor and Hoskins dead, and Richards dying.”

Mr. Charles Hoskins, a brother of the late Rev. Pascho Hoskins, had left the college and gone as a supply to a country Circuit, in the hope that active work would better suit his declining health than his sedentary life at Richmond. A holier, happier, more amiable man it would be hard to find.

“*January 29th, 1853.* Richards died without a struggle. Some of his last words were,—

“ ‘Christ our Head is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare.’ ”

“*February 14th.* Preparing ‘Portraits from the Poets’ for *Student’s Portfolio*.

“*23rd.* Writing lecture on ‘Apostolical Salutations’ for Sloane Terrace.

“ *March 16th.* The Governor gave us a most able lecture on a ‘Simultaneous System of Lessons, etc.’ It led me to decide upon adopting the plan wherever practicable.

“ *April 2nd.* After tea, Brother Preston and I were led to converse about our souls and the work of God committed to us. Brothers Webb, Pimm, and Smith, having been called in, we discussed the subject of private Bands, making no doubt that Brother Hutton—the only absent man of our year, would agree with us. God has graciously impressed us with the necessity of a deeper work of grace, and we were of one heart and mind. Having read twice over Mr. Wesley’s Rules for Bands, and considered them *seriatim*, and expressed our firm determination to submit to them, we fixed our first meeting for next Saturday morning at a quarter-past six. We dedicated our new design to God in prayer, and He owned it by a signal blessing.

“ *Sunday, 3rd.* At Hersham. Was strengthened to deal faithfully with Mr. F—— about Sunday baking.

“ *9th.* Had our Band prayer-meeting: a good influence, but not all I wished. We ought to seek a blessing in private, and bring the influence with us.

“ *11th.* Commenced a catechumen class at Acton, to alternate fortnightly with Brother (G. O.) Bate.”

IV.

VACATION TIMES.

1853, 1854.

THERE was at Richmond an annual soiree held just before the long vacation in honour of the third year's men, who were bidding a last adieu to their *Alma Mater*. There was some feasting—liberal, but strictly temperate, much pleasant conversation, speech-making, singing of hymns, and prayer. The occasion was made as free as was compatible with its character as a religious service. Of course, and inevitably, an air of solemnity pervaded the meeting, for some of the senior brethren had already received appointments to Mission stations, and the intercourse between attached friends which was then broken off was in some instances only to be renewed in heaven.

Mr. Simpson was keenly alive to the impressions which such a gathering is likely to produce. In after years, few things interested him so much and so drew out his heart as reminiscences—usually admiring, frequently jocular, occasionally ludicrous, always kindly, of the men who were with him at Richmond. The first notice following, taken from the Journal, relates to the close of his second year.

“*Friday, July 1st, 1853.* Last evening, we had our

farewell meeting. All the authorities present except the Theological Tutor; Mr. Farrar spoke; so did the Governor, who showed a specially fine trait in leaving the room. Morning dawned before breaking up. Saw brethren off by 'bus at a quarter to four. Busy clearing away the *débris* of last night's soiree. Saw Bush off. Bade good-bye to Mr. Thomas Jackson and Mr. Farrar. Learned from the latter that the Missionary Secretaries had laid claim for me *this* year, but the Theological Tutor would not hear of it. *Saturday*, to London with Bishop: Royal Exchange, Mission House, Westminster schools: thence to Luton. Stayed with Mr. John Waller, and was very comfortable and happy. *Sunday*, preached thrice at Luton—had freedom all the times—size and spirit of the congregations most encouraging. *Monday*, making calls, prayer-meeting at night. *Tuesday*, pleasant drive to Kimpton with Messrs. Male and Shovelton. Preached in afternoon, good congregation, and good time. Had tea in chapel—walked with Mrs. Jordan to Lord Ducie's park—crowded place at night—back to sup with Mrs. Jordan. *Wednesday*, was driven fourteen miles in an hour to Hatfield—left at half-past five—got to Leeds at twenty minutes to eleven. *Thursday*, spent the day with mother, shopping and making calls."

Such is the history of a week, and every week in the Journal is as busy and as well spent. In these brief entries several things are observable as characteristic of Mr. Simpson. (1) His reading of character. The "fine trait" referred to as betrayed by the Governor, whom some deemed "an austere man," was an irrepressible overflow of tender feeling at parting

with so many dear young friends, which compelled him to leave the room. (2) His attention to others. It is remembered that though he had his own packing to do, and several calls to make, he saw most of the brethren "off" with cheery words and such assistance as he could render. (3) The small account he made of matters which were of large concernment to himself. He hears that he has barely missed immediate foreign service, and this is all he has to say. He never would talk much about himself, even to his chosen friends, when the matter was purely personal. (4) His love for sight-seeing. Passing through London, or visiting in the country, he must see as far as possible what was worth seeing, and would not lightly lose an opportunity for enlarging his connexional and general knowledge. (5) His delight in a good home and congenial society. The "feast of reason" might be, and doubtless was, what he most prized; but it is not wonderful that, with his vigorous health and active habits, he was not quite indifferent to the feast of a more substantial character. Sometimes he was much charmed by the ungrudging, unstinted hospitality of the poor; but he cannot be justly blamed for preferring the entertainment of those who could afford to give it. (6) His love for a great congregation. The "size" being satisfactory, when was the "spirit" amiss? Finding himself endowed with powers to move a multitude, and feeling called thereto, it was as natural for him to desire scope for their exercise as for a caged eagle to long for clouds and blue sky to fly to. (7) His love for his mother. It is certified that he was ever "a mother's boy," as were most men who have lived to be both great and good;

and it refreshes one to see him in his early manhood spending a whole day with his mother—"shopping and making calls."

On Friday, July 8th, he receives an invitation from his college friend, Mr. Burton, to preach and address meetings near Darlington, to be entertained at the home of the latter, a good farmhouse at Bradbury. On the same day he has a long talk "at home," with a very remarkable character—the Rev. Hodgson Casson, a man, notwithstanding his eccentricities, worthy to have been honoured by Mr. Simpson, had it occurred to him, by being made the theme of one of his most graphic lectures.

To husband space, the Journal shall now for a while be summarized, omitting dates.

Hears one of the late Rev. Nehemiah Curnock's popular addresses to the young. Hears Mr. C——r preach on wisdom. "Style metaphysical and philosopho-theological, language neat, sentences finished, with here and there a term savouring of pedantry." Is invited to Arthington Hall, a residence of Mr. Thomas Farmer of Gunnersbury, and speaks at their missionary meeting. Preaches next evening in the school-room "to those assembled," probably very few, as this is all he says about it. Returns home "laden with flowers and strawberries."

Meets with "one of the young candidates" *en route* for Darlington, "who wrote me his name in penmanship not to be read." Reaches Bradbury tired, and is "glad to go to cabin." Preaches Sunday School sermons at Merrington, Bishop Auckland—has great power—seven or eight seeking mercy. Gets up at six to conduct family worship in the kitchen before

the men go out to their work, walks about the farm, has long rides on the back of "Nanny," writes to "mother," keeps up his studies, meets Mr. Burton's class, is much blessed, preaches to a large congregation in the kitchen, and has "a comfortable time."

Forms an attachment for Mary Burton, sister of his friend. Speaks to her brother, "who thinks she is too young," and "perhaps he is right."

Is driven far and wide, seeing the chief objects of interest in the country around. Preaches three times—Darlington, Redworth, Aycliffe, and of course "the morning was best of the three." Meets with an old Methodist, "very full and very fond of anecdotes," and his son, "of good parts, but shut up in cattle-breeding."

Goes to Richmond (Yorkshire) to see what is to be seen, and makes a day of it. Has tea at Mr. Nelson's. "Brother S——, the preacher, came in, spoke a sentence or two, sat half-an-hour, rose, and silently withdrew." Returns to Bradbury. Preaches twice, and holds a Lovefeast at Heighington—chapel thrice full—six or seven penitents. Walks about the farm with Burton and Greathead; captures a water-hen's nest. They go to a tea-meeting at Sedgefield, which ends with a revival prayer-meeting. Carries dinner to the men in the hayfield; lends a hand, and works till dark.

Goes with his friend for a few days to Hartlepool. A sea captain, with whom they dine, offers them his boat for a row, and they push out three or four miles to sea. Here follows a remarkable incident, which merits a particular description :

"After tea, Burton and I went to hear a lecture on

Deathbed Repentance by Robert Cooper, ignorant of place and lecturer. It turned out to be an infidel concern. Burton was firm enough to make the first attack, and I came in the rear, conjointly contriving to give Mr. Cooper two or three arguments which he could not answer. Next evening we renewed our conflict, and, without any egotism, drove him from the field. Yet I learn that this Mr. Cooper ranks third among the teachers of infidelity in this country."

Such is Mr. Simpson's modest account of what was a singularly brave, successful, and honourable adventure. The lion's share of the honour is given to Mr. Burton, who, in his fuller narration of this interesting escapade, gives it to Mr. Simpson. It is fairer to divide it equally between them. Certainly no one acquainted with Henry R. Burton in his subsequent Circuit work, particularly his way of dealing with knaves and crowds of soldiers, sailors, dockyard artizans, and city workmen, will question his possession of some high qualities which would make him no mean antagonist on such an occasion.

Deceived by the title of the lecture, the two friends, always ready to pick up knowledge or get a blessing, went as to a religious meeting, and found themselves listening to a very clever but specious Secularist. Discussion being invited, Simpson was not disposed to accept the challenge, feeling himself at a disadvantage against a man who had made the subject his special study, with copious notes and books for reference before him, and having the sympathy of an admiring auditory, who would be sure to follow their leader. He felt that in such circumstances failure was most probable, and that failure would only bring more

ridicule upon religion. Burton thought otherwise. The Master being assailed, the servant must defend Him, or renounce His livery. Accordingly he ventured to question certain statements that had been made. The lecturer was all urbanity. He complimented "the gentleman" on his fidelity to principles honestly held, however erroneous they might be, and then delivered a smart reply that brought down the house in cheers. Simpson, who, if not better up in the controversy, had his knowledge more at his finger ends, now came to the help of his friend. He quickly proved himself more than a match for his opponent, whose manner suddenly changed to downright rudeness; but all was in vain. Simpson went on objecting and answering objections to a late hour, exposing false statements, and tearing lame arguments to tatters, to the delight of many of the people, who went in for fair-play, and could not but admire the pluck of the young strangers who had dared to beard the lion in his den. At last, the lateness of the hour was made the pretext for abruptly stopping the discussion.

During the next day the two friends prepared themselves as best they could by conversation for the combat to be renewed in the evening. But now came a change of tactics. The former lecture was free and easy, loose and flippant, confident and reckless; this was carefully written out and read, consisting mainly of extracts from books, and not like the other, bristling with points for an opponent to lay his hands on. It was very short, and at its conclusion the chairman announced a list of arbitrary rules for the strict observance of the disputants.

Mr. Burton again began the attack, and the lecturer

replied, not disrespectfully, but cautiously, and with constraint. Mr. Simpson followed. It was difficult to discuss in minutes broad principles requiring hours, such as had been touched upon in the lecture, and at first he suffered on this account; but as the debate proceeded Mr. Cooper's unpremeditated replies afforded better handhold. The young champion of Christianity appears to have gone about his work with all the fire and force and emblematic action of an old Hebrew prophet.

"Our lecturer," said he, holding up a small New Testament, "asserts that the writings of the Greek philosophers and of our modern men of science are better teachers of morality than this Book. Has he read it? This Book contains the essence of all the morality ever taught upon earth. I tear the Book in two," suiting the action to the words, "and this half outweighs all other teachings. I tear it again, and this quarter counterbalances them all. I tear out three leaves, and who will dare to say that the writings of Plato and the rest, valuable as they are, will compare with the Sermon on the Mount? I will only read one verse, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' There! is not that the sum and substance of all morality?"

Mr. Simpson had ever a marvellous knack of putting an audience into sympathy with himself. Against such an opponent, so calm, so ready, so honest-faced, so witty and facetious, Mr. Cooper, already irritable and disconcerted, had a very poor time. The discussion of the previous night had got wind, and many zealous religionists had come forward to stand by their brave young champions; numbers

also of the sceptical auditors admired their ability and courage, and the cheering went in their favour. Not for their own honour, but for souls misled, and for their Divine Master's cause, they wished to obtain a decisive victory, and each was becoming apter and happier in the strife, when suddenly the lecturer, who had previously exceeded the time allowed, after a very brief, lame, and confused reply, sat down. The chairman declared the discussion closed, and the lights were at once turned down. The two friends were mortified, but helpless. They had, however, no reason for dissatisfaction, for they had actually put to flight a very Goliath of infidelity. Next morning placards were posted about the town announcing that, as Mr. Cooper had been called to London on urgent private business, the third and concluding lecture was postponed. That lecture is not yet delivered.

August 6th. Mr. Simpson spends on the sea, but attends a prayer-meeting at night. On *Sunday the 7th* he preaches at Hartlepool, on the cliff and in the chapel, and good is done. On *Monday* he attends a missionary prayer-meeting, and delivers an address. *Tuesday*, returns to Bradbury. Walks to the hayfield with Mrs. Burton, and tells her his feelings in regard to Mary. "As to the fact, she seemed agreeable, but thought it would be wiser to wait." *Wednesday*, leaves Bradbury for Leeds.

So terminated his first visit to Bradbury, a visit not only wonderfully enjoyed, but important in various ways to himself and others. For two or three additional facts we are indebted to the memory of his friend. (1) On one occasion he received an abrupt and stern reproof for something in his conduct sup-

posed to be inconsistent. At first he seemed strangely taken aback and disconcerted, but on reflection he frankly owned it would be better to adopt the course advised, promised to do so, and kept his word. (2) While seeking renewed energies for his college-work, he assiduously sought with his friend "more spiritual strength and perfectness." (3) Many years afterwards, a minister declared how much he had been impressed when a youth by a missionary speech delivered by Mr. Simpson in Mrs. Burton's barn, at the close of which he repeated the verse,—

"I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath, to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days."

This was given with such power and pathos that it lingered in the mind of the youth and, more than anything else, led him to devote himself to the work of the ministry. (4) There was an element of romance—how could it be otherwise?—in his attachment to Miss Burton. Though favourably impressed by her from the first, it was her speaking at a Love-feast that brought him to her feet. The "timid blushing girl" told of her love to Jesus, her experience and purposes, with so much simplicity and power, that Mr. Simpson, previously satisfied with her excellent sense and domestic training, deemed her in all ways suited for a missionary's wife, particularly if *he* should be that missionary.

"August 11th. Occupied with calls. 12th. Went to Monk Frystone, in company with Livy. 13th. At Livy. 14th. Preached at Hillam at half-past ten, a very gracious influence; Lovefeast at Milford at two;

preached at Frystone at six—not the influence I desired. 15th. Preached with very great liberty. 16th. At Livy. 17th. Laying of the Leeds Town Hall foundation-stone. Jane and I had a good view of the procession from Mr. Reinhardt's windows. Saw the fireworks.

“August 20th. To Arthington; most hospitably received by Mr. Farmer. 21st. Went with the family in the morning to Weardley to hear a local preacher. Preached at Arthington in the afternoon—a full place; also in the evening—fuller. 22nd. Heard in Leeds that Mr. Bush was coming to the (Brunswick) Circuit. 24th. Preached at Barwick—good time, people very kind, and pleased to see me. Had tea with Mr. Furness. He lives in what was William Dawson's house at Barnbow, and I felt the thought that I was treading on ground where that great and good man had meditated and prayed. 25th. Preached at Roundhay—congregation poor, not too good a time. 28th. Preached at Brunswick in the morning—was much helped; evening at Chapeltown—great power. 29th. Round the Circuit with Bush.

“September 1st. With mother and sisters to Woodside—rain incessant. 2nd. Visiting with Bush, who gave us at Woodside in the evening a good sermon on Closet Prayer. 5th. Finished first book of Livy. 6th. Got through a little Plato, and made calls at Chapeltown with Bush. 7th. With Bush to Kirkstall Abbey. Heard the Rev. Peter M'Owan—very affectionate and full of unction. 8th. Brother Bush and I went to Temple-Newsam, having ‘Christopher North’ for our companion. The day was cloudy, but the beauty of the place and the mingled wit and wisdom of

'Christopher' made it pleasant. With Bush again in the evening at Mr. James Walker's—a party of young people—music, pleasant conversation, and prayer. Brother Bush and I agreed that this social party was a happy *finale* to my vacation."

There are a few brief entries in the Journal respecting the short Easter vacation of 1854, which give us interesting and valuable information:—

"*April 14th.* Heard the Rev. Henry Fish at Hockley, and he came and stayed with us. *15th.* My birthday. To Luton: made many calls and saw many friends. *16th.* Preached at Dunstable in the morning, and at Houghton Regis afternoon and evening—a good day. *17th.* To South Ockendon. Preached in Mr. Eve's barn to about a thousand people, and had great liberty. *18th.* Joined a picnic to Laindon Hills—magnificent view of Gravesend Reach. Went over the farm with Mr. Eve. *19th.* Missed the Dunstable train—rode to Leighton Buzzard—took train to Dunstable—thence with Mr. Cooper to Luton—preached to a good congregation.

"*20th.* After a fortnight of unparalleled excitement and occupation I have leisure to review it. My thoughts and feelings as to Mary Burton remaining the same, were revived by my definite appointment to India, and the urgent recommendations as to the propriety of an engagement. After careful and prayerful thought, my mind was made up. Wrote to her and her mother, and both were perfectly agreeable. My mind has no misgivings as to the propriety of this choice, and circumstances forbade it being deferred.

"*21st.* Mr. and Mrs. Male and Mr. and Mrs.

Shovelton came over to dine with us—very pleasant. Went into the factory. 22nd. Sermonizing in the morning; evening, reading Alexander Smith's poems with Mrs. and Miss Cooper. 23rd. A noble day at Dunstable: morning, Psalm xlvi. 11—a superb time; afternoon, Sunday School; evening, Jeremiah vi. 14—congregation large, influence good, and some results. 24th. Rose with a tremendous cold. Kept in all morning; visited some sick; said farewell to the workpeople; started for home at half-past six. Mr. Cooper booked me through 'first-class'; reached Leeds at eleven."

V.

READY FOR SERVICE.

1854.

BORN to lead, Mr. Simpson led. At work, at recreation, in conversation, in extemporized entertainments, he was rarely behind the foremost men of the hour. Having lived down dislike and conciliated general favour, he went about all he did in a spirit which reconciled rivalry and diffused good humour. Not that of set purpose he sought pre-eminence among his brethren at college—not that he designed to make himself a leader: his character and abilities drew on a following, “but the lad knew nothing of the matter.” There was a vacant place, and he got into it—he could not tell how, and scarcely knew that he had got it. There was a discussion class, and of course he was the leading spirit; there were meetings for extempore addresses, and of course he was chief figure in them; there was a sermon class belonging to his year and the one below it, and who but Simpson could be its president? The Rev. Edward Day, who entered the college as Mr. Simpson commenced his second year, refers to him in the last-named capacity thus:—

“His personal influence was so great, and his forcibly-worded criticisms were delivered with such decision—

such an unconscious air of authority, that they were seldom questioned. His trenchant strictures were most feared. His appreciation was most eared for; and it was generously given to timid and unassuming men, but grudgingly to pretentious ones, even when showing some ability."

There was a *Student's Portfolio*, a monthly serial in manuscript, passed from door to door like a tract, wherein appeared Mr. Simpson's earliest contributions to "the literature of the Connexion." This periodical was begun and conducted for some time by Mr. William Dodsworth, who left the ministry from failing health, and is now editor and proprietor of a more ambitious venture across the water. By him the editorship of the *Portfolio* was transferred to Mr. Simpson, who took it up with his usual zeal and earnestness. His own contributions were numerous; and, as Mr. Day testifies, "manifested not only marked ability, but extensive reading and great diversity of gifts."

As a theological student, he paid much heed to the daily lecture, consulted standard works in the college library on the subjects in hand, took elaborate notes was well up at the periodical examinations, and consequently became a great favourite with our justly venerated but somewhat exacting theologian, the Rev. Thomas Jackson. In those days perhaps it was not to be wondered at, considering the backward state in which many of the men were found as to the higher branches of secular knowledge, and of the Greek and Hebrew Bible, that the claims of the classical and mathematical departments were felt to press most heavily upon them in the time spent out of class. This, nevertheless, did not exactly square with Mr.

Jackson's notions as to the pre-eminent importance of his own special science. There was of course no rivalry among the professors: they worked in perfect harmony for a common end—the adequate equipment of young men for the work of the Methodist ministry, each endeavouring in his own line to produce the best possible results. Yet when, on failing to exhibit much acquaintance with his teachings, any unlucky brethren excused themselves—as they sometimes did, by speaking of the time required for preparation to meet Mr. Farrar, the Classical Tutor, Mr. Jackson would observe, “*This is a Theological Institution,*” with now and then just a spice of acrimony in the italics.

Had it been revealed to W. O. Simpson what he would thereafter be and do,—the character he would bear, the sort of people abroad and in his own country he would deal with, the ministry he would exercise, the qualifications he would require, the results he would achieve,—he could scarcely have made a more judicious use of his opportunities at Richmond. Undoubtedly, the Providence which raised him up for a special work assumed his guidance at this important period of his history. As one of his foremost college friends said of himself when examined for ordination, he only wanted to be “a great man with his Master.” But he did not want his efficiency to be limited to any single line of service: to be only a good classical scholar, or a good metaphysician, logician, theologian, writer, orator, expositor, or administrator. He wished to be a mighty man of God all round—to have his heart, head, eyes, ears, tongue, hands, feet, all fully adequate to their proper work, and none of them in exaggerated proportions. Therefore he had no hobbies.

He became, as he desired, a man of general accomplishments. Distinction he achieved in theology, in classics, in all his varied studies, in all the various functions of a Methodist minister, but in none to the degradation of any of the rest.

Moreover, and happily for him, he was a ready man—winning his honours with comparatively little trouble. Of strong social instincts, he believed it right and beneficial to develop and improve them together with the rest of his God-given qualities. General conversation, promiscuous confabulation with strangers, active participation in the innocent usages and amusements of society, were not resorted to as refuges from *ennui*, or methods of killing time; but as valuable adjuncts to the prescribed means for acquiring strength, breadth, knowledge, and for polishing up and sharpening the tools he had to work with. They certainly contributed their quota towards building up the admirable all-round man and minister he afterwards became, efficient everywhere and charming everywhere—in the pulpit, on the platform, in the pastoral work of Methodism, and in the social circle.

From all this it might be gathered that he was not so sensitive to interruptions, so covetous of time, as others. When, as was common, a distant preaching appointment on the Sabbath necessitated his absence from Saturday to Monday, he would generally start in time to have a good long evening where he was going, while some others invariably took the last available train, if they did not miss it, in their eagerness to labour at the desk until the last possible moment. Again, on Mondays, when others who had returned early from far-off places, were grinding Greek, limping

at logic, or traving with theology the livelong day, Simpson would come jauntily and bouncing home—for then his gait had a very decided bounce—at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, without a pang concerning to-morrow's duties. Entering some classmate's study—mostly Hutton's, he would ask, "What have we to do? How far have you got? What are the difficulties?" and then he would set to work, first of all clearing the lions out of his path. To bed at half-past ten, up again at six, in different class-rooms from nine to one, he acquitted himself in a manner which satisfied the tutors, and amazed those of his companions who were aware of the limited amount of time expended on his preparations.

In and near Richmond were many respectable Wesleyan families where the students, for the most part, were welcome visitors; but such visits, necessarily restricted by college duties and college hours, whilst gratefully appreciated, were all too few to satisfy the cravings of his social nature.

It would have been better for some of the men had they learnt, like Simpson, the philosophy of redeeming time by devoting a fair proportion of it to recreation and relaxation; and it was certainly a good thing for some of us that we had a sort of voluntary police to draw us to easy chat and healthy laughter from Paul and Plato on the brain, or to haul us out from logic to gymnastics, from the impoverished atmosphere of a close study to the tingling and renovating oxygen of Richmond Hill and Park.

His readiness in the improvization of a story was very remarkable, and is well remembered. "He would take up a book," says Mr. Burton, "and whilst slowly

looking down page after page extemporize totally different matter from that which was in print." "There was usually," adds Mr. Day, "a tolerable plot and fair description of characters. There was sure to be some graphic word-picturing and a startling *dénouement*. Then, when he dropped the book for others to examine, not a line they had heard was there."

Perhaps few things are more open to abuse than our social tastes and habits, but W. O. Simpson did not abuse them. Cheerful he always was—right heartily "merry," in the true sense of that good old English and Biblical word, he could often be; but indulgence never betrayed him into excess, or hilarity into trifling. He was serious but not sour, lively but not light, solid but not sad. After his designation to the work of the ministry he was not known on any social occasion to deny or betray his Master, who was meek and lowly in heart, but was nevertheless a friend of publicans and sinners, and disdained not to sit at meat with them. As to the indulgence of his social tastes, and as to mental relaxation and bodily exercise, he knew that excess could not add to the "little" profit unquestionably to be found in them. His excellent manly sense taught him how far these things should go, and his unfaltering self-command enabled him to stop short of "the appearance of evil." With him the danger-signal was not the "touch of sin," but its "approach."

He did not, like most of his compeers, restrict himself to work prescribed in the class-room, but added several subjects outside the set curriculum. He was also a frequenter of the reading-room, which was furnished with the foremost reviews, magazines, and newspapers of the time. Furthermore, and especially,

he made large use of the excellent college library, carrying on during his three years' residence a course of extensive, solid, and varied reading.

Ah, that library! To some others; not less industrious than he, deficiencies in early training, slowness in acquiring academic lore, a praiseworthy resolve to stand abreast with their classmates in the lecture-rooms, made it a luxury too costly for their means. It was almost as inaccessible as if it had been interdicted by a voice from heaven. To some of us it was strangely fascinating; and one, at least, having to pass the door when it stood wide open, was compelled to shut his eyes and run, lest he should be diverted to his cost from work that must be done. This tree of knowledge came thus to be regarded as a tree of life guarded by a viewless angel, wielding a flaming sword. Requiring less time for the preparation of his tasks, W. O. Simpson had no perplexities of this kind; and his friend Mr. Day, who saw the last of him, and is well able to judge, says, "Few better read men have left Richmond than Simpson was when he finished his college course."

To an average student, with all his heavy class-work on him, the making of a sermon is a formidable labour. The selection of a text, the getting at its true meaning, the reading up, the formation of a plan, the filling up of the frame-work—all this is no trifling matter. It resembles the parental toils of the swallows, from the choice of a site for the head-quarters they have to erect and furnish to the time when they send forth their young. The period of incubation is very long—long almost incredibly, so long that many students look forward to their appointment to Circuit work with feelings akin to terror. The preparation of

a discourse for the college chapel, particularly for the week-night service, when tutor and students attended in a body, involved peculiar solicitude; but it never appeared to present much difficulty to Mr. Simpson. Sermons carefully elaborated he would sometimes preach, but he thought much more of point than polish, and of power than either. He made small account of the rounded periods and strict verbal accuracy, which others deemed essential to their reputation as college-men. Of nervous timidity he knew next to nothing. It was his constant aim to make all knowledge he acquired his own, to have it ready to his hand, and so to be fit at any time for such service as he might be called to render. He could make a sermon in less time than it took to prepare his task-work, and he has been known to preach in the college chapel on texts chosen only an hour or two before. The authorities, of course, recommended care and pains in preparing for the pulpit; and the venerable theologian had a saying of somewhat greater strength than elegance,—“That which is extempore is usually *ex-trumpery*.” No doubt these efforts of Mr. Simpson bore marks of crudity; but they bore also higher marks—marks of thought and information, of originality and power and piety which seldom failed to gain appreciation.

“Once,” says Mr. Day, “one of our leading laymen told me he had brought a rather bigoted Churchman to the college chapel when Mr. Simpson was preaching, and that he had listened to the sermon with wonder and delight. I did not tell my friend that the said sermon had only cost the preacher half-an-hour in direct preparation.”

Indirectly that sermon had doubtless cost him much, for his brain was always busy. Walking by himself, talking with a friend, musing in retirement, lying awake in bed, he was accustomed to digest the knowledge he was gathering, so that, when wanted for immediate use, it was not far to seek. With such resources available, and with his easy command of "acceptable words," the young preacher undoubtedly did well to neglect not this gift that was in him. A Conservative in politics once observed to Mr. Bagshot, "Mr. Gladstone seems not to prepare his speeches, but to think them out while he is on his legs." "Well, you see," was the reply, "it is the only leisure time he has." So it was sometimes with Mr. Simpson; but it mattered little, he was always ready when the work had to be done. Laying up in a capacious and retentive mind the comprehensive and solid knowledge communicated in the lecture-rooms, and reproducing it at will, increased by subsequent researches, illuminated and adorned by his own genius, emphasized and sent straight home by his admirable putting forth, he was recognized and honoured early and through life as a sound, attractive, and most efficient Methodist preacher.

In the ready preparation of sermons he was no doubt much assisted by his hearty sympathy and co-operation with the Governor in carrying out his views as to the evangelization of children. At that time the Rev. Samuel Jackson was strongly enforcing his celebrated theory, "Combination—A Common System of Lessons," as one thing among others "for the more effectual promotion of early piety;" recommended especially "as involving the iteration and

reiteration of the same truths by three different parties—the parent, the Sunday School teacher, the preacher.” The appointed lesson was to be explained at school, followed up at home, and fastened as a nail in a sure place by the preacher in the minds of the most promising part of his congregation on the Sabbath morning. This theory, faithfully, affectionately carried out, was to “revive the hopes of the Church and usher in the final triumph”; and but that “he who now letteth” is not yet “taken out of the way,” some of Mr. Jackson’s disciples, who are getting grey, might still live to take part in the trumpet-blowing. By many of us, his marvellous Biblical arguments and illustrations will never be forgotten. “Isolation,” said he, “hindered the finishing of the tower of Babel: combination reared the temple of Solomon. Isolation is usually attended with feebleness and failure: combination always acts with energy, and mostly results in success.”

“Common lessons,” he admitted, “will greatly interfere with the practice of preaching old sermons”; and here he probably hit upon the main obstacle to the adoption of his favourite scheme. “But,” he added, “in all labour there is profit, and the mental treasures accumulated by special efforts will become the exclusive property of the labourers;” and W. O. Simpson, with his whole heart and soul, believed him. Mr. Jackson had himself a weekly teachers’ preparation class, and also a week-day class for children in which the Common System of lessons was used, and his own morning sermons were invariably founded thereupon. In Mr. Simpson he found a willing, popular, and effective coadjutor. Both these classes

he frequently took, and having thoroughly mastered the lesson, he found it easy to preach about it, which he often did. To the end of his days, his reverence for the memory of his old Governor was profound. The following advice he often quoted: "Simpson, when you have got hold of a thing, talk about it, preach about it, write about it, till people think you are mad; and then they will believe you are in earnest."

No apology can be needed for the introduction of the following beautiful letter relating to the death of Mr. Jackson. It was written in India seven years after Mr. Simpson left Richmond; but as the writing of his missionary life is in other hands, no fitter place than this can be found for its insertion:—

"MANÄRGUDI, *October 9, 1861.*

"DEAR MRS. JACKSON,—From private letters and public papers received by the last mail I learnt that the man I admired most and loved best, not in Methodism only but among all I have ever known, was no more. I have often indulged the hope that, after my return to England, I should see Mr. Jackson again—should be privileged as of old to form a part of your circle, and relate what I have seen and learnt of education in this country. That hope will never be realized; and though this note will be behind many letters of a similar character, I know you will not think it less sincere than they.

"My first remembrances of Mr. Jackson go back to the days when I wore frocks and sat on a stool by the fireside, and looked up into those lustrous eyes,

and that broad, noble, kindly face. My last remembrance is of the study at dear Richmond, where he put into my hands the *Life of St. Paul*—about whom we had so often talked, and bade me Good-bye, with the characteristic counsel, ‘Take care of the lads.’

• “His pithy sayings and sagacious counsels during the three years I was under his care at Richmond remain with me to this day, many of them in his very words; but the effect of his words, and words like his leave lasting impressions, was far surpassed by the effect of his whole character. Men have influenced me but little, but he influenced me more than I can tell—left a stamp which is as fresh to-day as it was at the moment of farewell. The best praise of the great and good is that we copy them, and this praise I strive to offer the great and good man whose form I shall not see again.

“How happy it is to be a Christian! This exclamation passed through my mind as I endeavoured to realize what would be the feelings of a heathen—for one gets into the habit here of looking at everything from a heathen standpoint—under similar circumstances: the disciple bewailing his lost teacher—nothing left for him but memory of what has been, no anticipation of what is to be. To him the ‘is not’ signifies that the frame is irrecoverably dissolved into its original elements, the intellect perished, the soul ceased to be, the whole man wiped out of existence—all contained in the very fine phrase, ‘absorbed into the Deity.’ To us, the ‘is not’ points only to the absent form. It leaves us the whole vista of hope.⁴ We look through it into ‘immortality and eternal life,’ recognition and reunion, and these for ever.

“Such, I know, are your consolations, and I cannot add to them. Please look upon this letter, not so much as an attempt to console, as the utterance of a heart which, in some degree, feels your sorrow. Remember me kindly to Miss Jackson, and should she wish for a little information on Indian subjects, I should feel great pleasure in giving all in my power to supply; recollect I am an old married man with two children.—Believe me, My dear Mrs. Jackson, Yours truly,

“W. O. SIMPSON.

“MRS. SAMUEL JACKSON.”

VI.

WAITING.

1854.

THE Midsummer vacation brought with it the close of Mr. Simpson's third and last year at Richmond. It brought also, as will be gathered from some of the following entries in his Journal, much heart-searching and reflection.

"*July 4th.* I now sit down to review calmly my college career. The examinations took place on Wednesday and Thursday: satisfactory."

Happy man! Not many, if any, who were examined with him, would speak of the event with like complacency. Some, who perhaps did very well, would be vexing their souls that in certain instances they had not done much better, and some would be eating their hearts over some unaccountable blunder or omission. One who knows certifies that those examinations—covering the work of the whole year, which at that time were exclusively oral, were very rarely either gone through or reviewed with satisfaction. Average students, though plodding and persevering, are somewhat slow; for knowledge, assuredly in their possession, has sunk beneath the surface, and requires a few moments' thought for its repro-

duction. Asked point blank an unexpected question by a learned and austere stranger, the fear of breaking down — of seeming ridiculous — of disgracing his instructors, has produced some pitiable and distressing failures. W. O. Simpson, as we have seen, was a ready man, and he feared nothing. All his examinations went off well, and of this—the most formidable and the last, he says laconically, “satisfactory.” This, by the way, is about the highest praise he ever bestowed upon himself.

“On Friday we held our farewell meeting: presided: very affecting and of lasting benefit.”

Another of his modest notes. To preside at the “Valedictory” usually falls to the lot of a senior student who has won the fullest confidence and admiration of his brethren — not so much for his attainments as for the general excellence of his spirit and deportment; yet, though chosen to this high honour, he dismisses the subject with a word.

“The Committee met as usual. Speakers: Messrs. Thornton, Barrett, Bunting, Arthur. On Saturday travelled home: Band meeting in the evening. Two or three things now require my careful, sober thought:—

“1. My own religious state. Some courage is required to look at it, for it is not what it should be. I cannot say I have the witness clear. My mind has lost spiritual motive and taste: it is sleeping, dead. The reason is plain—an un-read Bible. I must so arrange my time as to remedy this: before breakfast—after dinner—after tea.

“2. As to religious conversation with individuals. It is a habit which I have not formed, which I can

form, which I must form. My readiness in conversing on other subjects reproves my backwardness in this.

“3. My reading and study. My reading must be Cupper’s *India*; my work, my own lectures on the same.

“*July 5th.* Heard Mr. Bush preach an excellent sermon (Zech. xiv. 8), proving it to be much more easy to be a Christian in winter than in summer.

“*8th.* Came to Bradbury. *9th.* Preached at Merrington—a pretty good day—best in the evening. *10th.* Spoke at the Bishop Auckland Missionary Meeting. *11th.* In all day—a most refreshing class meeting at night. *12th.* Went to Darlington—had a nice walk to see a fine landscape—ordered bills and circulars for a Students’ Missionary Meeting at Bradbury. *13th.* Had a long argument on tobacco; preached at Sedgefield. *14th.* Preached at Mordon. *15th.* To be noted for a quiet walk with Polly in the evening—pleasant exceedingly—saw much of the power of her mind and its promise for the future.

“*16th.* Preached at Heighington and Woodham—grand. Day difficult, but most blessed—a Divine influence attending all the services—a remarkable blessing at the farewell prayer-meeting at Mr. Shepherd’s. *17th* and *18th.* Delivered my first two lectures on India at Sedgefield.

“*19th.* Busy on all hands with to-morrow’s (Students’) Missionary Meeting. *20th.* *The day.* A magnificent set-out from Stockton—quick arrival of vehicles—capital congregation in the afternoon—preached on 2 Timothy ii. 4—influence good. Meeting in the evening, Mr. Bell in the chair—speaking first-rate; Greathead extraordinary; all delighted.

" 21st. A re-action from yesterday ; went to Hardwick Hall—a most magnificent sunset—a first-rate walk home with Polly. 22nd. Packed up—dined—walked with Willie to the hayfield, and had some most pleasant talk with him. Bade good-bye. The sorrowful part of the business being got over last night, all was pretty cheerful to-day ; felt more on my journey. Had a splendid view of Wharfedale—arrived at home safe and welcome.

" 23rd. Preached in the morning in the Brunswick schoolroom—very crowded—somewhat happy. Evening at Chapeltown—a fine medium influence. 24th. In all day. 25th. Pleasant walk to Allerton, my Bible and Poe's poems for companions. 26th. Preached at Brunswick at night—a good time ; called at Mr. M'Owan's, and heard that Mr. Farrar was President. 27th. Am thankful for a more habitual state of piety. My mind rests in God, my confidence in my providential path is clear, my love for prayer increasing daily.

" *November 9th.* At Dunstable. Since my last record I have been moving up and down the country—Scarborough, Bradbury, Frystone. I have had the profit of various small Missionary Anniversaries, and especially of our large Leeds meetings. Came down here October 28th, and have been preaching and speaking ever since. Yesterday evening a very interesting meeting of Mr. Cooper's work-people ; a Band of Hope meeting ; a missionary prayer-meeting ; a fellowship meeting. My heart asks for more grace.

" 18th. At Richmond. This day has been one of great and peculiar experience. My mind was much

impressed and cast down by reading Ward's *Hindoos*. Went to my knees for intercessory prayer. Read Isa. lv. 6, 7 and Matt. vii. 7. Here I made a stand, and power was given me to plead. I prayed for my dear friends, and had the assurance that I was heard. Afraid of disturbing the brethren at their studies, I retired to my bedroom and renewed my supplications. I asked for the direction of the Spirit as to the next point—a clean heart. Did not make much headway till on the strength of the promise I sought it for myself. Simple faith was given me—I felt that I loved God supremely and entirely. Fear followed of making the blessing known and of falling from it; but most happily was I strengthened by the chapter at family worship, Eph. vi. 10–18, and the hymn, 'Soldiers of Christ, arise.' The spirit of prayer remained with me.

"19th. Rose with the lines on my mind—

" 'Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.'

Had a good prayer-meeting in Brother Protheroe's study. Read 1 Thess. i.; stopped at verse 5th, to plead it for myself and Harry. Conversated about it at breakfast. Intercession to-day especially for the ministry. God give me power to plead! I made 2 Cor. iii. 1–6 the basis of my intercession, and I felt the power. The Rev. Thomas Jackson preached in the morning in the college chapel on Lydia, and I enjoyed the whole service very, very much. Continued pleading in the afternoon. I had to take the evening service, and meant to preach on Rom. ii. 4, 5, but my mind was not by any means free to it.

Had tea with Miss Wylde and Brother Bell, with much good conversation. My mind till half-past five continued still perplexed. Then I asked God to give me a text, and Rom. iii. 1-3 was given. The Spirit can make the understanding of quick foot: I had liberty, and with it power. A delightful prayer-meeting afterwards. I retired late to my room, but there I had nearness of approach to God.

“20th. I wish to look back carefully on each day, There was an inclination to early rising that was resisted, and followed speedily by sleep. In prayer I still had great liberty, especially in pleading for my country. The way of faith seems to me now very simple, and prayer is the desire of my soul. Went to London and saw Dr. Beecham. I am to remain here till I receive notice. O Lord, be with me in private prayer!”

It must be obvious to the reader from these quotations, that God had for some time been preparing His young servant, by fuller manifestations of His favour and richer baptisms of His Holy Spirit, for the great work whereto he was appointed. He has grown in grace—in the knowledge of himself and of Jesus Christ our Lord. This has been most marked from the time when it was definitely determined that India should be the field of his future labours.

Not at any time was he known to speak much about himself; and as to his personal experience—his religious moods and feelings, he was particularly reticent—more so than was meet—more so than was wholesome for the good of others and for his own soul's health. As it is in other matters, so it must be to some extent in this: “Out of the abundance of the

heart, the mouth speaketh." He who has little to speak of, should not say much about it. So Mr. Simpson appears to have thought, and — sometimes unjustly crediting himself with little, few words sufficed him for the telling of it. But now he has become communicative. His heart being "full of Christ," it "longs its glorious matter to declare." He has betaken himself unusually to his knees, has risen to habitual communion with God, has conscious power in pleading the promises for himself and others, loves his Saviour "supremely and entirely," and finds in spiritual exercises a passionate delight.

His zeal for the Master's cause is amazing. Even in vacation times, when his compeers are seeking resuscitated energies in change of air and scene and company—in rest and recreation, it never flags. He also seeks change and recreation and enjoys them to the full, but he never forgets his life-work. He crowds more service into his holidays than some of his fellow-servants accomplish in the same time at full work. He preaches twice or thrice each Sabbath; if no chapel is available, he holds forth in the open air; the Sunday School is almost certain to find him there; he preaches or addresses meetings three or four or more times in the week—in one instance, referred to above, four times on the same evening; if there is a prayer-meeting, Band meeting, or Lovefeast that he can get to, thither he goes; and he cannot meet with a Goliath blaspheming the living God, but he must "have at him." Of course his abundant labours at these times speak two languages. They certify the amazing popularity of the missionary to-be. Not many young men fresh from college make themselves

so well-known, receive so many invitations, are so generally and warmly welcomed, have such a following. But they also bear loud witness to the delight experienced by the young disciple in doing the Master's will.

The complete possession of his soul taken by the work before him is particularly noteworthy. Since his designation for service in that country, his conversation and inquiries have turned to India. His reading, his writing, his lecturing, are on India. He exults that his chosen life-companion has "a fervent missionary zeal, and that for India." His plans and purposes, his hopes and fears, his only hours of depression, his most agonized intercessions, his supreme content and confidence and joy in answered prayer, are all for India. Only on rare occasions did he ever break down under the strength and depth of his emotions, but one of the most remarkable of these was an overmastering eagerness and impatience to be at his work in India. "Just before he left Richmond," says the Rev. Henry R. Burton, "he and I were talking in his study about the millions of India—their ignorance, idolatries, misery, and peril, till his feelings overcame him. Flinging his arm round my neck, and laying his head on my shoulder, he cried, 'O Harry, my heart bleeds for India; my heart bleeds for India: how I wish that partings were over, and I was away!'"

The time, which his eagerness for action rendered so long to himself, came quickly enough to his friends.

"Soon after my last entry, I was set down for departure by the *Hampshire*, on December 27th. On Saturday, the 16th, I went to Bradbury. Preached

on Sunday evening at Sedgefield—my last sermon in England. Bade farewell on Thursday, amid tears. Spent the next four days—all throng and bustle, in Leeds. The visit of my brother Harry with his sweet little boy was especially pleasant. By mail train on Thursday, December 26th, at two o'clock in the morning, Tom and I started for London. I was ordained in the City Road Chapel in the evening of the same day."

This record is characteristic, and, to us who knew him, very touching from its omissions. He makes room for what is "pleasant," but for what is painful he can find no place. He has no heart to tell us of his parting with the dear ones at home—with the mother he was to see no more; but no fuller breast was that day in London than that of the brave young missionary who arrived by the early mail.

He was ordained together with three other young ministers, all designed for work in India or China. The President of the Conference and the four Missionary Secretaries, together with the Revs. William Oliver Booth, Charles Prest, and Robert Young, took part in the ordination service. It must have given much pleasure to Mr. Simpson that Mr. Young, his spiritual father, offered prayer for him, and that the President, the Rev. John Farrar, his classical tutor for three years, delivered the charge. The following is taken from the *Watchman* newspaper of December 27, 1854:—

"William Overend Simpson having been called upon, said, What he would say, though brief, should be spoken to the glory of God. When he was sixteen years of age, God called him to the knowledge of

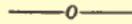
Himself, and He had continued to keep him in His paths. He had a conscious assurance of His favour. He had never doubted, and did not now doubt, that he was where God designed him to be, and he could say that evening was the happiest of his life. All God's dealings with him had been dealings of mercy. While he lived he hoped to live unto the Lord, and when he died he hoped to die unto the Lord ; so that, whether living or dying, he might be the Lord's."

It was a modest, manly, and godly speech. A solemn moment it is—the most profoundly solemn in a young minister's life, when he publicly takes the vows of the Lord upon him, and W. O. Simpson felt it to be so ; but it was what he had long been looking and praying and toiling for. We have seen that by the grace of God he had been brought to a full consecration of himself to Christ. The occasion, therefore, bore no terrors. He could only say in the above address he never was so happy ; and he only adds in his Journal, "it was a time of refreshing, and of great spiritual enjoyment."

Wednesday and Thursday "were spent in seeing after matters." On Friday, he left for Gravesend, with his brother, Mr. Thomas Simpson, the Rev. William Arthur, and Mr. Samuel Adams. He was there met by Mr. and Miss Eve, and by Messrs. John Bell and Henry R. Burton. After dinner, he was commended to God in prayer by Messrs. Arthur, Bell, and Burton.

"And they accompanied him to the ship."

Part Second.



MISSION LIFE.

BY THE

REV. ROBERT STEPHENSON, B.A.

I.

THE VOYAGE.

I FIRST met the Rev. William O. Simpson shortly after the Conference of 1854. He was driving through the city of Durham to a missionary meeting in a neighbouring village. Stopping a few moments on the road, he told me of his appointment to a Circuit in South India, including the towns of Negapatam, Tiruvarur, and Manärgudi. His tone evinced enthusiasm and Christian courage, sobered by a sense of the difficulty and importance of the work he had undertaken. I felt his spirit contagious, and, in reply, expressed a wish, long entertained, that I too might be an Indian missionary, adding, "possibly by-and-bye we may be colleagues in the Madras District." Within little more than a year, Providence gave fulfilment of the wish, and under Indian skies, the acquaintance, so casually begun, ripened into warm friendship. During a long period of mission life, and subsequently for years in England, it was my privilege to enjoy loving intimacy with Mr. Simpson. We studied and prayed together, we discussed in company almost every point of missionary policy, and we acted in unison on the mission field, in the District Meeting, and in Conference. No one, I think, enjoyed fuller opportunity than myself of knowing Mr. Simpson; and no

one can more admire, or deeply sympathize with his zeal for the evangelization of India. Hence when the Rev. Joseph Bush and Mr. Simpson's family joined in placing in my hands his Journal and letters, and in asking me to write an account of his life in India, I consented.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to narrate the leading incidents in Mr. Simpson's Indian career, the development of his character, and the results of his toil. I have sought also to picture the circumstances, and the different localities in which he was placed. In doing this, I have used, as far as possible, his own words,—often interweaving, and sometimes condensing passages from his Journal and correspondence. The task I have found more difficult than I anticipated; but, in seeking to accomplish it, I have seemed often to be listening to the voice of my friend.

On Tuesday, December 26th, 1854, four young ministers, recently fellow-students at Richmond, were ordained in Mr. Wesley's chapel in City Road. The Revs. Samuel Hutton, Samuel J. Smith, and John Preston were about to proceed as missionaries to China. After periods of faithful toil in that land, varying from eleven to twenty years, all have returned, and are now engaged in the ministry at home. The fourth was William Overend Simpson. Somewhat above the medium height, broadly built, with massive though irregular features, and deep-set but keen and sparkling eyes, Mr. Simpson's appearance gave the impression of more than usual mental and moral force, while his accent told he was from the county of his own heroes of after years: **Mr. William**

Dawson and Sammy Hick. His appointment was to South India.

Three days later Mr. Simpson embarked for Madras on "the good ship *Hampshire*." It was the time of long passages round the Cape of Good Hope, and, though no call was made by the way, the voyage occupied four months. To the young missionary it was full of interest and excitement. His Christian zeal and ready sympathy found scope among his fellow passengers, most of whom were officers in the civil or military service of the East India Company. All had a certain polish of manner, but some were sceptical, and some dissolute and profane. At the outset, and until the captain limited the supplies, "drunkenness, with profane swearing, and derision and scorn of religion," were common among the younger officers. Even "the better sort" seemed inclined to treat superciliously a missionary who was also a Dissenter. After being a few days at sea, Mr. Simpson thus describes the situation: "To a great extent, I am a man by myself, revolving on my own axis. With my views and feelings, my chief thoughts and purposes, I have no sympathizers. Not so with the rest of our company; a day has made most of them friends. I turn aside and close my cabin door. I open the sacred Book, go to my knees, and then throw into devotional tone one of our beautiful hymns:—Hark! the doctor is trolling a comic ballad, and there goes at every few lines the loud chorus, and then the louder laugh. Outside my door the repeated cry, 'Trumps!' 'Hearts!' 'Knaves!' tells of card-playing; while left-handed allusions to 'the missionary going to convert all the Hindus,' to the missionary's Bible, and the missionary's Master, are heard on every side.

For a moment or two I pause with a heart by no means cheerful. I then turn again to our sweet singer:

“ ‘ Their joy is all sadness,
Their mirth is all vain ;
Their laughter is madness,
Their pleasure is pain.’ ”

—It is enough.”

Another day he writes : “ My mind is very much exercised on account of my fellow passengers. There is call here for reproof. I feel my weakness. Lord, strengthen me ! Am resolved on one thing, to live very near to God, conscious that, my heart being right, conversation, conduct, everything else will be radii from a true centre.”

On the first Sunday, at the request of the captain, Mr. Simpson read Morning Prayer. Subsequently, on nearly every Sunday, he preached both morning and evening. In the morning when the weather was fine the service was held on deck. A table, covered with the Union Jack, formed the pulpit, while the congregation sat around, the passengers in their own chairs, the sailors, in smart Sabbath attire, on seats formed with the capstan bars. On other occasions the service was in the saloon. The congregation, especially in the latter case, when only the passengers and the ship officers were present, was somewhat critical and unsympathetic. The young missionary entered on his work with not a little trembling, but he had great powers of adaptation, and probably seldom have sermons at sea been listened to with more interest than those he preached. How evangelical, earnest, and practical was his teaching is evinced by the texts he selected. He opened his commission with 1 Cor. ii. 2 : “ I deter-

mined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." A fortnight later, having been pained by frequent profane swearing, he denounced the habit in a sermon on "Hallowed be Thy name." Walking, after service, on deck, he overheard this conversation: Miss B.—"Pooh, pooh! He is not ordained—not in the succession." Mr. T.—"Yes, I know that; but he may be as good a man as one who is. Anyhow, the sermon was a good one, and I hope the advice will be taken." Such, it would seem, was the case, for at the end of the voyage Mr. Simpson, writing to his mother, records that, from that morning, even the most reckless restrained themselves from an oath in his presence. Meanwhile, not content with the public discharge of duty, after seeking earnestly Divine help, and cautiously choosing his opportunity, often while pacing the deck by starlight, he brought the subject of religion home to his companions in private talk. In doing so he received unexpected encouragement. The first mate confessed he had been convinced of sin, and had found pardon in a revival at Cardiff, but had fallen from God. A young gentleman from Yorkshire showed himself open to religious impressions. The ship's captain, "a man of active, honest mind, and good intentions, but beset with Scriptural difficulties," soon laid aside official stiffness, courted the society of the young missionary, and talked with him of his inward struggle. Several of the passengers before the end of the voyage treated Mr. Simpson with similar confidence. Within sight of Ceylon, on April 22nd, he held his last service on deck, and took opportunity to recall the subjects of his four months' ministry, preaching from Acts xx. 20–21: "I kept nothing back that was profit-

able unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publickly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ."

At the commencement of the voyage Mr. Simpson drew up a plan of daily study, and appears in the main to have adhered to it. Milton, Coleridge, and Shelley furnished his lighter reading; he studied with care *The Eclipse of Faith*, *The Philosophy of Salvation*, Alfred Barrett's *Polity of Methodism*, and other similar works; he renewed his acquaintance with Cæsar and Virgil; and above all, he gave earnest attention to the Greek Testament. He also set himself to acquire the elements of Tamil. In this attempt he was happy to find a helper in the person of a Hindu servant, returning to Madras, who could read and write the language, and who professed to know it grammatically. An officer of the ship aided him in practical astronomy; and with a fellow passenger he endeavoured to master the art of shorthand writing.

Meanwhile he noted with keen observation the varying aspects of nature, and the incidents which relieve the tedium of a voyage to the East. These he described in his Journal and in letters to his friends. They were photographed on his memory, and formed a treasure from which in after years he drew numberless illustrations for sermons and speeches. At the time he seems to have anticipated this. Shortly after sailing he wrote: "Many of the sights at sea are really beautiful, and capable of good use as rhetorical figures. Such are the lights on successive headlands; the lights suspended from the vessel at night; the phosphorescent animalculæ on the tips of

the waves. Nor are the sounds on ship-board of less interest: the cheerful 'Ay, ay, sir,' of the sailor; the 'vessel right ahead' of the look-out; the use of song in the labour of the men." A few days later he gives in a letter "A sketch of what sea life is: A fiddle, with chorus, playing 'The girl I left behind me,' at the cuddy door, with loud rushing noise of a party dancing a reel; bad sallies of wit and humour from a facetious lieutenant, followed by roars of laughter. Our ladies embroidering, interrupted by fits of risibility, as the lieutenant's words reach them in gusts and snatches. One or two are reading. Our captain and three colleagues are playing at cards, and your humble servant, pen in hand, is trying to collect his thoughts at the close of the day." On reaching warmer latitudes, he writes: "A day for light blouses and summer array, a leaf from England's June. Sea calm, wind very gentle, sky blue and cloudless, the sun disposed to give us a foretaste of the tropics. A rainbow transcending all I ever saw in England. The sunset too was a rehearsal of the tropics. The clouds lay not in strata, but in piles, lurid red, golden, or dark, as the light fell on them or escaped them. From the west to the east the sky was suffused with a colour not one whit different from a blush rose, and from the zenith eastwards the palest blue, overlaid here and there with fleecy clouds. In surveying the works of the great Creator, I wish to have the spirit which Milton puts into our first parents, finding in every one an incentive to gladness and devotion."

Of his inner life we may best learn by opening here and there his sedulously kept Journal, and by reverently scanning letters to his mother.

“*December 30th.* Immediately after sailing, I feel more than ever given up to my great work; and amidst natural feelings of sorrow, can yet rejoice. I have now nothing left to live for but my great Master, and to Him I turn.

“*January 8th, 1855.* On the first Sunday in the New Year I read in the afternoon the directions for renewing the Covenant, and, after evening service, in my cabin, with my head leaning on my elbows and on my chest, amidst the heaving of the ship and the sound of waters against her side, I solemnly renewed my covenant with Almighty God. There God met me, and I obtained in the act of consecration a bestowment of pardon and spiritual power that opened my lips in praise for the past and confidence for the future.

“*January 18th.* Matthew xviii. was exceedingly precious this morning. Oh, how sweetly was I drawn out to plead for the childlike spirit, for the humility which is the highest exaltation! Was touched to tears with the interest my Father in heaven takes in what troubles me; and seeing Him that is invisible, I find the endurance of scoffs and gibes against my Master and myself easy.

“In bringing my friends before God, have been much blessed, especially when pleading for my dear mother. Were I asked to point out any particular feature of my experience, growing daily, I should refer to the importance which the doctrine of the Holy Trinity obtains. I remember that Isaac Taylor says in his lectures on spiritual Christianity, that this orthodox article of belief has, someway or other, totally inexplicable on any other ground than that it is true, always been united to the most vital and consistent

Christianity. My own lessons of heart have brought this sentiment to my mind. In coming to the throne of grace, in perusing the New Testament, its facts and promises, I cannot spare this doctrine for one moment. The Word clearly teaches it, and when I come to my knees, the heart eagerly grasps it.

“*February 4th.* Preached at night with freedom. Oh, the liberty I feel when my words of warning and invitation on each Sabbath are spoken;—when the matter is gone from my hands into those of the Lord of the harvest.

“*February 13th.* On Sunday rose at four o'clock to see the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, which was upright in position over our weather-bow. Preached on deck, and had great liberty. Had much discussion with our captain on the evidences of Christianity, the case of sincere persons not Christians, etc. Was impressed yet more deeply in his favour. He came to me on the poop afterwards and spoke of the pleasure my sermon had given him, referred again to his practical difficulties, and opened a page or two in his past life. When I had retired he came to my cabin with a portrait of his wife, and we had a full hour together. This expression of his kindness was gratifying, but I felt as much the need of direction from above in favourable circumstances as in ‘adverse.’

“*February 26th.* As I read the Bible I analyze chapter by chapter. When a book is finished I consider its authority, scope, general divisions, etc., using such works as I have at hand. From these investigations I see that the sacred narrative will bear looking into. In facing difficulties, true wisdom consists: cowardice is folly sparing labour at the expense of a

distracted mind and oscillating opinions. The *non dubitandum* cannot be reached without a fair consideration of the *quid dubitas?*—Last night I asked myself, Have I done all that is possible by way of courtesy to conciliate the good-will of my fellow-passengers? To-day, I have amended my ways, and not without some success.

“*March 4th.* Both services in the saloon. These saloon services demand a rather superior sort of sermon, all the passengers being persons of cultivated taste. It is a little matter to be judged of men, yet I do believe God is giving me favour with some of our company. There is danger here lest I should soften the truth and forsake simplicity to retain their good opinion. A heart right with God is the best security against literary as well as spiritual errors.

“*April 14th.* This is the last night of my twenty-fourth year, and I turn to prayer and self-examination, trusting to find God “at hand” and not “afar off.”

“*April 16th.* Yesterday came down a regular tropical shower, which prevented morning service. This gave me time to myself, and the occasion needed quietness, for I intended to renew my covenant with God. The words of the ‘Directions’ recalled my past life; I wept, and prayed, and was happy. Afterwards I copied out the covenant and laid it aside till evening. Service in the cuddy; had liberty and power of pressing home on 1 Kings xviii.-21. When all was quiet I retired into my cabin, read the manuscript covenant I had drawn up, and signed it with calmness, and with determination. This was the most thoughtful and profitable birthday I have ever known. May the year be a fulfilment of this day’s promise.”

His feelings on nearing the scene of his future toil are described very graphically.

“*April 22nd.* This morning, at five o'clock, the captain came into my cabin when I was fast asleep, and startled me, saying, ‘Simpson! have you seen the land?’ ‘No.’ ‘Then look out at your port.’ I did so, and saw the loom of the mountains in the morning twilight. In a few minutes I was on deck. The breaking light of day was just ahead. On our weatherside the shore extended, with gloom still brooding over it; yet, looming through, I could distinctly descry the form of lofty mountains. The light continued breaking till the sun arose, and I looked upon Ceylon.

“None can tell my feelings on gazing on this new seen land. I thought of it as part of India, and saw before me the outer limit of that great vineyard into which I was just entering among labourers that are few. I longed to see a band of natives upon our deck, that I might learn at once the form, and look, and bearing of the people of my care. While through the glass I surveyed the clustered huts, I half wished for myself wings to fly and a tongue to speak, that in the midst of swarthy faces I might testify repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.”

The effect of Mr. Simpson's preaching, and perhaps more of his daily life on board ship, was a happy omen of the success of his missionary career. Wild and irreligious as were most of his companions, he gained their confidence and esteem, and had the joy of being assured that the good seed scattered by his hand had taken root in some hearts. Of his farewell service on board he records with gratitude: “All the

passengers except one or two were present, and a strange contrast was that last sermon to my first. At the close the captain requested me to go with him into his cabin, and there, after speaking in most affectionate terms, he took from his hand a magnificent gold ring set with a large carbuncle, and transferred it to my finger, assuring me that he would never think of me without emotion. The present might have been something more agreeable to my taste, yet I value it most highly for the sake of the feelings of the man it represents. At his own request I wore it whilst remaining on board."

Nor were Mr. Simpson's fellow passengers less emphatic in their expressions of respect and affection. They elected him their representative in the presentation of an address to the captain, and on landing they invited him to a parting banquet. "Towards the close of the voyage," Mr. Simpson writes, "I never received an unkind word or look. Rather I was treated by all as an intimate friend, consulted in difficulties, and made the confidant of past recollections. This happy result was brought about, I hope, without compromise on my part; for their course of life had not been spared either in public or private. Our parting was very touching."

In a letter to his mother Mr. Simpson drew a lively picture of the arrival at the scene of his future labour on Thursday, April 26th, 1855: "Much of Monday and Tuesday, and a great part of Wednesday, we were out of sight of land, moving rapidly towards our destination. On Wednesday, at four o'clock, there was the cry, 'Land ahead.' Slowly the Sadras hills rose in the gorgeous light of the setting sun. We

were thirty miles from Madras. At eleven the same night the Madras light was visible, and at twelve we were only four miles away. The captain, however, thought it best to keep off till dawn. As the day broke we moved gently towards our anchorage. The light gradually unveiled the city; the road to St. Thomé, the gardens, the fort, the long row of buildings, white and yellow, lining the beach, and lastly the rolling surf. At six o'clock the anchor dropped, and I was gazing on the land of my future life. Soon the *Hampshire* was a scene of confusion. In answer to the fort signals ours were run up, the men were busy furling the sails, and the passengers no less so in uttering observations and exclamations on the novelties around. Within a few moments of our anchoring, a black spot was seen on the surface of the sea; it came towards us; then two peaked hats, topping two black bodies, appeared; they came nearer; by and bye two natives sprung on board from what an Englishman would describe as five logs strung together, but what a native calls a 'catamaran.' Then came, thick and fast, the patched, deep, rock-a-bye-baby *massoola* boats with their black crews and ugly bars. From one came a shoemaker, from another a curiosity vendor, from a third a fruit seller, and so on till the quarter-deck was turned into a bazaar; white linen, dark skins, and a great chatter being the most observable elements. I had packed all up the night before, and, in a clean suit of white, with black alpaca coat, stood waiting any friend who might choose to claim my company. At half-past eight the Rev. Arminius Burgess, our young missionary, and Mr. John S. Jenkins, formerly of Leeds, came on board. After a most affectionate

farewell with all my fellow voyagers, I descended the ship's side, passed the surf with its three successive rolls, and a little after nine was seated at breakfast on the verandah of the Mission house at Royapettah. The Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, the superintendent, with his lady, received me most kindly."

II.

MADRAS.

1855.

ROYAPETTAH is one of the many districts which form the city or municipality of Madras, and of which Black Town is the most densely populated. The municipal area of Madras extends for nine miles along the coast, and for about three miles inland. Royapettah is almost in the centre. It includes a large native village, with busy streets and bazaars, and many English residences, each surrounded by its own *compound*—an Indian term, conveying the idea of something more than a garden and less than a park. Scattered throughout the district are clusters of native cottages hidden among overhanging foliage. A little distance to the south-west is St. George's Cathedral; a noble building, famous for its interior walls of polished *chunam*, and for the beautiful statues of Bishops Heber and Currie. About a mile to the north-west is the equally imposing St. Andrew's Kirk, in which a large congregation joins in worship conducted by chaplains of the Church of Scotland. Stretching between Royapettah and the sea are the populous districts of Triplicane and Meersaibpettah, inhabited largely by Mohammedans, and marked by

spacious mosques, and by a beautiful building, then the palace of the Nabob of the Carnatic, now merely the office of a Government department. In the district of Triplicane there is also a Hindu quarter, with Brahmin streets and one of the most imposing heathen temples in Madras.

The house belonging to the Wesleyan Mission is a commodious dwelling in the heart of Royapettah. Here reside the superintendent missionary with his family, and one or two junior colleagues, and entertainment is given to missionary visitors from the country stations, or from home. Here — and not at Negapatam—Mr. Simpson spent his first year in India. The large compound surrounding the house is entirely devoted to missionary purposes. Perhaps two hundred yards to the front, and facing much frequented roads, is the neat and well-built native chapel. Almost close to it is the Anglo-Vernacular High School. When Mr. Simpson landed this was a mud-walled structure, thatched with cocoanut leaves, and crowded by 120 native youths. At the back of the Mission house a large garden is kept beautiful by constant watering, and is rich in mangoes, tamarinds, plantains, and various tropical vegetables and flowers. Sauntering through the garden we come to the girls' boarding and day school, begun by the excellent Mrs. Roberts, and since her day the care of successive missionaries' wives. Here in 1855 some forty boarders and fifty day scholars were taught, all of them pariahs (outcasts), for the day had not come when Hindus of caste would allow their daughters to be taught even to read. On one side of the house was a semi-Gothic structure, which, before

the property passed into Protestant hands, had been a private Roman Catholic chapel, but which was now a cottage occupied by Somosoondrum, a gentle and very intelligent converted youth from Negapatam.

Mr. Simpson was very happy in his first associations in India. His colleagues were men in intercourse with whom he found pleasure and mental and spiritual stimulus, and who exercised a favourable influence on the development of his character and career. The Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, the senior missionary, had been ten years in India. During the earlier part of this period he had enjoyed the privilege of working with the devoted Mr. and Mrs. Cryer at Manärgudi, and of there gaining missionary experience and the knowledge of Tamil. He had now, for several years, been resident in Madras, and, in addition to vernacular preaching and school work, had taken the principal care of the English congregation in Black Town, obtaining high reputation as a preacher. He was now anxious to be relieved from the English pastorate, and to devote more time and strength to the native work. Mr. Simpson wrote concerning Mr. Jenkins: "His mind is of a fine and precise cast, and is well stored with the wealth of English literature. He is extremely chaste in his language; powerful and popular in the pulpit; pleasant, free, and instructive in conversation; of intelligent and deep piety, and with sympathy and fondness for young men, he himself being scarcely beyond the bounds of youth. We have in him a counsellor and friend of the highest value. Every day brings some fresh topics of conversation, and on each Mr. Jenkins is sure to

make remarks, opening up some valuable train of thought, and tending to make all around the table wiser and better. There is in his words much of humour, but nothing of a gossiping or trifling nature."

Of Mrs. Jenkins it is impossible for an old inmate of her home to write except with affectionate respect. Mr. Simpson describes her as a kind and considerate lady, possessed of learning and many accomplishments. Her knowledge of the world had been widened by a residence in Russia. She was full of quick intelligence, and knew how to clothe her intuitions in pointed and effective language. She was very devout, and did faithful service for the mission, especially in the girls' school. There was another member in the circle, the junior missionary, the Rev. Arminius Burgess, then entering on his third year in the country. In addition to more general scholastic attainments, Mr. Burgess had a ready command of French, having resided at one time in Paris, and also a cultured taste for natural science. He had special charge of the Mission High School, and by the remarkable perseverance and success with which he devoted himself to the interests of that institution, he acquired a high reputation among the native community of Madras, and also with the Government, as a missionary educationist. "In him," wrote the newly arrived missionary, "I hope to find a pleasant and agreeable companion."

Besides these English brethren, Mr. Simpson soon became lovingly familiar with two native candidates for the ministry: Elias Gloria, an eloquent preacher, since distinguished for the literary and poetical ability

shown in the editorship of the Tamil Hymn-Book; and Joel Samuel, then a catechist, who after twenty-three years' faithful service in the ministry, was called to his reward in 1879, two years before Mr. Simpson.

In the house adjoining the Mission compound, Mr. Simpson was delighted to meet old friends from his native town—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was a Professor of Mathematics at the Government High School, and was a zealous Methodist and excellent local preacher. Very often, especially after the arrival of the mails from England, did the young missionary step into the house of his Leeds friends, and enjoy a long chat about the old town, and about mutual acquaintances.

On the evening of his arrival in Madras, Mr. Simpson was called to open his commission by preaching in the English chapel in Black Town. The three miles' drive at sunset to the chapel would give him his first clear impression of the extent of the city. Past the English business houses in the broad and dusty Mount Road, and then on by Government House and the Banqueting Hall, his way led across the parade ground and by Fort St. George, and so into the densely crowded thoroughfare of Popham's Broadway. The chapel, which was built in 1821 by the first Wesleyan missionary in Madras, the Rev. James Lynch, and has since been twice enlarged, is in the centre of Black Town. At the time of its erection, many English merchants and Government officials resided in the streets near the sea. These gentlemen have long since removed into the suburbs, and their former residences are now given up to business pur-

poses ; but, besides the vast native population, there are still in Black Town very many Eurasians, and many warrant officers and subordinate English officials connected with the fort. These form the bulk of the congregation. In addition, many residents in Vepery and other suburbs attend the services, and on Sunday evening their carriages often form a long line in the Broadway. On the ground floor of the chapel are the Sunday School and vestries, and above these rooms is the chapel proper. It is a lofty hall, seating between four and five hundred people. Large Venetian shutters take the place of glass windows, and, when thrown open to the sea breeze in the evening, render the chapel comparatively cool. The congregation worshipping here had long been accustomed to the ministrations of very able men—of Jonathan Crowther, Joseph Roberts, Samuel Hardey, and, for nearly seven years, of Ebenezer E. Jenkins. In prospect of the early removal of Mr. Jenkins, and with the hope of securing fuller pastoral oversight, they had petitioned that a minister should be appointed specially to labour among them, and they had offered to provide for his support.

Mr. Simpson preached his first sermon in this chapel on Thursday evening, April 26th, 1855. His hearers were surprised and charmed with the freshness and power of his preaching, and the service was equally enjoyed by himself. He wrote : "It was a delightful season : to stand once more in the sanctuary, and to hear the voice of singing, and that too of our own beautiful hymns, awakened grateful and joyous emotions." The fame of the new preacher soon spread, and the following Sunday evening the chapel

was crowded. Of this service, Mr. Simpson wrote : " The people were exceedingly attentive, and I had great liberty in expounding 1 Thessalonians i. 5— " For our Gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Driving to the Custom House on Saturday morning with Mr. Burgess to clear his baggage, the young missionary was brought into the presence of scenes less pleasing than those we have described ; but, alas, more characteristic of India. He caught his first glimpse of the public parade of idolatry, and was much moved by it. " There has just been held," he writes, " a feast of Siva for ten days, of which Saturday was the ninth. The car of the god turned into the Mount Road as we were passing. In appearance it was a pagoda on wheels, with two huge ropes for the people to drag it by. The roof was conical, the ridges were decorated with small crimson streamers on gilded staves, and the top covered with a beautiful white silk umbrella, with gold fringes. Within the car was the image of the god, not visible to us. Around were Brahmins, some fanning the senseless form, others ringing bells, or tinkling cymbals. The crowd was not so large as I expected,—from two to three hundred, perhaps. At a signal from one of the Brahmins, the people shouted at intervals, laid their hands to the ropes, and moved the car a stage in its progress. As we drove home, I found myself repeating again and again, ' The idols He shall utterly abolish ! ' "

On the Sunday morning, Mr. Simpson attended the native service in the Royapettah chapel. He writes :

“ Mr. Jenkins preached in Tamil ; the hymns being sung to English tunes, brought tears to my eyes. The congregation numbered about two hundred. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. The school-girls appeared most exemplary and picturesque: the petticoat of pretty colour, and the sheet of white muslin, with a border of red, blue, or pink, enveloping the person, and carried gracefully over the head, made them quite attractive. The countenances both of boys and girls were lit up with animation, and their fine full eyes turned in unbroken attention to the preacher.”

On the morrow he visited the schools on the Mission compound, and wrote in his Journal: “ In the girls’ school, I examined the first class in Acts viii. 1-9. There was as much intelligence as I have seen in an English class of the same description. Several verses were written by the girls in English and Tamil. I gave them a short address. I then went to the boys’ school, a scene of busy occupation. Algebra, geography, history, grammar were being studied. I examined in Scripture history and geography, and found the lads quite as well up as any of the same age with whom I have met in England.” At a later period Mr. Simpson wrote: “ Many people in England quite misunderstand the nature of these schools. They are not composed of children to whom a Scripture lesson is a merely elementary matter. Out of the 120 or 130 boys in our school, Mr. Burgess informs me, 60 or 70 are above 18 ; some are between 24 and 27, are married, and fathers of families. Many are Brahmins : these are easily distinguishable by their lighter complexion, the regularity of their

features, and often by a lofty and intelligent expression of countenance. They are very attractive, and it is a pleasure to teach them. One little fellow, twelve years of age, who had no book, when asked why he did not get one, replied with the readiest ease, 'Why, sir, I have no funds!' At school no distinction of caste is recognized,—Brahmins, Sudras, and Pariahs,—all are treated alike. They sit with the marks of idolatry upon their foreheads, reading and reciting the Word of God, having it explained and pressed home upon them. They, moreover, come to school with the distinct understanding, that every means will be employed by the Word, by preaching and praying, to secure their conversion. Facts are accumulating to prove the value of this school preaching. The Free Church of Scotland people have six or eight native ministers, and a noble band of converts, all from their schools. As for ourselves, Mr. Jenkins says that Somosoondrum, from our Negapatam school, now finishing his education, is worth all the adult native members of our church put together. Of course, school preaching is not to be made a substitute for more public preaching to adults, but it seems a matter of great importance when viewed in connection with such facts as these."

The success of Mr. Simpson's first services in Black Town indicated, as was thought by his brethren and by the congregation, special fitness for the English pastorate of Madras, and it was proposed that, until the minister asked for from England should arrive, he should undertake the duties of the office. The proposal was approved by the chairman, the Rev. Thomas Hodson, and at once adopted. Mr. Simpson's principal duties were to preach on the Sunday and Thurs-

day evenings in Black Town (with frequent relief from his colleagues, Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Burgess), to conduct a Society class, to lead the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and to give attention to pastoral visitation. He had also to preach to the soldiers at Fort St. George and St. Thomas' Mount, and about once a month to the invalids and pensioners at Poonamallee, thirteen miles away.

Of these places and of Mr. Simpson's journeys to them it may be well to give pictures gleaned from his Journal or correspondence. "*Tuesday, May 16th.* Preached in Fort St. George to seven people on Gen. xvii. 1. The Fort encloses a large space, in which stand the barracks of the English soldiers, and some important public offices. Our service is held in a bomb-proof casement in the sea wall."

"*Sunday, May 21st.* In the morning heard Ambrose in Tamil. In the evening rode to St. Thomas' Mount. The road was picturesque throughout: bordered on each side by banyan trees with their dark foliage, and by plantations of palmyras and palms, with now and then an area of fresh green rice fields. The natives in white, red, blue, pink,—all colours, but none out of taste,—talking under the shade, or walking leisurely along, the bandies drawn by bullocks with bells, the coolies carrying water and toddy *chatties* (earthenware vessels), all in the light of a setting sun, harmonizing with the red surface of the road, the dark foliage, and the varied costumes, furnished my vision with a perfectly Oriental scene, and fulfilled many preconceived pictures. At the Mount, which is a military station, I found a nice Gothic chapel and a good and respectable congregation, and

had liberty and power on 1 Thess. i. 5. I administered the sacrament for the first time. Afterwards took tea with the large family circle round Mr. Prior's table. Mr. Prior is a Lieutenant of Artillery and interpreter for his troop. He is a man of decided piety—a convert of Mr. Cryer's.

“*Tuesday, May 23rd.* At six in the morning started with my colleagues for Poonamallee, thirteen miles away. I enjoyed the journey very much. After passing the suburbs of Madras, we came into the great Western Road to Bangalore, and a bad road it is. Many people were astir. Trains of bullock bandies, laden with straw, lined the way. Here the road passed through dry and open plains, brown as a burnt-up common, with tall and branchless cocoa-nut trees in twos and threes thinly grouped upon it; and there, by a grove of banyan, and palmyra, and tamarind, in the shade of which a native village clustered, and the dark shape of a rude temple could be seen. Poonamallee is a military station, but its fort is without cannon, and its occupants are pensioners and their families. Having arrived at our little chapel and breakfasted, in the morning we chatted with the leader and other influentials of the Society. In the evening we had service. I preached with great comfort on Matt. v. 13 to a full congregation. In returning was thrown from my horse, but mercifully preserved from serious injury.” Subsequent visits to the Mount and Poonamallee are also specially noted in the Journal. They were always occasions of interest, and very frequently they brought home to the missionary painful evidence of “the difficulty of his work and of how superstition and idolatry abounded on every

hand." Going to preach one evening at the Mount, he found a vast assemblage gathered just outside the cantonment, and poles erected. It was the swinging festival, and men were swung from hooks fixed in the flesh of the back, and hideous music was being played within hearing of the worshippers in the Christian chapel. Of a day at Poonamallee, the following significant account is given: "Spent the morning in visiting, met the class at five, preached at six on Hebrews xii. 1, 2, with blessing to myself and hearers. Much correction is needed here, for the spirit of Antinomianism is rife." Later in the year, on September 27th, Mr. Simpson writes again: "Visited Poonamallee. The roads were in a dreadful state, but the country was beautiful through the recent downpour. The green around the Fort reminded me of the village greens of old England, the more so because it was fringed by the cottages of the pensioned soldiers who reside here. In the native village are two large temples, one to Siva, the other to Vishnu. I went with Brother Coulter, our leader, to examine them. The Saiva temple was fronted by three rows of pillars supporting a stone roof. As I was entering the gate a young Brahmin joined me. I addressed him in broken Tamil, and said, 'We may go round, I suppose?' With beautiful pronunciation, he replied in English, 'You need not speak Tamil, sir; I can speak English very well.' He then led us in, though the temple was not to his own god, the trident broadly chalked on his forehead showing him to be a Vaishnava. A Hindu temple, you must know, consists of a yard surrounded by a high wall; in the centre stands the principal shrine, but around are idols, and idol

houses built into the walls or detached. We walked quietly round and surveyed all these. Then I made for the side entrance of the great shrine. It was a large, massive building: stone through floor, walls, pillars, and roof, lighted only by the open doors. I thought as I looked upon black idols, black altars, the blackened roof of the dark interior, how the idea of a religion impresses all within its reach; witness the pompous ceremonies and buildings of the Church of Rome, and these midnight temples of Hinduism. My young guide, who conversed very freely, said the priest would not be willing for me to enter. However, as I pressed it, he went and asked the Brahmin's leave. Leave indeed! The priest issued from a dark room, and filled the place with vociferations. He came forward gesticulating violently, and shut the doors; the young Brahmin, significantly smiling, interpreted the act, 'Not willing, sir.' I said 'Salaam' to my young friend near his own house. He had been, I found, a scholar at the Scotch Kirk school at Conjeveram, and in two years had acquired his beautiful enunciation of our difficult tongue, and a by no means scanty vocabulary. Though still an idolater, how great a change had been wrought in him. Here he was talking freely and easily in the presence of his jealous caste fellows to the enemy of his faith, to a man to whom his father would not have spoken a civil word, but have deemed himself defiled by his presence. Here was a type of the indirect work accomplished. The exclusive character of Hinduism in a mind like this is gone. The Vaishnava temple I was not allowed to enter."

At the Mount, Mr. Simpson found in Lieutenant

Prior a generous host, a friend after his own heart, and a zealous fellow-labourer. Some years previously, Mr. Prior, then a thoughtless cadet, had strayed into the Methodist chapel at Bangalore. The Word preached by the Rev. Thomas Cryer had come home to him with convincing power, he sought further instruction and help from Mr. Cryer privately, and never rested till he found peace with God. His piety was of a type happily not uncommon among Christian officers. It was bold and thorough. He gave up at once whatever in his previous life seemed inconsistent with his present profession. He began to learn Hebrew and Greek that he might read the Bible in the original. He rose at three every morning, that, before going to parade at a quarter to five, he might have intercourse with God on his knees and in the study of the Word. He used his knowledge of the native languages in preaching the Gospel to his own artillerymen, and was leader of a Methodist class for English soldiers. He delighted in the society of the Wesleyan missionaries, and showed them Indian hospitality. On attaining his captaincy, he was removed to Secunderabad, and, after a few months, the melancholy news came to Madras that, in the flower of his days and usefulness, Mr. Prior had been taken away suddenly by cholera. "He was not, for God took him."

Mr. Simpson, from the first, threw himself into all his duties as English pastor with characteristic zeal, and was happy and successful in all. In preaching he was stimulated to exert his utmost power by the sight of crowds hanging upon his lips, and often by the presence of critical though sympathetic colleagues, who, having finished their work for the day as Tamil

preachers, were able in the evening to attend the English service. His sermons, largely extemporaneous in language, gave evidence of careful study of the Bible and of human nature. They were rich in the uncompromising announcement of Gospel truth, and were lit up with flashes of originality and genius. In the entries in Mr. Simpson's Journal, with reference to his preaching, the words "power and freedom" often recur. Sometimes there is notable variation. For instance, after preaching on a Thursday evening from Heb. xii. 1-2, he writes: "Neither matter nor strength enough in the sermon." Again, on a Sunday evening: "Had the greatest difficulty in composing my sermon for this evening on John ii. 11—slow, slothful, dead; but much greater liberty in delivery than I expected or deserved." The next Sunday his experience was almost the reverse: "Had great ease in composing on John iii. 3, leading to too much carelessness. Had freedom but not unction in delivery. I cannot wonder at the lack, seeing how little I live in communion with God." On another evening, after being favoured with "great liberty," he exclaims: "I wish very much for some way of realizing the impressions made in these Sunday evening services." Again, on a Saturday, he writes: "The prayer-meeting to-night was a blessing to me, and, I trust, to others. I read the parable of the unfortunate widow and the history of the woman of Canaan, and commented by extracts from Mrs. Cryer's *Remains*." The last quotation illustrates Mr. Simpson's delight in the use of the Bible. His diligent and systematic study of the Holy Volume furnished him with an inexhaustible store of themes for exposition, and Mr. Jenkins was accustomed to speak of his

addresses at the Saturday evening prayer-meetings as exhibiting a special gift of exegesis. The office of a class leader was new to him, and he entered upon it feeling deeply his responsibility to God and to his charge. Here, too, he found the Bible his most useful instrument. After his second meeting he wrote: "I am not quite at home in this work yet, but find the close intercourse with the Word of God, to which I have been compelled of late, very precious. God, I trust, is preparing me for usefulness. Everything borrows its hue and tone from the heart." He was soon able to tell of "happy and blessed" meetings, of increasing numbers, and of the improved attendance and deepening piety of the members.

He gave diligent attention to pastoral visitation, and his genial and sympathetic spirit secured him a warm welcome in the homes of the people, whether in sickness or health. The rapid development of illness in a tropical country often gives special solemnity to this branch of duty. Under the date of August 28th is the following paragraph in one of his home letters: "One of our oldest members—Mrs. Regel—is gone. I visited her and her family often. 'Peace' is the word most descriptive of her character, her life, and her death. I preached in reference to her decease on Sunday night. The chapel was densely crowded three-quarters of an hour before time, and I had great liberty on a favourite subject—1 Thess. iv. 17. A yet more affecting case was that of a lady who left Bangalore last week in health, reached Madras on the Friday, was attacked with cholera on the Saturday, struggled against it with all the vigour of a young constitution, was prematurely confined

on the Wednesday, and was buried on the same day."

Mr. Simpson's popularity in Madras, great from the first, constantly increased, and soon a strong and general desire obtained expression for his permanent appointment as English pastor. When, however, "The Stations," a document eagerly looked for throughout the Methodist world, arrived in October, it appeared that the Conference had appointed to this office the young minister whom Mr. Simpson had so casually met in Durham, and that, on his arrival, Mr. Simpson was to proceed to Negapatam. In whatever spirit others may have received the news, it came to Mr. Simpson as a welcome solution of many anxieties. He had indeed reciprocated the love of the people, and would gladly have remained with them. He delighted in English preaching. But it was the desire to evangelize the heathen that had prompted him to leave home; and every day in India, and every walk or drive beyond the Mission compound, tended to increase this desire. Just before the news came he had written home: "I often think with wonder of God's dealings with me here, so like that continuous goodness which has led and guided me all my past life. He has given me favour in the sight of the people. I am conscious of their love and affection, and no less conscious of His presence with me in the pulpit. My class, too, prospers, and there is an improved spirit all around." Again: "Though I have seen enough of the people of my present charge to let out my affection upon them, and feel happy in the return they make, yet my longing is for the native work. I have no murmuring or half reluctant feel-

ings at being in India. I would not go back tomorrow if I could. Not, you may be sure, because I do not love you all, and that most dearly, but because I find here is my place and my work. Already this is no strange land: it is my home."

Mr. Simpson had from the moment of landing taken deep interest in all directly missionary work, and had been anxious in every way he could to help his missionary colleagues. There was at that time at Royapettah an interesting class of Eurasian and native young men, truly converted, who were receiving from Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Burgess special lessons in theology and other subjects, with a view to their future usefulness as catechists, ministers, or teachers. In this work Mr. Simpson desired to take part, and he arranged to give a series of weekly lectures on the history of the Reformation. For this he made careful preparation, and wrote papers on "The Colleges of the Reformation," "The Life and Character of Luther," etc. One member of the class, Somosoondrum, was Mr. Simpson's frequent companion in his visits to Black Town. The missionary writes: "On our way home from a prayer-meeting, Somo told me that last Thursday he found peace. I love the boy very much."

Mr. Simpson had also, immediately after landing, resumed his study of Tamil, had arranged with a Moonshee to come to him every morning at half-past six for two hours. Hitherto, however, this study and these labours had been allowed only a secondary claim upon his time. English duties had demanded primary attention. Now he felt that this apportionment must be almost reversed. While still attending diligently to

the English congregation, he threw his strength into the study of Tamil. On September 16th he wrote: "The whole of this month I have devoted to Tamil, except preparation for the pulpit, which I have determined shall be chiefly extemporaneous." Again, on October 27th: "Since hearing of Mr. Stephenson's appointment, I have applied myself to Tamil with renewed diligence. I have not opened an English book for a month, except on Sundays, save the Bible. Difficulties rise and disappear. To-day a talking Moonshee has been with me. It is his business to come two hours a day, and to talk on anything and everything. I chatted with him this morning about the steamer ('smoke ship' they call it) which is to carry these letters. Since then I have had an interesting talk with my colleagues on the standard of proficiency in Tamil at which a missionary should aim. There seem to me three such standards between which he should make choice. 1. Consummate scholarship.—This is sometimes possessed by Englishmen to a greater extent than by natives; but it has a tendency to make a minister ineffective by producing a stiff and artificial style, and by leading him to use high Tamil words not generally understood. 2. Consummate fluency, giving an avenue of communication with everybody—from a horsekeeper to a *shastri*; or, as we might say, from a beggar to a professor.—This talent is more rare than the preceding one, and therefore has more abundant honour. 3. Fluent and efficient speaking, joined with moderate scholarship.—Such scholarship is needed by the missionary for revision, translation, and the creation, so far as in him lies, of a Christian Tamil literature. It is this last

standard that most commends itself to me. Mr. Jenkins speaks strongly of the ease of its attainment. Before scholarship I would choose an easy, ready method of address, and to that I am now turning my attention. In my own mind I have fixed May for my first sermon."

"*November 1st.* Full of Tamil. Moonshee and I have had interesting talks on transmigration, chess, and Hindu authority for religious belief. On subjects like these I am stirred up to do my uttermost. I gain advantage from such practice already, but I find my mind wearies by lack of variety, and I am again about to devote some time to English studies."

Meanwhile Mr. Simpson was keenly observant of what occurred around him. He was anxious not merely to learn the language of the people, but to become familiar with their customs and modes of thought and feeling. When Hindu or Mohammedan festivals occurred he went freely among the people, seeing all he could, and seeking information from those around him as to the meaning of all. Often he noted what occurred in his Journal or letters, adding remarks in which we can trace the workings of his own heart. Let us select a few instances. Here is an account of a native wedding occurring in the month of May (the month of best omen for such ceremonies), and an illustration of how a zealous missionary may sometimes avail himself of social festivities for the preaching of the Gospel:—

"*Friday, May 4th.* In the afternoon Mr. Jenkins received an invitation to a native wedding in Triplicane. There is much of Hindu character in the festive note. Mr. Jenkins is addressed alternately as

'Reverend Sir' and 'Lordship,' and the letter is filled with expressions of humility. The writer asks a loan of 35 rupees, that 'he may perform the matrimony of his daughter,' and assures Mr. Jenkins that former kindnesses 'will ever be remembered with feelings of gratitude by himself and his posterities.' The petitioner was Cunnuputty, the heathen teacher of our school at Triplicane. At about five o'clock we started; passing down a road lined with native huts, we came to an erection something like a player's booth, save that it was covered with cocoa-nut leaves instead of canvas. Cunnuputty was there awaiting us, and soon his wife came, looking decayed and haggish, as women do here when past thirty or so. We went in, passing thirty or thirty-five little darkies, squatted on the floor and holding palm leaves for books,—our school children, and seated ourselves at the table. Joel Samuel, our native catechist, was with us. We had not been seated long before a tray, laden with red and yellow plantains and limes, was presented. By this time a company of over sixty people had assembled. A fine young man, with jewels in his ears and nose, bracelets on his arms, and an elaborate ornament of gold and jewels on his chest, was presented as the bridegroom. Mr. Jenkins preached a short sermon in Tamil, every one present manifesting eager attention. Many crowded around the window and entrance, and listened there. The catechist added a few words and prayed. We then crossed the road to a native house before the door of which two large plantain trees were placed erect. We then passed into an inner room, the centre of which, usually open to the sky, was now covered with mat-

ting supported on poles, decorated with leaves and fruit. Here lamps were burning perfumed with spices. Three chairs were placed for the missionaries and catechist, and when we were seated the bridegroom was again presented. Then wreaths of jessamine were placed round our necks by the father, and, in our hands, fancifully shaped bunches of the same flower. The bride was now introduced, a fine girl of fifteen or so; hair black and glossy, and gathered in a ball a little on the left side of the back of the head, and graced with jewels. Several bracelets were on each arm, and many jewels on her person. Mr. Jenkins spoke again in Tamil, and we left our friends in high glee at our visit. Of course the ceremony itself had transpired before, and the revel would follow. The effect produced upon my own mind by this glimpse of native customs was strange and powerful. It linked me to them, and to their social life, and showed me how much influence I might gain, how much good I might do, and how much love to the people I might get, by small and every day intimacies with those around me."

A month or two afterwards we read: "One morning, lately, I was much affected by a simple incident. A young and vigorous man of the wild Candahar horse-dealing race was leading a string of horses. An old man, coming into the city, met him; in an instant they were in each other's arms, and the old man lifted up his voice and wept. They kissed each other on both cheeks, and then on the hand, and parted. One of the touches of nature that prove my kinship to these bravado looking men."

Again on August 12th: "Whilst Mr. Sanderson was

staying with us, I had an opportunity of seeing how different idolatry is in fact from what it is in theory; how terrible its appeal to the heart when it is first addressed to the senses. We were in the cloth bazaar, near which there is a large temple. Our ears were suddenly startled by what the natives call music. There were a number of men armed with so-called musical instruments: tomtoms, a kind of rude drum, rattles, whistles, and tinkling metal. With them was a youth of about fifteen, his face completely covered with white ashes. His head dress was lofty and elaborate. His hair was interplaited with red ribbon, reaching far below his neck. His dress was rich in appearance, being composed chiefly of dark colours, red prevailing. The musicians took their stand in a semi-circle, and the boy stood in front. For many minutes he was a picture of the veriest abstraction, a mental state which the Hindu countenance is well fitted to portray. After a while he gently inclined his head backward, the eyes were slowly opened, the lips gradually parted. The head was turned further and further, till, as if drawn by an influence from the sky, the face was turned with a tranced look full to the heavens. The music grew shrill and loud, suddenly the boy changed his position to a fantastic dance, and the long streamers in his hair and his spreading dress gave effect to every motion. We left him at his performance. He had a horn which he applied to his mouth,—I suspect containing some drugged liquid. He was a young *sanyasi*, or devotee, under the pretended inspiration, or possession, of the Deity. The people stood awe-stricken. As Henry Martyn has it, I felt on the very brink of hell.”

In October Mr. Simpson had a somewhat severe illness, and was for several days confined to his room. "Yesterday," he wrote, "the doctor forbade my preaching, and I scarcely slept all night; but to-day am better. During days of suffering I have felt my solitariness, and have recalled past scenes. At home there were sisters; at college there was good Miss Wylde, and a dozen helping hands. But here, also, I have much to be thankful for. Gentle in their movements, the Hindus make good servants in a sickroom. My boy is gentle as a woman. He opens doors, dusts chairs, fills chatties, gets my clothes ready, with so noiseless a step that, even when awake, I could scarcely hear him. His work done, he sits outside, and waits till my sleep is over or till I call. Meanwhile I have comfort and relief from my true and quiet friends — my books. Dr. Hamilton's *Royal Preacher* and Miss Bremen's *Neighbours* have specially interested me."

During the year several instances occurred of youths, who were studying in the Mission High School, being brought under deep conviction of sin, and led to inquire earnestly as to the plan of salvation in Christ. In August, Sobraon, a bright lad of good caste, who for some time had professed a desire to become a Christian, and who had suffered much persecution in his heathen home, came to the Mission house to seek protection. It was accorded, but soon the lad's friends followed him, and with most touching appeals entreated him to return. Sobraon remained firm for a while, but at length yielded to his father's and mother's tears, and consented to go home with them, assuring the missionary he would not cease to pray to Jesus, and

that he would soon return. Poor lad, his case was a type of many others. If a Hindu would be a disciple of Christ, he must be prepared to forsake even father and mother. In September the missionaries were encouraged by four more lads coming as inquirers; among them Moontheen, a Mohammedan boy, who had endured much already for refusing to go to the mosque, and who said, when urged to decide, "My father would kill me; he would cut the flesh from me strip by strip rather than I should be baptized." Well might it be said at the Mission table, "Our work is fighting every inch. Hard work to get the mind convinced; hard work to cut the ligatures of family connections; hard work to nourish, keep, and guard the babes in Christ." In November a sixth case came to a happy issue. Rugasawiny, an intelligent and clever lad, though a pariah, was baptized in the native chapel. At first his friends were much enraged, and he was flogged and turned out of house and home. He persevered, however, and they ultimately became reconciled, and permitted him to remain with them as a Christian.

Of the state of Mission work generally in Madras at this time, at least in some aspects, perhaps a correct impression may most readily be conveyed by quotations from the papers before us. At all the great centres of Mission labour in India, it has long been the practice for the missionaries of the various Societies to meet once a month for consultation and for mutual encouragement and aid. In Madras these conferences are always full of interest, and Mr. Simpson regarded it no small privilege to attend them. Just before his arrival, two excellent missionaries, leaders among their brethren, had suddenly been cut

down. The Rev. John Anderson had been the founder of the Free Church of Scotland Mission in Madras, and had conducted its schools with enthusiasm and with abounding Christian zeal. He is worthy of being mentioned in conjunction with his colleagues of immortal memory, Dr. Duff, of Calcutta, and Dr. Wilson, of Bombay. He had passed away, and so also had the Rev. Dr. Scudder, great as a street preacher, and the father of a large family of sons and daughters, who have all followed in his steps, and have now, for more than a generation, carried on a most successful Mission in North and South Arcot. The loss of two such men was felt as a grievous blow by their brethren, and was the subject of conversation at the first Conference Mr. Simpson attended. He thus describes its proceedings :—

“ *Monday, May 4th.* In the evening I accompanied Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Burgess to the Missionary Conference at the house of Mr. Blythe, of the Free Church of Scotland. At present there are twenty Protestant missionaries in Madras connected with the following Societies: London Missionary Society, 4; Wesleyans, 3; American Board of Missions, 2; Free Church of Scotland, 5; Scotch Kirk, 1; Church Missionary Society, 2; Gospel Propagation Society, 2; Reformed Church in America, 1. Twenty men placed amid 700,000 to destroy the idolatry of centuries. Of the twenty, eleven were present. Two of these, Rajahgopaul and Vencataramiah, were native converts. I was much pleased with their appearance. Intellect and animation beamed in their countenances, and in the use of English they were both fluent and choice. Had they been concealed when they were speaking, I

should certainly have thought them Scotchmen, and very eloquent ones too. The meeting was opened with reading, singing, and prayer, and then Mr. Blythe gave an address. Shortly before my arrival the Madras Mission staff lost two of its brightest ornaments, in Dr. Scudder, of the American Mission, and Mr. Anderson, of the Free Church of Scotland. The conversation turned much upon their character, and the lessons to be learned from their removal. Mr. Blythe reminded us there was still need of such men. He had just received word that in one of the Free Church country schools, in consequence of some boys manifesting a desire to become Christians, there had been great persecution and the removal of many scholars, but the brethren persevered. In Madras itself hand-bills were being published to the injury of the Institution which had just lost its head, and a scheme was being discussed among the Hindus for establishing a caste of apostate Christians, with temples, priests, and ceremonies suited to their character and position. Mr. Winslow, a missionary of thirty-seven years, trusted that the mantle of Elijah would fall upon the Elishas. Hinduism was not conquered yet. He warned the brethren not to be elated by the reported decrease of attendance at heathen festivals, nor to be depressed by reported increase. Depend upon it there was a vitality in Hinduism which they would see yet. But the Church must arouse herself. They must have more men, more prayer, and more of the Spirit. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Burgess, and myself spoke, and then Rajahgopaul, with much tenderness and emotion. He made special reference to Mr. Anderson's power of mind and earnest perseverance,

his religious influence, ever pervading, never protruded, his constant use of the Word, and simple dependence upon it, his love and fatherly care for his converts. He then touched on his own experience. He came to Mr. Anderson's school a careless boy with a thorough contempt for Christianity, but at once Mr. Anderson's influence laid hold of him. He took the Bible home, and was proud of it as the best bound book he had ever possessed; but the moment the boys cried, 'He has got the Bible. He reads the Bible,' he stamped it beneath his feet in contempt and scorn. When with Mr. Anderson, he was carried away by his words and addresses on the Scripture; away from him, he stifled his impressions and was miserable. God however brought him through, and he came under Mr. Anderson's roof a convert. He should never forget Mr. Anderson's care for himself and his two companions during the three months they did not dare to stir out. Sabbaths were spent in the perusal of whole books of the Bible, and of such authors as Doddridge, Baxter, Edwards, and Bunyan. They had shared also with Mr. Anderson seasons of sorrow, as when one of their brethren, influenced by the agonizing entreaties of a heathen mother, had apostatized. Vencataramiah deprecated the thought that the places of the beloved men taken from them could easily be supplied. For himself, he would meditate on their character, reflect on the principles which they avowed, and strive to form himself after their model, and so to fulfil the purpose of God. Mr. Moffat spoke next, and Mr. Grant, of the Kirk of Scotland, concluded, referring to an interesting inquiry as to the employment of the members of the first Christian Churches in evangelistic labour."

This account of the Missionary Conference may suitably be followed by a picture of the Free Church of Scotland Mission School, the Institution established by Mr. Anderson, and which has given birth to the Madras Christian College, in the support and government of which the Church of England and the Wesleyan Missionary Society are now happily united with the Mission Board of the Free Church of Scotland. We quote Mr. Simpson's account the rather because it expresses his own views upon the vexed subject of educational Mission work.

"Tuesday, October 16th. Breakfasted with the brethren of the Free Church of Scotland, and met Mr. Regel, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at Negapatam, a future colleague. Twenty-two girls from the boarding-school were present at family prayer. Most of them Christians—Annie Campbell, Jeanie, etc. Strange, yet blessed contradiction, that the piety of a Scotch home, as well as the freshness of a Scotch name, may be transplanted to India. I spent most of the morning with the fourteen or fifteen young men in the senior class, ten of them converts. The most talented was a Mohammedan. I learned from Vencataramiah that there are now seventy-six converts on the communion roll of the Free Kirk at Madras, and that there have been 100 converts from the school since its commencement. Many of them are school assistants, and several of them are ministers. The class went through two chapters in the Epistle to the Hebrews with ability and accuracy as great as could be expected from the men at Richmond or Didsbury. In the girls' school 150 scholars were present. They speak Hindustani, Telugoo, and Tamil,

and sang hymns in all these languages. It was a pleasing anticipation of the song which shall proceed from all people and from all tongues. *Here* Mission work is *begun*, and *there* it is crowned. In this, and in their provincial schools, the Free Church of Scotland Mission has from two to three thousand pupils, including 700 girls. On this school, I note: 1. That God has herein set His seal to school preaching. 2. That by this eager study of English the treasures of Western theological and profane learning are brought within reach of the Hindu. 3. That caution is needed to maintain among these young men a perfect use of their own tongue, and a sympathy with popular ideas. 4. Amid mathematics, astronomy, political science, the Bible lesson should be one of great earnestness and impressiveness to preserve both teachers and scholars from entire secularity. 5. Wherever we go it is manifest that the knowledge so cleverly inculcated and so eagerly sought must uproot Hinduism. Hence arises gratitude that in Mission schools such knowledge is accompanied by Divine truth, rightfully claiming to occupy the vacated throne of the mind."

No wonder Mr. Simpson's missionary zeal was kindled afresh by sights and associations like these, and that he longed to be in the high places of the battle-field. He wrote: "I shall leave Madras with regret, but go to Negapatam with joy. The people here have been kind, very kind. My course of labour among them has been happy, and, I trust, successful. Madras has many advantages; for example, the union of various Missionary Societies; the different types of Mission labour, the visits of strangers, and something

of the public spirit of a city. These I shall be sorry to leave. Nevertheless, welcome Tiruvarur, Manärgudi, Melnattam, and Negapatam. A tolerable Circuit for a superintendent of twenty-four, with only one helper,—a Circuit of some hundred thousand souls, and in it only one coadjutor of other Churches.”

He goes on in writing home :

“By the way, sisters mine, do not stop collecting—not one of you, but more earnestly and systematically than ever apply yourselves to the work. I told you in one of my former letters of our twenty missionaries to 700,000 people ; of the almost irreparable loss of Anderson and Scudder. In another month, a large inroad will be made on the little band remaining. Mr. Porter, of the London Missionary Society, is gone already to England ; Mr. Drew is on the hills, ruined by study and over-exertion ; Mr. Winslow, a patriarch, after thirty-seven years’ residence, retires to America, with faint—the faintest—hope of a return, a hope which no one but himself dares to indulge, and in his heart it is kindled by a zeal for the work which a sinking body cannot quench. Thus our three oldest and ablest missionaries are being taken from our head. Our own Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Hurd of the American Mission, will leave in January, and only one missionary is heard of to supply the places of those we lose—the Rev. Richard D. Griffith, who is coming from North Ceylon, *vice* Mr. Jenkins. What is the result ? The slow and long-delayed appointment of men to Madras has left none of middle age, whose ripening experience would fit them to step into the vacant places. Those left are comparatively men of yesterday, whose frames are to be worn down by over-work. So

it has been ever since India was a field of Missions. The only remedy is the sending out regularly an increased number of men. The rulers in Israel know this, and turn back upon the people; and if the people rightly understood this land, and felt towards it as it deserves, the Executive would soon find itself enabled to appoint reinforcements. Do not, then, stay your hand; but with personal motives added to Bible ones, ply your labour of love.

“Tell my friends that the hum of a city of 700,000 souls accompanies my message of affection, and calls them to remember India.”

The close of the year brought with it some extra work, and not a little pleasurable excitement. On Friday evening, December 21st, a meeting of the Black Town Society and congregation was held to say good-bye to Mr. Jenkins, in expectation of his sailing for England, and to Mr. Simpson, in prospect of his removal to Negapatam. A handsome testimonial had already been given to Mr. Jenkins, “accompanied with every term of reverence, gratitude, and love”; and now “very kind things were said” of both of the departing ministers, and a beautifully bound copy of Webster’s large *Dictionary* was presented to Mr. Simpson.

Then followed the District Meeting,—a small gathering in those days, held in the superintendent’s study. The Rev. Thomas Hodson, chairman both of the Madras and Mysore Districts, came from Bangalore to preside. Mr. Simpson photographed him as “an old Indian missionary, easy and cordial in demeanour, ready in conversation, full of anecdote and humour, of good judgment, ready business talent, and an evenness and depth of character, lending dignity

and grace to the chair." Next in seniority was the Rev. Richard D. Griffith, then recently transferred from North Ceylon to succeed Mr. Jenkins as superintendent of Madras. Mr. Simpson describes Mr. Griffith as "affected by a certain mannerism," but as "exceedingly well read, especially in speculative subjects, an able financier, and a firm disciplinarian." He had brought to Mr. Simpson a message from Rev. John Walton, a Leeds man, then at Jaffna, that he was to "do credit to the old town: all should be good lads who come thence." Mr. Griffith had recently had the pain of parting with his devoted missionary wife, who was obliged by sickness to hasten to England, but he himself looked perfectly healthy, and was hoping to do good work on the Continent. Within a few weeks, and whilst maturing plans for the future, he was disabled by a malady which threatened to be fatal. A return to England seemed to afford the only hope of recovery. He followed Mrs. Griffith home, and died in London, June 29th, 1856, greatly lamented by his family, and by all who were acquainted with his character, acquirements, and labours.

Of Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Simpson wrote: "All I have seen of him, strengthens my first impressions. More thoughtful than passionate; critical rather than broad in his views; a treasury of literary knowledge; pearls and jewels well chosen and well set; conversational powers of the best; cautious in statement, not excited in discussion; in manner amiable yet not familiar."

The Rev. Arminius Burgess, "an affable and open-hearted companion," distinguished by "great patience and perseverance," and the Rev. James Hobday, who was to be Mr. Simpson's companion in his southern

Circuit, and in whom he looked for "a good and able coadjutor," with Mr. Simpson himself, completed the meeting. Mr. Simpson was assistant secretary, and on him devolved the task of writing out the somewhat voluminous reports of the District, and the Minutes of the week's proceedings. Every department of labour in each Circuit was reviewed, and the result filled all the missionaries with gratitude and encouragement. This was especially so with reference to the English cause in Madras. Not only had the congregation improved, but a finance committee had been appointed; and, in prospect of the arrival of an English minister, had commenced a monthly subscription list, and accumulated a considerable sum. Foremost in these efforts were Mr. Simpson's very warm friends; Mr. J. Higginbotham, then and now an enterprising and successful publisher in the Mount Road, Mr. Ostheider, a wise and good man, long since gone to his reward, Mr. Fletcher, a devoted class leader, and the manager of a Government office, Mr. J. S. Roberts—son of the Rev. Joseph Roberts, and Mr. Simpson's fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. S. Jenkins, with many more.

We have already seen that in his own mind Mr. Simpson had fixed May of the coming year for his first sermon in the vernacular; but he had made rapid progress, and Mr. Griffith wisely urged him to make the attempt to preach before leaving Madras. He tells the story himself, very beautifully, in a letter to his mother and sisters:—

"One little incident in missionary life I will now describe. On our own compound at Royapettah, is a very neat chapel; the congregation is composed of native adult Christians, the scholars of the girls'

boarding - school, and a large number of boys from the day school, most of whom are heathen. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning, a gong sounds a half-hour warning, and at twenty minutes past ten, sounds again to call the congregation together. The girls sit at one side, each attired in a large piece of muslin wrapped round the body, and brought gracefully over the head. The middle of the chapel is occupied by the adult congregation, and very nice they look in clean white dresses. On the other side are the boys, picturesque in variety of clothing, and with large Vishnu or Siva marks upon their foreheads. The preacher gives out one of the old hymns in a new dress. Yesterday it was 'Eternal Power, whose high abode,' and you hear an old tune, for strange to say, 'Booth's *Psalmody*' is the law at Madras. Then the service follows our English model. You know the preacher whom I heard yesterday.

"I heard him in Leeds some time in 1848 or 1849. I will not describe his person, but suggest two or three circumstances which may call him to your mind. He preached in Brunswick Chapel when a mere boy, and the memory of it makes him tremble; he was for three happy years a student at Richmond, keeping up a regular correspondence with Leeds, and visiting it during the vacation. He said farewell to home and England a year ago last Christmas, and in a short time will be in an entirely native Circuit. Do you remember him? In short, mother and sisters dear, Sunday was a notable day to me. I made my first effort to preach in Tamil. I found it very different to the free and easy use of English without manuscript or note. I had of course to take my manuscript with me, and

this helped to embarrass me. I trembled very much, stumbled along, and came to a conclusion, convinced I had made a terrible mess of it all. Mr. Griffith however spoke well of my effort, and I was encouraged to hear from Somosoondrum that he could understand much of what I said. I had fixed April or May in my own mind for my first attempt, and this hasty trial was undertaken at the bidding of my superintendent. I am thankful for it. The ice is broken. I will blunder along now till I can go without blunders."

The story then goes on :

"On Tuesday evening, January 29th, we had a treat at Black Town for the Sunday School children. In the evening, after much thought, I came to the conclusion that I ought no longer to remain in Madras, but to hasten to my new Circuit, where my responsibility now lies, and my presence is greatly needed. Mr. Griffith entirely approved, and I began my arrangements for removing at once. On the following Sunday I preached my last sermon in Madras, for some time, on Isaiah lv. 10-13, using the passage as an illustration of what I trusted had been going on among themselves, and as an expression of my own principles and prospects. The allusion to my departure caused surprise and pain to many friends, and they pressed me to remain till Mr. Stephenson's arrival, but I could not feel justified in doing so. During the following week I purchased a travelling cart and bullocks for the journey, and sent them on with my horse to Palaveram. Mr. Prior drove me to that station in his carriage, and on Saturday night, at the foot of Palaveram hill, I bade good-bye to the last of

my Madras friends;—to enter among strange faces, and as past experience told me, to find among them new friendships. As I lay down in my bandy and moved off, my eyes fell upon the stars, and I thought of the beautiful passage, Isaiah xl. 26, 27, ‘Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power: not one faileth. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God.’ The thought of a Divine Providence watching and guarding me, during a tedious journey of 200 miles, was a wholesome refreshment.”

III.

NEGAPATAM.

1856.

THE journey from Madras to Negapatam can now be made by rail. The traveller starting at dusk in the evening from the terminal station of the South of India Railway, may stretch himself on the seat of a comfortable carriage, and, after a night of somewhat disturbed sleep, awake in the morning at Negapatam, the busy seaport of the Province of Tanjore. But he has seen nothing of the country, and has gained no fresh knowledge of the people. In 1856 the railway was yet unthought of, and Mr. Simpson's first journey to Negapatam occupied, not ten hours, but ten days. He travelled, as the mode then was, by bullock bandy; and, since economy was the law of missionary life, and he could not indulge in the luxury of "posted bullocks," he used only his own pair, and so was restricted to easy stages. He travelled usually in the evening or the very early morning, and sought shelter from the tropical sun, during the greater part of the day, in the travellers' bungalows. Though as yet he could neither speak Tamil with fluency, nor readily understand it, his ear was open to every sound, and his eye eager to observe; and so the journey was full

of interest and instruction. From his copious notes, written day by day, we track "the steps of the white wanderer amongst a dark people."

From Madras to Negapatam the stages of Mr. Simpson's journey were:—

Saturday,	February 2,	Palaveram.
Sunday,	" 3,	Chingleput.
Monday,	" 4,	Carangooly and Atchara- paukum.
Tuesday,	" 5,	Tindivanam.
Wednesday,	" 6,	Coiloor and Punrootty.
Thursday,	" 7,	Cuddalore.
Friday,	" 8,	Poodoo-Chuttrum.
Saturday,	" 9,	Sheally.
Sunday,	" 10,	Mayaveram.
Monday,	" 11,	Negapatam.

He writes: "You will ask, 'What is a bandy?' I will describe my own. It is a vehicle on two wheels, drawn by oxen put under the yoke; it is the length of a man; has an arched covered top of leather, painted white, and windows of leather on each side; moreover there project from the ends of the roof two shades, exactly the shape of the 'blue uglies' of Scarborough's notoriety. The door is behind; windows and ventilators are in front; and all, when the sun is up, or the rain comes down, may be closed by leather curtains. Inside, half the bottom is covered by two boxes fitted up to contain necessaries, and the other is vacant for loose luggage. On this are placed frames of cane-work, and upon them cushions—all the length; and the whole is stuffed and lined with red leather. Sundry pockets and holes and corners for knick-knacks com-

plete the establishment. Here the traveller may be accommodated night and day: may lie and sleep, or may sit and read. So much for the bandy. An old driver, who speaks a jargon of Tamil and Hindustani, and has a wrinkled; humorous face; a whip with leathern thong, and a nail at the end of the stalk; a *goad* against which the oxen sometimes *kick*; a pair of white bullocks, of patient look, of advanced age, and slow locomotion, complete the 'set out.' As to supplies, a few things may be obtained at the bungalows or rest-houses. I carry with me tea, sugar, curry-powder, bread, a piece of cold beef, brandy, soda and tartaric acid; a tea kettle, and sundry plates, knives, and spoons.

"At daybreak on Sunday morning I was moving through a flat country, much of it arid and barren, here and there relieved by patches of green. After a while the most refreshing of all sights in this country greeted us—the sight of water, and an extensive lake opened out, whilst around were hills rising suddenly and abruptly. Then an old Dutch fort, gloomy and peaceful, at a corner of the lake; then, a little from the roadside, a neat white house, and not far away an extensive village of mud walls and tiled roofs. That is Chingleput; and that the *bungalow*—the one-storied rest-house, provided by the Company for travellers of character and respectability. The attendant is a pensioned Sepoy, and his colleagues are a watchman and scullery woman. It is the business of the old man to obtain the supplies needed, and of his companions to aid the traveller's servant in cooking and similar work. It will furnish you some information and amusement, and save me after trouble, if I tell

you the nature of such supplies and their prices: one sheep, 1 rupee, or 2s.; leg of mutton, 3 annas, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a brace of partridges, $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a fowl, $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a chicken, $2\frac{1}{4}$ d.; loaf of bread, 2d.; one measure of milk, rather more than half a pint, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; an egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. All this looks ridiculously cheap; and, if there were nothing else to take into account, living here would be cheap.

“Having learned from the old Sepoy that missionaries, in passing through Chingleput, sometimes held divine service, and knowing that there was a school here belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, I set off to seek it, and make some inquiry. I found the school in the Fort, near the court-house, the gaol, and the houses of the officers on the station. Mr. Frost was in charge of the school, and his wife having been one of our congregation in Madras, knew me, and received me most kindly. From what I heard through Mr. Frost, I wrote to the civil judge asking leave to preach in the court-house. In a most polite note he granted my request. I had a small congregation of Europeans, natives, and some fine boys out of the school. I preached from Isaiah lv. 1. It was like a Sabbath service in England, and I enjoyed it much. I had afterwards half-an-hour with the teachers and some of the boys of the school, and great liberty and comfort in speaking to them. I told them that now they had one pearl in either hand,—Hinduism and Christianity,—one false, one of great price; and that they must look to it that they retain the right one. After a cup of tea, I returned to the bungalow, and at three the next morning resumed my journey.

“At Carangooly I climbed the rugged and lofty hill at the foot of which the bungalow is situated, and was amply rewarded. The country lay before me, mostly arid, but with patches of cultivation, and broad lakes here and there gleaming in the sun. My friends would be amused could they see me on the march. To relieve the bullocks I walk a mile or two morning and evening. With a wide-awake hat, a white jacket, a brown cotton coat, or no coat at all, trousers turned up to the knees, and no shoes or stockings.

“Between Carangooly and Atcharapauk we passed several huge horses of stone or baked clay, dedicated to, or symbols of, some goddess, the name of whom I have forgotten. At Tindivanam my attention was attracted by a large elevated piece of ground surrounded by a ditch. Pushing my way across, I came to a native village with a temple built of large stones, but now a mass of ruins. I found there, covered with brushwood, a black carved image, with an extinguished lamp before it, and behind it the image of a horse and rider, broken. Coiloor, or the village of temples, may well bear the name it has, for in a short time we passed two very large temples, and three huge cars, each placed near a flight of stone steps by which it may be mounted on feast days. There was no bungalow here, so I encamped in a sacred grove of coconut, palmyra, and banyan trees, by the side of a large and well-filled tank. I had walked a good deal in the sun, and in consequence had a terrible headache; but after sleep it was gone. I then went on a tour of inspection. In a grove found another huge horse, with another parallelogram of horses and elephants. Near was a large temple dedicated to Mariamma, the

goddess of disease. The sculpture was all picked out in rude colours. The goddess being frequently portrayed as a many-handed warrior, and, as frequently, in a state of entire nudity.

“ At Cuddalore I called at Fort St. David to see Dr. Burnett, whom I had previously met at Madras. The town consists of scattered European houses, situated in beautiful groves, and refreshed with breezes from the sea. So far the roads had in many places been very beautiful, often lined with cocoa-nut, or palmyra, or other trees. Now the road became miserable: we were compelled to struggle through deep sand, and across channels and gullies.

“ In front of the bungalow where I stayed at Poodoo-Chuttrum is a mud hut, with a roof of palmyra leaves, and inside a newly-painted image of Mariamma, with red face, and hideously staring eyes, graced with a garland of newly-plucked flowers. About five o'clock the mournful sound of two death horns reached me, and a funeral passed. There was not the least sign of solemnity; but the huge horns, about six feet long, sent forth a most dismal sound. Whilst reading Taylor's *Jesuitism*, just as I finished a passage on Francis Xavier, my eye fell upon a neat monument by the roadside, surmounted by a large wooden cross, and bearing a record of a native Roman Catholic of Pondicherry who died on that spot in March 1852. I could not but connect this Christian with the labours of the Indian apostle. When darkness had fallen, I noticed an old man lighting a rude lamp before the image of Mariamma. This done he fell flat upon his face, full length in front of the idol, and poured out his prayers, the purport of which, as far as I could

gather, was that the goddess would have mercy. A young man went through similar devotions. A train of women and boys, with heavy baskets on their heads, paused as they were passing, folded their hands devotionally, and then passed on; soon after a man came down the village with a large tambourine, beating it, opposite the *swami* house, with a leather thong,—and this too was worship! Cholera is just now very prevalent here. Hence this increase of devotion. Now a bell is ringing loud and long, with the same intent of propitiation. As I watched the groups and their strange superstitions, my heart was heavy in me, and I longed for a tongue to speak to these people of Him who has the keys of death and Hades. While I write this a horrid hell-din is kept up; tambourine and bell going as fast and as loud as fingers can make them.

“Starting the next morning at three, we crossed the Vellar river, with its steep banks and strong current, and came on to Chelumbrum through a road beautifully studded on either side with tulip trees. If Poodoo-Chuttrum was a miserable, shabby outhouse of idolatry, Chelumbrum appeared one of its royal palaces. The quadrangle of the temple, with its four lofty pagodas, seen from afar, and crowd of smaller shrines, covers an immense area. The streets through which we passed were spacious, the houses built of bricks, whitewashed, with red stripes, painted in honour of the Pungul feast. A long train of women were returning to their homes with water in brass chatties,—all of them wearing jewels in ears and nose, and on neck, and wrists, and feet,—well dressed and well favoured. Of course there could be seen rows

of mud houses, lying off from the main streets, the scenes of traffic and strife, and I suppose Chelumbrum divides itself into a St. James' and a St. Giles'. On our way we passed several tanks, partially covered with water lilies, white and red.

“On Saturday we had a long and wearisome drag through a sandy road to Sheally. On our way passing swarms of people busy with the erection of a bridge over the Coleroon river, and meeting numbers making a pilgrimage to Chelumbrum. At Sheally I had premonitions of cholera, but pushed on to Mayaveram, and was thankful to rest there on the Sabbath. The beautiful and uncommon verdure of grass and foliage, and the quietness of everything, recalled the Sabbaths at home. Alas! though there were heathen temples around, there was no Christian sanctuary, and no multitude keeping holy day. I remembered Zion in a strange land, and wept. These feelings were wholesome, and led me to self-examination and confession, and to seek from God a renewal of my commission; and to pray that one strong unbending purpose to glorify His name might subordinate—not destroy—every lesser thought and feeling. How cheering to me now was the promise—occurring in my Scripture reading—to those who have left all for the sake of Christ and the kingdom of heaven; and I felt, as though it were given me afresh, Abraham's call and consolation: ‘Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee. I am the Almighty God; walk before Me, and be thou perfect’ (Gen. xii. 1 and xvii. 1). I bless and trust Him.

“The next day, after resting at noon in a *tope*, or

grove, by the roadside, and passing Nagore, a large Mohammedan town, in the evening, all decked with flags and streamers for a festival, I reached my new home soon after seven.

“*Monday evening, February 11th.* In the whole distance of two hundred miles, in all those swarming villages and towns through which I have passed, there is not a single Mission station, save at Mayaveram, where a missionary of the Lutheran Church stands alone. Besides this, there is a Mission school at Chingleput. Truly the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few !

“The journey has not been for my spiritual good, at least in its earlier stages. The constant unsettledness, the want of privacy, the morning and evening spent on the roads, the weariness and distraction of noon-day, have combined to hinder reading and devotion. For some time my mind was under fearful temptation. But by the grace of God I was enabled to resist ; and the last two days have been more peaceful and satisfactory. My books have been Taylor’s *Loyola and Jesuitism*, and a volume of voyages and travels.”

Negapatam, as a centre of European life in the East, had greatly degenerated in 1856 from what it had been when it was the chief seat of Dutch commerce and political activity in South India. Nevertheless it bore marks of its former greatness. Near the sea might be traced the foundations of what was once the Fort ; a moat, though now dry, surrounded it. Beyond this stretched the esplanade ; then Holland street, with its fine old Dutch church and its comfortable and well-built houses, once the homes of great

officials and merchants. Near the Fort was the graveyard, full of heavy monuments with Dutch inscriptions, containing also the remains of the sainted Mrs. Cryer, and of her sister, Miss Burton.

The choice in later years of Negapatam as the southern terminus and headquarters of the South of India Railway has brought to the town many English residents, and a new era of prosperity. The railway, with its offices and the dwellings of its employees, now occupies nearly the whole of the esplanade. In 1856 it was unthought of. The only Englishman then in the town was "Mr. Rodgers, a retired soldier, who, after forty years in India, was hale and hearty at seventy." There were also fifty or sixty Eurasians, some of whom claimed to be of Dutch descent; and many Portuguese, dark, and ignorant, and poor.

The native population has undergone fewer apparent changes than the European. Under English rule, as formerly under Dutch, there are crowded bazaars, and busy streets, and many *chuttrams*, or native rest-houses, and idol temples great and small, and more than one Mohammedan mosque. With a population equal to that of Cambridge or Carlisle, of various castes, Negapatam offers a large and important field for missionary labour.

At Cadembady, a suburb some two miles to the north, there resided, in 1856, the sub-collector and commanding officer, the only Government English officials in the neighbourhood. Not far from Cadembady was a Jesuit establishment, with a large and imposing college and a beautiful church dedicated to the Virgin. These buildings stand on the ground

of what was once a famous Jain temple, and is now an interesting ruin.

The house in which Mr. Simpson lived at Negapatam dated from the old Dutch days, and had been the property, for many years, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It was a large single-storied dwelling, protected by a broad verandah, and well elevated from the ground. It looked out at the front towards the then vacant esplanade, and thus had the advantage of receiving unbroken the evening breeze from the sea. This home Mr. Simpson shared with his colleague, the Rev. Peter James Evers, then, like himself, unmarried. "I am blessed in my colleague," he wrote, "Brother Evers is everything I could wish: pious, willing, and diligent, with a sociable and open disposition."

Alas! Brother Evers too is gone! In the autumn of 1884 he was cut off suddenly by cholera at Royapettah, Madras. For thirty-one years he had laboured faithfully in the Methodist ministry in India.¹ He was a man of blameless character; an Israelite indeed; full of kindness and sympathy; he was widely esteemed and loved, and was an honour to the Eurasian community to which he belonged. His clear and accurate Tamil gave attractiveness to his preaching, and enabled him to render valuable service to the literature of South India, by the translation into Tamil of several English books; and especially of Miss Waddy's memoir of the Rev. John Wesley.

The change to Mr. Simpson was great from the

¹ His Circuits were:—Bangalore, 1 year; Manārgudi, 4; Trin-chinopoly, 5; Negapatam, 6; and Madras, 15.

varied society of Madras, and the popularity he had there enjoyed, to the monotony and depressing social atmosphere of Negapatam, as it then was. Some of his friends feared he would scarcely settle contentedly in the smaller town. But such friends failed to appreciate his higher qualities. Great mental activity and warm and ready sympathy enabled him at once to enter into the new and strange life around him. A wonderful natural buoyancy of spirits prevented his dwelling upon difficulties or discouragements, and his strong and simple faith gave him firm hold of the promises of God. It was his joy to become an ambassador of Christ to the Hindus. To his mother he wrote, a few days after his arrival: "I shall have little company here; but then I do not want it. I enjoyed it very much while I had it, but now I could not find time for it. With the Moonshee till breakfast; in the school from half-past nine till five in the evening; and almost every night in the week preaching: What could I do with company?"

The school, to which Mr. Simpson gave so large a portion of his time, stood in the Mission compound, a little to the left of the house, and abutting upon the road. Here his predecessor, the Rev. James Hobday, had taught for three years, and had been rewarded by the conversion of his brightest and most advanced pupil, Somosoondrum Pillay, whom already we have met as Mr. Simpson's native companion and friend at Royapettah. The desire for English education was not so general thirty years ago in the provincial towns of India as it is to-day, and Mr. Simpson found on the roll of the school only thirty lads; of these fifteen were Brahmins, and the rest all of good caste.

“As yet,” he wrote, “no pariah has sought admission. When pariahs come our principles will compel us to admit them, and experience shows that our doing so will be the signal for the others to leave; we hope, however, only for a season.”

Let us now accompany the young missionary to his daily task. The school building is a somewhat rude structure, with open tiled roof. The lads are already assembled. We can generally distinguish those of higher caste, by their comparatively fair complexion, and the Brahmins especially by their well-cut features, and their intellectual brightness, as well as by the thread worn over the shoulder. Nearly all bear on their body the marks of heathenism. Mr. Simpson begins with prayer. All around stand in quietness, though with unclosed eyes. Next comes the Bible lesson. Afterwards, in the higher classes, a book of extracts from English writers in prose and verse, then geography, Indian history, and mathematics, including arithmetic and a little algebra and Euclid. These subjects, with classical Tamil, make up the round of daily study. Mr. Simpson has the help of one or two native assistants besides the Moonshee, but he is himself the most diligent worker. The Bible lesson especially calls out his strength. He is not content to explain words, or to teach history, or even to expound doctrine. In teaching, as in preaching, he strives to reach the conscience, and if he can do this, he is hopeful that conversion will follow. His young pupils are by no means silent. They not only answer, but ask questions. They sometimes argue keenly against the truth; but you can see ever and again that the arrows from the missionary quiver shoot home.

Mr. Simpson writes: "The parents of the boys know that we educate in order to convert; that the Scripture is made the most important lesson in the day; that scarcely an hour passes without allusions, more or less weighty, to their foolish superstitions; that we are attaching their sons to our persons, and proportionately influencing their minds,—and yet they send them! This seems to show, (1) that they are themselves easiful, perhaps formal in their attachment to their own religion; the only part to which they are really wedded being caste; (2) that this easifulness marks out the sure path of usefulness to the Church, and pity it is that she is so ill prepared to tread it. As to the lads themselves, most of them appear to have no faith in idolatry, and some profess positive unbelief. The opportunity the school-work gives me of preaching Christ day by day to two classes of intelligent Hindu youths, is indeed a golden one. Illustrations of this are of daily occurrence. Thus, how easy and impressive was my work during the Scripture hours of the past week in expounding the doctrine of the Atonement from the history of the Last Supper. And again, with how much more chance of being understood did I, this morning, seek to explain the doctrine of the Trinity from the opening verses of the 14th chapter of St. John, than if I had been preaching to adults, with their heads crammed with prejudice in favour of the Hindu triad — Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. My affection for Somo, our young convert in Madras, is now become a star of hope. God took him from this school; and, ere I have done with Negapatam, I hope to see many Somoes."

When school-work was over, Mr. Simpson encouraged the lads to visit him in his home, and he did not hesitate to join in their sports in the cool of the evening. He treasured a saying of the much honoured Governor of Richmond, the Rev. Samuel Jackson: "Remember, Simpson, when you reach your station, that in the first Hindu boy you see, you see India." And the young missionary felt he could never give a school-boy too much time, or thought, or love. Boys everywhere are responsive to such sympathy,—certainly they are in India. The result justified Mr. Simpson's devotion. Though he became powerful as a Tamil preacher, he gathered the choicest fruit of his mission in the school-room. One evidence of his popularity in the Negapatam school is found in the fact that though he enforced a stricter discipline than had been customary, and though, for the first time, he required a fee from the pupils, their number increased monthly.

In May there was some interruption to school-work for a reason that may seem odd to an English reader. Among the Hindus, May is the month most propitious for marriages. Mr. Simpson writes: "It seems as though this month all the elder lads were getting married the first or second time. A bridegroom passed yesterday, accompanied by tomtoms; himself under a gay umbrella, and proud as a peacock. Another, a pariah, passed on horseback, followed by his female friends in a native coach, and with the usual music. One of the caste lads, coming into my study at the time, said sneeringly, 'Even a pariah can get up a wedding respectably now-a-days.'"

In a letter written about the same time, Mr.

Simpson describes, with characteristic vividness, some of the favourite pupils. "A visit paid to our town by a wandering daguerreotypist, has given an opportunity of obtaining portraits of some of my native friends to send home. In a group which I intend for my mother, the central figure is Devanaiagam (David Stoner), the son of a native caste Christian. He is certainly the best type of the Hindu I have seen. His complexion is very light, and his countenance animated. He was dressed in native silks, a striped yellow waistcoat with silver buttons, loose trousers, a crimson scarf, and a well-shaped crimson turban. He is my first boy, and already gives proof of having in him something good towards the Lord. He professes himself willing to give up caste if his parents consent. He now sleeps in my room, and is seldom away from me, except at meals. He is fast acquiring a strong hold on my heart. The younger lad by his side is Subramanyan, a very lively and intelligent Brahmin. He has fought bravely against Christian teaching, but appears at last to be giving way, and we indulge hopes of his conversion. The third youth in the picture is also a Brahmin. He almost plays with his studies, but is a bigoted heathen, proud and sensitive; the very type of the Brahmin of olden days."

The story of the second of these youths we must give more fully. The parents of Subramanyan, though of the highest caste, were comparatively poor. They brought up their children with great affection, but without undue indulgence; and Subramanyan was devotedly attached to them, and especially to his mother. When a little over thirteen, he was sent to the Mission school to learn English, and from the first

made rapid progress. When in the second class, and under the care of Mr. Evers, he often joined with other Brahmin lads in keen opposition to Christian doctrine, and in the attempt to puzzle the missionary with hard questions. But according to his own confession, he felt all the time that truth was on the side he opposed. Mr. Simpson, from the first, gained the warm affection of this youth, and returned it with equal warmth. "Little Sooben," as he lovingly called him, was treated as a younger brother. He was welcome at all times to the Mission house, and was allowed to roam where he would. His parents were grateful for the kindness shown their favourite boy; and Brahmins though they were, they visited the missionary to thank him, the mother bringing with her cakes of her own preparing. This close intimacy with Mr. Evers and Mr. Simpson gave Subramanyan opportunity for observing the practical side of Christianity, and did much to convince him of its Divine origin. Mr. Simpson shall himself take up the story.

"*May 19th,*" he writes: "Subramanyan is a fine lad, about fifteen, of tender feeling and somewhat uncommon intellect. The other day, I dressed a nasty boil he had on his leg, and made him laugh by saying, 'I was a pariah dressing a Brahmin, with pariah bread and pariah water.' I asked if he were to see a pariah in the same need as he himself then was, could he do for him the kindness he was receiving. He said, No. I then narrated the parable of the good Samaritan, and tears came into his eyes. Poor fellow! slight as has been his approach to Christianity, persecution has begun to dog him. He is nick-named in the streets, Keena Sooben, or Christian Sooben, and

once has been hissed in the temple because of his known friendship with David.”

Again, October 19th, Mr. Simpson writes: “Three weeks ago to-day, Subramanyan went to the evening Tamil service at chapel, remaining unseen in the vestry. He returned with us in the bandy. Unfortunately, some Brahmins, on their way home from the sea shore, saw him, and told his brother. His brother scolded him, made him wash his person and clothes, took away his old *punnool*, or sacred thread, and gave him a new one, made him promise never to come to chapel again, and forbade his coming to school. On Monday morning, however, little Sooben ventured, sorrow in his heart and face. That morning I explained in my Scripture class the case of Nicodemus,—his fear, his sincerity, and how the Lord graciously bore with him and taught him. I saw Sooben listening most earnestly. In the afternoon he came with greater joy. ‘Oh, sir,’ said he, ‘I thought I should have to come like Nicodemus.’ My poor little friend! he used to spend most of the day with me; especially the Sundays—for three Sundays he has never been near! I was very anxious about him, and so this week I had a long and serious talk with him. Oh, these domestic trials! Oh, the power of this father and mother, and sister and brother, for good or for evil! His mother said to him, ‘My boy, if you become a Christian, you must take me with you.’ A significant way of telling him that her last strength and her last breath should be given to prevent such a step. His father looked upon him, and said, ‘Sooben, I am an old man, and shall soon die. Your brother does not love your mother, and will not see after her. You love her, and love

her very much. She loves you. To you I must leave her. But if you become a Christian, —— ! Sooben, what is in your mind ?' 'I answered, "No." And, as the poor boy told me, he lifted up his eyes into my face, and said most beseechingly, 'Could I have said anything else, sir.' 'No,' I replied, 'as your mind now is, you could not.' I then went on to tell him the guilt of neglecting the little light he had. I reminded him that Christ had promised to lead and guide him, and that all his enemies could not hinder his thinking and praying. Chiefly I urged upon him two points, which I have often put before my boys privately, forgiveness of sins and a good hope in death. He was deeply affected, and promised to seek Christ in prayer."

Subramanyan remained in this spirit until shortly after Mr. Simpson was called to leave Negapatam. He then resolved to escape from home, and to make his way to Madras, that he might there publicly confess Christ, and in doing so, secure the legal protection that could not be given him in the country. He was not able, however, to carry out this purpose till the May of the following year. Meanwhile, he received the most tender sympathy and help from Mr. Evers, and, after Mr. Evers' marriage at Christmas, from Mrs. Evers too. The whole story is exceedingly touching and instructive. Subramanyan suffered much during his long walk over the burning road to Madras, but far more in the rending of those ties which bound him so tenderly to his home. When the struggle was at its height, and his mother was weeping bitterly on her baptized—and therefore outcaste—boy's neck at what seemed to her his utter degradation, the father said,

“ Will God ever bless you when you thus break your mother’s heart ? ” But that poor mother’s love to her boy was stronger than even Brahmin superstition, and she exclaimed, “ Don’t curse him. If he cannot come with us, let him at least be happy here. ” The young confessor felt that “ for nothing in the whole world could he leave that mother save for Christ. ” But we must not enter further on these details, except to express gratitude that, for many years, the Christian son has had the privilege of supporting and comforting that now widowed mother. Our prayer is that mother and son may yet be united in Christ.

The third boy in the group I take to be Vythee, whom Mr. Simpson described as a “ Brahmin lad of my first class, a clever and keen opponent. ” As the months went on, the arguments, the teaching, and perhaps above all, the great personal kindness of the missionary, opened his heart to the truth. On October 12th, Mr. Simpson wrote in his Journal: “ On Saturday, Vythee spent some time with me. He said, ‘ I want to understand the Scriptures, sir. Sooben now does understand them. ’ This led to earnest conversation. I said, ‘ What is your hope when you die ? What do you look for beyond the grave ? ’ He said nothing, but turned out the palms of his hands, and put on an expression of disappointment and want. I then put before him the Christian hope. Next I asked, ‘ By whose merit do you expect to be saved ? ’ and endeavoured to expose the Hindu theory of merit. He could answer nothing, but seemed impressed, and tears stood in our eyes. In bidding him good-bye, I told him I should preach at North Gate on Thursday. He promised to be there, and said, ‘ Preach, sir, on the

question you asked me : ‘ What do you expect when you die ? ’ ”

Another case, presenting features of special interest, was that of a Brahmin lad of great talents in the second class, named Thoraswamy. Of him Mr. Simpson wrote, on September 10th : “ Our first information as to his thoughts came to us in the way of certain rumours, to the effect that he was in the habit of speaking favourably of Christianity in home discussions, and also of using the Lord’s prayer. Some time ago Mr. Evers came into closer communication with him, and found that he was deeply impressed with a sense of sin, full of earnest inquiry, and wonderfully stored with Scriptural knowledge. Mr. Evers gave him a little book of prayers, which he says he has used ever since. On the occasion of his last two visits Mr. Evers prayed with him in Tamil. This is going a long way for a Brahmin, and we are full of hope concerning him. He has some poetic skill, and has composed verses in Tamil expressive of his feelings. The following is a translation I have made. We may entitle it :

‘ THE CRY OF MY HEART. ’

By THORASWAMY, a Brahmin Student.

Lord ! who bear’st the honourable name of Jesus
 Pass by the sins which I the foolish one have done ;
 And to me at Thy feet, O meritorious Prince of God,
 Grant grace to be instructed in Thy way.

Of little age, against Thee many thousand lies
 Gladly I have spoken, Thou know’st, and men too ;
 Of many sins ’gainst knowledge I am guilty, Lord.
 Desend, O Son of God, and me begin to rule.

Thou who as man with glory cam'st through Mary's womb,
 Didst tread with great delight in this lower world ;
 In wisdom Thou didst gather men into Thy fold,
 Thou everlasting God, Preserver of the good :

To praise Thee with the tongue, meditate on Thy word,
 And with the good the foolish one to come and join,
 Has all these days been hinder'd. Thy dwelling willingly,
 Through Satan, I've neglected, wandering about.

This sin to be removed is not easy unto men,
 Thou only canst forgive, Thou only canst preserve ;
 O Son of God ! O Jesus, come to conquer me,
 O Lord ! O Christ ! O King, descend to dwell in me !

“Thoraswamy's father I hear is a Vethantist, and has the reputation of being a liberal and learned man. He rejects a host of books popularly believed to be divine ; he slightes the worship of idols ; does not hate Christianity ; hates no religion, and does not think his own better than another ; has read the book of Christian prayers which his son received from us, and approves of them highly ! Such opinions,” Mr. Simpson adds, “are spread widely among the people ; at any rate they are frequently advanced in conversation with missionaries. It is this half-spiritual, half-enlightened, half-liberal phase of opinion which constitutes largely the difficulty of getting hold of the Hindu ? The sequel of the story shows how such professed liberalism is ever ready to become pronounced hostility, when any decided step is likely to be taken away from Hinduism.”

On October 19th, Mr. Simpson writes : “I told you in my last that Thoraswamy has been away from Negapatam. He has since returned, and called to see us, but only to pay his respects. We have not seen him since ; but we have heard the reason. Some

busy-body carried an account of the boy's movements to his father, and, liberal as he professes to be, he has put restraint on his son. Unbelief would whisper, 'Another promise of fruit nipped in the blossom;' but the remembrance of an omnipresent Saviour, who will not suffer any of His little ones to perish, suggests another and brighter view." Mr. Simpson proceeds to express his own deep feeling in words which will find a ready echo in every Christian heart, and with which we may well close our present reference to his school-work: "Oh, Israel's gentle Shepherd: carry these lambs in Thy bosom! Let not the bruised reed be broken! Let not the smoking flax be quenched! Such are often the exclamations of my heart, as the cases of these youthful seekers after truth come to my mind. God has a mysterious but wise purpose in thus hedging up the way of a Hindu convert, and we shall some day see it bright and clear. Meanwhile it is ours to keep hammering away, leaving the issue with God. Our duty is plain; our reward is safe and certain."

We turn now from Mr. Simpson's work in the school to his labours in the native Christian community, and among the adult Hindus. In these departments of work a thorough knowledge of the native language was essential, and Mr. Simpson daily gave much time and effort to acquire this. The early hours of the morning were devoted to study with the Moonshee, and every opportunity of using the language was seized. The young missionary was free from the proud sensitiveness that often hinders an Englishman acquiring a foreign tongue, making him fear to open his mouth, lest his mistakes should occasion a smile. On the other hand, he was content to stumble on, feeling his

way to fluency and elegance. In the school he attempted to explain in Tamil the lesson he had given in English. On almost the first Sunday after arriving at Negapatam he tried, with his manuscript before him, to preach to the native Christians. The following week he stood up boldly before a heathen congregation at North Gate, and read to them a tract in Tamil. He then determined that, at whatever cost, he would conduct some public service in the vernacular at least once a week. He was rewarded by the consciousness of rapid progress. On March 26th, within two months of his arrival in Negapatam, he was able to write almost triumphantly, after preaching in the chapel: "I laid my manuscript aside, and had great freedom. I feel much encouraged." In June: "My Tamil progresses a little. I compose and converse more easily than I did a couple of months ago." In August: "I am making some way in the language, and now the joy of feeling anything like what Methodist preachers call 'liberty' in preaching in a foreign tongue is a great encouragement." He was yet however far from being a master in the very copious and difficult Tamil language. As he advanced, higher attainments presented themselves to his ambition, and during the whole of his career in India he was a diligent student of the Tamil tongue.

In 1856 there were about three hundred native Christians in Negapatam, and about seven thousand in the Province of Tanjore. Many of these were descended from converts of the venerable Christian Schwartz and other missionaries of the last century. On embracing Christianity, they had been allowed to retain caste, under the idea that it was a merely civil

institution, and in the hope that any evil connected with it would be neutralized, and gradually driven away by the Christian spirit. This hope had been very partially, if at all, realized. The descendants of these converts found in caste a means of maintaining their social position in the Hindu world around them, and they clung to it with growing tenacity. It drew them into the observance of other heathen customs, and it created distinctions in the native Church entirely hostile to the spirit of Christianity. The caste Christians must have a place provided for them in public worship apart from their despised non-caste brethren. They demanded a separate cup at the Lord's Table, or, at least, that the cup be given to them before being polluted by the touch of non-caste hands and lips. A native catechist, or minister, if a non-caste man, might not eat with them. He could scarcely be received into their houses. With these people all doctrinal and ecclesiastical distinctions between Lutherans, Anglicans, and Methodists were of little importance, compared with the different degrees of favour or severity with which caste was treated. They were always prepared, if opportunity offered, to leave one Mission for another to secure what they regarded as caste privileges. On the other hand, anything like aggressive zeal against heathenism was restrained by anxiety to stand well with heathen neighbours. Thus, though many were prosperous in the world, and held good positions in the Government service, or as merchants, their spiritual life was low, and they added little to the strength of the Church. On the contrary, they occasioned the missionaries great perplexity and trouble.

Of an institution, so pregnant with evil, all the missionary organizations in South India have united in expressing disapproval, but they have differed, not a little, in their treatment of caste. The Leipsic Evangelical Lutheran Mission has been the most lenient, and has thus attracted to itself, from the Gospel Propagation Society and from the Wesleyan Mission, a large proportion of these caste Christians in the Tanjore Province. The Wesleyans, especially from the days of the Rev. Thomas Cryer, taught by the painful experience of former years, have taken high ground against the evil. In company with nearly all the English and American Societies, they have refused to receive converts from heathenism, save on condition of the entire renunciation of caste, or to recognize caste Christians as members of the Church, though, of course, admitting them to the congregation. These explanations seem necessary to render clear the relationship of the Wesleyan missionaries to the native Christian community both in Negapatam and in the southern parts of the Madras District generally.

We now turn to Mr. Simpson's Journal and correspondence. On March 16th, he writes: "I have been at liberty most of the day, and have been busy with a new Tamil sermon. The text is Luke i. 3, 4. I intend, as my weakness will let me, to give the heathen to know what Christianity is by bringing them to look upon the Saviour's life, and listen to His words. I tell them that just as it is now, so it was when Christianity began.- Some men say one thing, some say another about Christianity. To make things plain, Luke wrote his Gospel, and for the same reason

the other Gospels were written. I tell them they must believe Luke and the other evangelists, because they tell what they *saw*, or heard from *good authority*. I bid them then regard the wonderful things which they will see if they open these books. And I speak of John the Baptist, of the birth of Christ: His miracles; His cruel mocking and scourging; His crucifixion. I bid them then note other wonderful things in these books: the declaration of God's love; the Saviour's blessing on the poor in spirit; the worship of the Father; the day of Judgment, etc. Then I say a few words to them on the right method of reading. A man's book must be viewed in the way he prescribes. So God's book must be read in God's way: with sincere desire and prayer. I add, God will Himself be their guide, and I urge the promise: 'If any man *will* do the will of God, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' In this way I try to win these idolaters to search for the truth. I have had a pretty good time so far in the composition of the sermon, and I am encouraged by increasing ease in the use of the language, and by the papable enlargement of my vocabulary. I hope to be able to preach it without book. I shall preach it to the native Christians in the chapel next Sunday morning, and to the heathen on Thursday week at North Gate."

The next Sunday he records: "I preached this morning at half-past seven to the native Christians on Luke i. 3, 4. I laid my manuscript aside, and had great freedom. I am very much encouraged. Many of my congregation were counted formerly as members of Society; but, as they were unwilling to give up

caste for Christ, they forfeited their membership, and we now regard them as hearers only. Their love of a custom entirely opposed to the large-hearted benevolence of Christian creed and practice, and fitted only to wed them to the world, has materially contracted their piety, and we do not find in them that occasion for joy which the labours of past years would justify us in expecting. In the afternoon at four we hold Sunday School for the children of our English and Eurasian people; and in the evening we have English service, attended by a few. I felt liberty and enjoyment in expounding to them a few verses round Luke i. 21. A freshness and sweetness always comes over my mind as I take up some new scene in the Saviour's life. I am getting more and more in love with the Gospels. They take us right into the presence of Christ, and one seems to feel His beneficent smile, and to realize the gladness of those who first heard His word."

The next reference to the native caste Christians in Mr. Simpson's Journal is dated March 30th, when he records the accession to his congregation of several who had been accustomed to worship in the church of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. "Mr. Regel, the missionary, had interfered with their prejudices by introducing a pariah schoolmaster, and directing some pariahs to sit side by side with the caste people, who were offended and walked out. These are our additions, and we are not particularly glad to see them. At the same time we could not see it right to shut the door against them, as we were requested to do. Public worship is a privilege open to all, so long as they conduct themselves in a becoming manner."

Nothing further of special interest in connection with Sunday work seems to have occurred for some months ; but in October the missionaries resolved to give up the English service in the evening, and to substitute for it a second Tamil service to be held in the school-room. The following extract from Mr. Simpson's Journal will show that this was done from the promptings of a noble missionary ambition, and not without feelings of regret and sacrifice on Mr. Simpson's part :

"Sunday, October 19th. Administered baptism this morning for the first time in Tamil ; took charge of the Sunday School in the afternoon ; and in the evening preached in Tamil on Matthew vi. 13. After conversing with Mr. Evers, have resolved, that as our English congregation understood Tamil, it will be well to give up English preaching entirely, and to have two full services in Tamil every Sunday. The constant preaching, reading, and writing of Tamil will, I hope, do something to make me an efficient missionary. Thus do I say good-bye to English preaching : after, for my time of life, a somewhat long attachment to it, and certainly an attachment of no slight character. Yet what is it in comparison with the object for which it is sacrificed ? Nothing ! May God give His blessing on our new arrangement."

It is significant to read immediately after this the following entry, one of the comparatively few references to personal religious experience which the Journal contains : "To-day I note improvement in my personal piety. Oh, for simple, constant faith in Christ."

Allusion has more than once been made to

preaching-services held at North Gate, and addressed especially to the heathen. In these services Mr. Simpson was accustomed to take part on three evenings in the week. It will be interesting to accompany him. "The building is unique. A thatched roof, short pillars, a low wall, and two doors. The furniture—a mud seat going all round, one or two forms, a simple preaching stand—and the floor. We commence by singing a hymn to native music,—I am afraid you would laugh if you heard us,—then in come a troop of children, the Tamil day scholars, who, with the usual tendency of children, take up the form at once. Some, in tailor fashion, bend their legs under them; others bring their feet up on to the form, and you may see a turban and a pair of eyes peering above the exalted knees; others sit in civilized fashion, and they would not be children if they were not restless. One, a fine Mohammedan lad, regulates the troop by voice and hand, while several are employed in pulling one another's *kudamies*, or pig-tails, or tickling one another's bare backs or sides. All this is very natural, and never disturbs the placidity of a Hindu audience. After a while, nine or ten staid men, folding their cloths round them, quietly take their seats. When the sermon begins, a goodly number of heads may be seen above the low wall, looking on from outside—the Nicodemuses of the district. With the calm and quiet Hindus (capable of excitement even to madness) there mingle the Lubby or half-caste Mohammedans, of heavy form and stolid features. As the sermon draws to a close, two men turn towards each other, and in low tone enter into conversation. This means fighting.

In a minute one begins with a sentence ending, 'Did you not say so, sir?' Last week we had thus a discussion commenced on the punishment of sin, which wandered on through 'fate, free will,' etc., and all the points of theology which Milton's metaphysical imps were given to discuss. It gave Mr. Evers opportunity to place before the people, fully and powerfully, the whole Christian scheme. During such a scene the congregation very much increases."

Again, a week or two later :

"We are having a little stir also in our work among the heathen. The other night we had a warm discussion at North Gate. I am inclined to think anything better than apathy, and with this idea we have seriously talked of setting apart one evening weekly for discussion. In this connection I have been struck by the words with which in the Acts the preaching of the apostles is described 'opening, alleging, and disputing.'"

But Mr. Simpson's preaching to the heathen was by no means mainly controversial. He looked upon them with much sympathy and love, and rejoiced to recognize whatever there was in them of truth, or of moral excellence, and to make use of it in gaining access for the Gospel to their hearts. In August, he writes : "I have lately been preaching on Death, the Intermediate State, etc. Last Thursday evening, at North Gate, I took as my subject the rich man and Lazarus. Thus I still follow the principle which guided me in England, that, only let a man's conscience be reached, and his conversion may be regarded with confident hope."

By these services, and in other ways, the mission-

aries were brought into personal intercourse with inquirers after the truth. Here are one or two interesting cases: "October 10th. A young Roman Catholic has come for two or three days to our school, and asked for a Testament. Mr. Evers gave him one, and spoke with him. On going home the following day, the youth was met with persecution by his relatives and by the clerk of the Roman Catholic church. An attempt was made to take away his books, but this he evaded. The next day he was again at school, but on going home in the evening, he was taken, amid much abuse, into the middle of the street, and informed that he might go about his business. He, of course, took refuge with us. We explained to him our views about caste, and told him we could not possibly receive him unless that abomination was given up. He thought the matter over, and as a proof of his decision, ate that night of food cooked by pariah fingers. He has continued with us ever since, and commends himself to our care by great diligence in learning. By trade he is a bookbinder, and we expect soon to put him in the way of gaining his own living. His mistrust of Romanism had first been awakened, it appears, by the conversion of some relatives at Madras, and by the reading of Mr. Drew's sermons."

On another date, Mr. Simpson writes: "Have had a three hours' earnest discussion with an English-speaking Brahmin. Our talk ran over many subjects, beginning with the question of deposing the heirs of native rajahs, and rising to a comparison between the Hindu Vethas and the Christian Scriptures, and to the subject of idolatry *versus* the spiritual worship of

an invisible God. On behalf of idolatry my opponent used the plea—*analogically*—of a portrait being a fit reminder of an absent friend, and the use of it no dishonour to him. I took up my brother's portrait, and bade him notice that its value in my eyes consisted in its being a *correct* representation; if it were not so, it would be useless to me, and an insult to my brother. I then said that if he could thus represent the invisible and infinite God, I had done; if he could not, then to liken God to anything below Him was to dishonour God and to lead into error. The man trembled when I quoted David's and Isaiah's description of the making of idols, and acknowledged the truth of St. Paul's portrayal of the vices attendant on idolatry. He left me saying, 'It is always so; we are forced to hold our tongues before you missionaries; you know more, both about your own religion and ours, than we do.'

Besides his various duties at home, Mr. Simpson was charged with the superintendence of the Mission at Manārgudi and Melnattam, where the Rev. James Hobday was now labouring. This he felt to be no light addition to his responsibilities; and, though he scarcely realized his purpose of visiting these places once in six weeks, he did visit them frequently. He thus became much impressed with the spiritual destitution of the people. "Between Negapatam and Manārgudi, thirty-six miles away, and which may be considered the boundary of my Circuit, there must be 100,000 souls, and only four missionaries, one of whom, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, never preached to the heathen at all." His first tour, taken almost immediately after reaching his station, Mr. Simpson thus describes:—

"*Saturday, March 8th.* Started for Manārgudi. Having sent forward my bandy to Tiruvarur, got to that place about nine. The bungalow is the deserted residence of the Tanjore rajah, and consists of several quadrangles of buildings, enclosing deserted and weed-covered gardens. The room in which I was had a bay window looking out upon the fine, well-filled tank, and having two swing hooks from the beam, significant of royal pastime. The tank presented a very picturesque appearance. On the steps leading to the water many men and women, Brahmins, were washing their clothes and chatties; whilst in the porches devout worshippers were pursuing their meditations. The temple is the largest I have hitherto seen. Walking round, I was stared at by multitudes of monkeys sacred to the god. I found numbers of workmen busy on the huge cars, preparing them for the great feast of next week. In the main street an idolatrous procession was being formed. A young elephant, with the mark of Siva chalked on his forehead, came first. After him a silver idol mounted under a canopy upon men's shoulders; then several other shrines, with gay umbrellas and flags, and the usual symphony of drums, and tom-toms, and groaning horns. Each petty shrine sent forth its idol to join the procession, as it moved on towards the great temple. A spectacle of this kind may please the people, but I saw nowhere any manifestation of sincere faith or hearty adherence. I was more impressed with the power and danger of idolatry when looking on the poor, miserable suppliant before Mariamma's image at Poodoo-Chuttrum, than I have been with these flaunting exhibitions in this cathedral

of heathenism. On reaching Manärgudi, I found the people busy with harvest.

“The next morning at five, Brother Hobday and myself started for Melnattam, and got there about eight. Felt ill, but went round the grounds, and meditated in sorrow over the Mission house in ruins. The chapel is a very nice one. Brother Hobday preached in the morning at ten. After service, we spent three hours in going from hut to hut amongst our native Christians. They appear to be miserably poor, and have little thought of anything beyond the requirements of life. One understood nothing of the sermon, but that she might pray for her bread, on which not one word had been said; whilst one poor blind creature appeared to think that because God had punished her by the loss of sight, He should have placed her in comfortable worldly circumstances. Both Brother Hobday and myself think nothing can be made out of these people but by close intercourse with them, and friendly oversight of their temporal affairs. I preached in the afternoon, and at five we started home.

“Monday was spent in the Manärgudi schools. The boys are of high caste, maturing years, and great intelligence. It is a great mercy that so many of these can be brought under direct and earnest Christian influence. Something is wanting in the way of nice regulation; but with the general state and progress of the school I was satisfied. In the evening heard Mr. C. Grant.

“On Tuesday I returned to Negapatam, and on the way saw numbers of birds of magnificent plumage: parrots, wood-peckers, king-fishers, and jays. The fire-flies amongst the trees exceedingly beautiful.”

In July Mr. Simpson again visited these places, examined the schools at Manärgudi, gave a Sunday to labours among the poor Christians at Melnattam, and consulted with Mr. Hobday on plans for promoting their welfare, spiritual and temporal. Then, as the month was a school holiday, he extended his journey, accompanied by Devanaiagam (David Stoner) to Combaconum and Trichinopoly. Combaconum is a large and sacred town, and is famous for its schools and colleges; these make it almost worthy of the title by which it is often known, "the Oxford of South India." Mr. Simpson was greatly interested in its vast Hindu temples and in the Government High School, the latter filled chiefly with Brahmin youths, and ably taught by Mr. Caldwell. He took notes of the books used, and the methods employed, that thus he might improve his own school-work. At Trichinopoly he had the privilege of being the guest of a brother missionary, the Rev. John Pinkney. In returning home he called at the city of Tanjore, the residence of a Hindu rajah, and famous as the chief scene of the missionary success of Christian Schwartz. The journey not only proved useful to health, and filled the young missionary's mind with subjects for thought, but, as he records, was blessed to him spiritually. Among the books read by the way, the principal one was the memoir of the devoted Church missionary of Masulipatam, Henry W. Fox. Mr. Simpson writes: "This led me to a calm examination of myself, and humbled me very deeply. My feelings are expressed by the Psalmist, 'My sins have taken hold upon me, and I am not able to look up; they are multiplied more than the hairs of my head, and

my heart hath failed me. Be pleased, O Lord, to help me. Thank God, I had this morning close approach to the throne of grace."

On his next visit, in September, he accomplished for the first time the feat of preaching twice in Tamil on one day. It was at Melnattam. "I preached in the morning on Deuteronomy xxxii. 29; afternoon, Luke xii. 40. The people looked, I thought, a little improved. In the evening, at Manārgudi, I expounded the miracle at Cana in Galilee to a small company at Mr. Shunker's." Returning to Negapatām the next day, he had a melancholy illustration of the more than semi-idolatrous character of Romanism in India, and of the superstition and ignorance of its votaries. "The great Roman Catholic feast at Velangany had terminated on the Sunday evening, and the thousands of devotees were on the way to their homes. The road was lined with men, women, and children, meagrely clad, and apparently of the lowest of the people. The feast is the very counterpart of heathenism. The image of the Virgin is decorated like a heathen idol. The people carry it in procession, shout, burn candles, and scatter incense. It is frequented for the same purposes as Hindu or Mohammedan shrines, and the superstitious multitude are said annually to carry away the floor of the church, in handfuls, as sacred relics."

Mr. Simpson was always a careful observer of native customs and modes of thought, and often made them the subject of his home correspondence, especially during the earlier period of his missionary career. Here are one or two examples, given in the free and vivid style that so often entranced missionary meetings in England.

He is writing to his brother, a lawyer in Leeds, and is describing one of the most universal and popular of Hindu festivals, that of "tool-worship."

"By a native feast the other day I was led to picture you in a somewhat comical position. Imagine yourself with your clerk cleaning out your offices with that cleanest of all substances—in Hindu estimation—cow dung. Then you gather all tables, stools, desks, etc., into the centre of your room, and place upon them pens, inkstands, rulers, paper and parchment, with every other epistolary instrument. Let every book follow ; and everything in printed shape pertaining to business, from Blackstone down to the last County Court List. Having thus raised a kind of pyramid, gather rosemary, and form a girdle round the pile, then sprinkle it with water mingled with the ashes of sandal-wood. Having secured a variety of refreshments and confections, place them before the gathered heap. Having done all these things, watch for the last beams of the sun, and when they are gone, say a *mantram*, or prayer, over the whole. Being learned, you are supposed to know one ; being economical, you would, of course, save the expense of feasting a Brahmin. This done, sit down and enjoy a good feast ; not forgetting the sacred sweetmeats. Without this ceremony, though you were the prince of English lawyers, you could never succeed ; with it, though the worst of dunces, you could not miss prosperity. I dare say you will smile at this piece of ceremony,—but it is the very thing which every man—every Hindu in India was most devoutly performing on Wednesday last. That day was sacred to the feast of tool-worship, the observance being exactly that which

I have transferred to you. The miser thus does worship before the balances, and the school-boy before his books; the *peon*, or policeman, does it before his belt and sword; and the husbandman before his plough. The workers in wood and iron use blood to sprinkle upon the instruments; the other castes use sandal-wood water. The festival is one devoted to Saraswattee, the wife of Brahma, the Hindu Minerva, patroness of learning and the arts. The tools, books, etc., are her shape or representation upon this day: to her the sweetmeats are presented, the prayer offered, and from her prosperity will come. This is one of the many ceremonies which fasten idolatry on the habits of the people, and make the work of its destruction difficult."

Again, congratulating the same brother on the birth of a daughter, Mr. Simpson refers to the blessing of being born an English rather than a Hindu girl, and draws in few but forcible lines the sad picture so often painted of the injustice and oppressions suffered by the women of India: "Your daughter's birth, of English instead of Hindu parents, has saved her from a slighted infancy, an uninstructed, neglected youth, and a womanhood of that mixture of freedom and servitude which only barbarism or an imperfect civilisation imposes. A day or two ago Mrs. Hobday was confined, and her native servant seemed inclined to think that the event had almost better never have occurred, than have ended in a girl. Poor girls! their position is daily a matter of pity. Brothers speak to them harshly; parents slight them as an inferior article; they are bargained off like goods, and, when married, gain their influence by assuming, as occasion may demand, the

character of virago, or of importunate beggar. Here is a woman's domestic portraiture, drawn by a Hindu author: 'She raves, she curses, she strikes, she screams, she bites, she scratches; and then, like a tigress, she rages till she has her own way.' Now I do think it a matter of extreme thankfulness that your little one is saved from such a prospect as this. Her birth is amidst every good thing,—God has given her to you in a good and pleasant position: seek to give her back to God by a godly training. Let her know, too, something about the millions that are born to a different fate, and I am sure that pity for them and a desire to help their misery will aid in making her an ornament to her sex. At some future day her Indian uncle may tell her something that will strengthen and develop these feelings."

During the year Mr. Simpson was delighted by a visit from the Rev. John Walton, then of Jaffna, a fellow-townsmen and an old friend. They talked eagerly together of Leeds, and its pleasant associations, and of the great work in which, by God's providence, they were both engaged in the East, with all its difficulty and hardships. Mr. Simpson was impressed by the truth of one of Mr. Walton's remarks, in which some spirited Pegu ponies, at which they had been looking, served as an illustration. "Bringing a young man, full of life and spirit,—and none but such men are of any avail,—to preach the Gospel to this people, and to maintain personal religion,—climate and other difficulties considered,—is like riding one of those ponies full tilt against that wall, till spirit and life depart together." Though such a simile may truthfully represent the feeling of even the best missionary in

times of despondency, yet it is by no means a feeling in which either Mr. Simpson or his interlocutor was accustomed to indulge. Both delighted rather to lift the eye to the omnipotent Lord, and to rejoice in the assurance of His promised presence and help.

Towards the end of October, Mr. Simpson writes : "I have been reading lately the opening chapters of St. Luke's Gospel, and have been struck much by one thing. The events of that most eventful period all verify the saying of the angel to Elizabeth, 'With God nothing shall be impossible.' I have applied this to the Saviour's kingdom as spoken of at that very time,—His reign over Israel and over the heathen. I have looked over this country, and have seen how, though here and there the first footsteps of the Saviour's rule are beginning to appear, yet the opposition is still inveterate, incessant, compact. But '*with God nothing shall be impossible.*' The same truth brings comfort to me with reference to my own experience. My heart can be cleansed, and that unmeasured power can direct my life in '*holiness and righteousness.*' I am determined to seek more of it by prayer. Remember these words in praying for me."

Soon after writing these lines Mr. Simpson was called suddenly to change his station. Declining health compelled the Rev. John Pinkney to leave Trichinopoly for England, and the chairman of the District thought it necessary that Mr. Simpson should take his place. What regret and pain this occasioned, and how the missionary's last hours on his old station were occupied, may best be told in an extract from a letter to his mother.

"*November 10th.* It is within a few minutes of

midnight. I was up at dawn ; and from three in the afternoon till half-past eight I was on my legs conducting an examination of the boys before the collector and the inspector of schools. I have been from that time to the present busy packing, and must be up in the morning at three, to start on a journey of 100 miles into the interior. I write amidst desolation. Bookcases without books ; rooms without furniture ; boxes packed. In one word, I am bound to Trichinopoly. Just after posting my last letter I had one from Mr. Hodson, stating that Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney must leave immediately for England, and that I must haste to Trichinopoly to make arrangements for receiving the Circuit from Mr. Pinkney's hands. I made out as strong a case as I could for remaining here, at least until the District Meeting ; but all in vain. The chairman wrote again confirming his former instructions. In consequence the past week has been one of unceasing labour, terminated by a busy day, to-day. My boys, who have been to me as children, have done themselves and me credit in the examination. There was no getting quit of them. Some wept upon my shoulder ; others sat upon the ground, and cried. At this moment two young Brahmins are sleeping under my roof for the purpose of seeing me off in the morning. A circumstance simple enough in your eyes, but important enough, were it known, to sever them from caste. What is more surprising still, they are here with the consent of their parents. After most of the school-boys had gone, the native congregation came and gave warm expression to feelings of respect and love. Perhaps I attach too great importance to such expressions, but certainly I was deeply touched. They

asked my blessing, and begged me to pray with them for the last time. With a stammering tongue, but with happy feelings, I pleaded for them in their own tongue. I leave this place with deep regret ; but with good heart I turn my face westward, believing the change to be by the direction of One who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

A few days after reaching Trichinopoly, he wrote : " Deep have been my regrets at leaving my first Tamil Circuit, and I am full of sorrow at the enfeebled state of the Madras district. Mr. Burgess and I are the only two European Tamil-speaking missionaries remaining. Mr. Evers is by himself at Negapatam ; Mr. Hobday by himself at Manärgudi ; I by myself at Trichinopoly. What can we do ? We may work hard, but we cannot do everything. Preaching, schools, visitation, raising a native agency : when will our good people think of these numerous branches of missionary toil ?—and no Mission station should lack one of them. Let them also think of populations counted by tens of thousands handed over to the care of one man ! "

IV.

TRICHINOPOLY.

1857-60.

TRICHINOPOLY, the city in which Mr. Simpson spent the next four years of his missionary life, is in every way a place of special interest. Its position is marked from afar by the noble rock which rises abruptly to a height of 273 feet above the surrounding plain, and about 500 feet above the sea. It is smooth, hard granite, with not a scrap of vegetation on its surface. Rather more than half way up the rock, and clinging to its side, is a large temple "dedicated to a Hindu saint with three heads, whose tricaputality has given name to the city." Viewed from below, this temple has the appearance of a strong fortification, and it is said to have been used for defence. It is approached from the town by a broad staircase, cut in the rock at vast outlay, and most of it roofed in with slabs of stone. In passing the temple, the staircase becomes dark as midnight. Some four or five years before Mr. Simpson's appointment, a terrible catastrophe occurred at this point. During a great festival the staircase was crowded with people flocking to the temple. For some reason or other the foremost ranks were pressed back; a crush followed, and then a panic.

The dead were never accurately numbered, but they are said to have amounted to at least two hundred. Emerging into daylight, the visitor finds himself on the open, slippery rock, and has carefully to make his way, by slightly cut steps, to the summit. On this stands a *mandabam*, or pavilion, in which the hideous Pulliar is enthroned. Close by is a flag-staff. The visitor is now amply rewarded for the toil and danger of his climb by a bird's eye view of the city and a very extensive prospect of the country beyond.

It will be well to pause here for a time, and to try to master the leading features of the landscape. At the foot of the rock, just below where the spectator is standing, is the large, sacred tank, or artificial lake, connected with the temple. On three of the four sides of this tank are houses formerly appropriated to English officers, and among them one which Clive occupied in the middle of the last century, when engaging in the great struggle between the English and French for supremacy in South India. A little to the left is a large building, with surrounding gardens, known as the Nawab's palace, and telling of the days of Mohammedan rule. In Mr. Simpson's time this palace was a ruin. It has since been restored, and is now used for Government offices: one or two rooms being happily assigned to a girls' day school conducted by the Wesleyan Mission. The other portions of what was once a rectangular fort, at the foot of the rock, are inhabited by a dense population, dwelling in low, closely-packed huts. The streets are tolerably regular, and are crowded at all hours of the day with multitudes of passengers, bullock-carts and cattle.

Outside the fort, or town, to the south-west, is the busy grain and fruit market; and, away beyond, covering an area six miles in circumference, is the military cantonment, with its barracks for English soldiers, lines of huts for the sepoy, officer's houses and gardens, parade grounds, powder magazines, etc. In part of the ground thus occupied the English in the last century gained more than one stoutly contested victory over their French rivals. Further to the west is Warriore, the Orthoura of Ptolemy, and in ancient times the capital of the Chola dynasty. It is now only a suburb of Trichinopoly, and is occupied by native artisans and merchants. In the same direction, far away in the horizon, are lofty mountains; and, in the nearer distance, may be traced the broad river Cavery, flowing through a most luxuriantly fertile country. Five miles from the town the river divides into two streams, these pursue a separate course for some distance, then reunite, and so enclose the beautiful islet of Seringham. Seen from the rock, it seems like an emerald in a setting of silver. In India the place of the confluence of waters is always sacred, and at Seringham this sanctity has been marked by the erection of two vast temples, which at once arrest the attention of the observer on the rock. One of these is the largest in all India, and is dedicated to Vishnu. The other, smaller but older, and showing signs of decay, is sacred to Siva, under the special title of Jambukeshwar, or "lord of India."

The Rev. Dr. Duff visited the larger temple in 1849; he writes: "There are not fewer than seven great courts, or squares, each surrounded by a high

and massive wall, one within the other, with a considerable space between. Each great square has its own gigantic entrances, surmounted by vast columns, or towers, in the middle of each wall of the square. The towers are covered all over with the usual mythological sculptures. Each of these open courts is surrounded by minor shrines, small *mandabams*, or Brahminical receptacles. Through six of them we were allowed to pass, but the seventh is like 'the holy of holies,' impassable by any but the sacred Brahmins, who revel within, without fear of interruption from unholy gaze or unholy tread. Close to the seventh court is the great *mandabam* for pilgrim worshippers, a covered roof sustained by a thousand pillars, wider apart, and much loftier, than those of Conjeveram. To the roof of this we were taken, whence we surveyed the whole, our attention being specially directed to the gilded dome over the shrine of the principal idol. On descending it was dark, so we were preceded by torch-bearers. We then entered a spacious hall, in the centre of which were several large lamps, and around them a few chairs. There were brought out a large number of boxes with massive locks, and placed in a row before us. These contained a portion of the jewels and ornaments of the god of the shrine. One box was opened after another. Certainly the profusion of gold and jewels, wrought up into varied ornaments, was astonishing. There were many large vessels of solid gold, from one to several pounds weight. The golden ornaments were bestud with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, etc. Such a spectacle I never saw. Conjeveram was nothing to it. I had always looked upon the account of such things as hyperbolic

exaggerations before. And as to silver vessels and ornaments, they were countless. But the most surprising part of the exhibition was the great golden *seramy*, or idol. They also showed us, spread out at length, the covering gown of the deity nicely fitted to suit him. It was a fabric the tissue of which was like golden thread, inlaid most curiously with a countless profusion of pearls. No doubt the whole taken together must have been fabulously costly. They were the gifts of kings, princes, and nobles, when Hinduism was in its prime; and must convey an awful idea of the hold which it took of a people naturally so avaricious, ere they would be so lavish of their substance. Whoever desires to know what a potent—yea all but 'omnipotent—hold Hinduism must once have taken of this people, has only to pay a visit to the great temple of Seringham! It is worth a thousand fruitless arguments and declamations. We asked what was supposed to be the value of all these golden materials with the countless jewels. They replied, at least fifty lakhs of rupees, or half a million sterling! And what might have been the cost of erecting the *whole* temple? At least ten crores of rupees, was the prompt reply, or a million sterling. And, very probably, this is no Oriental exaggeration. Look at the cost of St. Paul's, London, or the Taj Mahal, near Agra, each said to have been a million sterling. If so, I cannot regard it as incredible that the awful and indescribably vast fabric of the Seringham temple cost an equal sum."¹

Within this great establishment of Hinduism are many streets of resident Brahmins. Indeed, the

¹ *Life of Dr. Duff*, by Dr. Smith, vol. ii. pp. 147-49.

outer walls enclose what, for some years, has been treated as a separate municipality, with a population of nearly ten thousand.

We have thus abundant evidence of the mighty hold idolatry retains over the vast majority of the people in and around Trichinopoly. But in the varied population of the city there is room for other religious elements. Mohammedans are numerous, and the graceful minarets of their mosques may be seen in this and in that direction,—more than one marking the burial-place of saints of local fame.

The Romanists are also in force in Trichinopoly, and their establishments have been greatly enlarged since Mr. Simpson's days. There is now a Roman Catholic bishop of the city.

So long ago as 1767 a Protestant Mission was begun by the Rev. Christian F Schwartz. That venerable and devoted man continued his labours in the Fort and neighbourhood for twelve years, and was successful in gathering many converts, and in erecting a church under the shadow of the rock. Here, however, as in Tanjore, the retention of caste by professing Christians has effectively checked earnest and aggressive piety, and, though the Mission has been carried on by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, it has been with long intervals of feebleness. The zealous, gentle, and devout Bishop Heber, visiting the town in 1826, was much impressed by memories of Schwartz, and was filled with sorrow at the apparent decay of the native Church. On the morning of April 3rd, the Bishop was engaged with his chaplain in devising plans for the benefit of the Christians and the revival of the Mission. He then retired to use a

cold bath, in which, half-an-hour later, he was found dead. His spirit had suddenly been called into the presence of his Lord.

On first coming to Trichinopoly, Mr. Simpson eagerly sought to glean local traditions of his illustrious predecessors. "I have visited the church wherein Bishop Heber preached his last sermon; the bath wherein death seized him; the tomb which holds his remains. I always regard the grave of a missionary as a pledge that the land in which it is will never be deserted by God's workmen, but will finally be conquered for Christ. And, as I stood by the Bishop's quiet resting-place, amid these elaborate edifices of Hinduism, his missionary hymn came to me with new beauty and power :

“ ‘ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation ! O Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.’ ”

The Wesleyan Mission in Trichinopoly is of much more recent origin. The name first appeared in "The Stations" in 1847, as an adjunct to Manärgudi. At that time occasional English services were held for the benefit of the soldiers. Soon afterwards a small chapel was erected in the cantonment, by the Rev. Peter Batchelor, with massive walls and roof. On the appointment in 1852 of the Rev. John Pinkney as resident missionary, the chapel was used for Tamil as well as English services. Its position in

the midst of the English residents determined largely the character of the native congregation. This was made up chiefly of the non-caste servants of officers, a few men from the bands of native regiments, and native women married to English soldiers. Very few caste Christians attended. As a class, they were divided between the congregations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Lutheran Mission, then lately commenced. Connected with the Wesleyan Mission, but three miles away, within the Fort, was the Anglo-Tamil school, and the principal place for preaching to the heathen.

Before beginning work at Trichinopoly Mr. Simpson had to attend the District Meeting at Madras. He journeyed there in company with Mr. and Mrs. Pinkney, and the little party were exposed to no small discomfort on the way, owing to the severity of the monsoon which was raging at the time.

Mr. Simpson writes: "Two or three times we were caught in terrific gusts of wind and rain, and for two days we were shut up in a bungalow by a perfect gale. The roads in many places were turned into mere water channels; rivers, instead of being mere sand-beds, were filled from bank to bank with water; and lakes, ordinarily just large enough to adorn a gentleman's park, were now fine sheets of water reaching beyond sight."

On arriving at the Pennar river, in advance of his companions, Mr. Simpson found it so swollen as to be scarcely passable even by boat. He had to wait in the storm on the bank all night. With characteristic cheerfulness, he wrote in his Journal: "I had a pleasant picnic. My old cook, seventy years of

age, improvised a fire, cooked a fowl, and boiled the water. A box served for table, and an artillery sergeant and his wife, who were in the same position as myself, joined me, and we got on pretty comfortably. I slept in my good bandy, and thankful I was for its shelter. Next morning, crossing by the ferry occupied four hours. I travelled all the following night, and by dawn on Saturday was within ten miles of Madras. There I found a note asking me to push on, as I was published to preach the missionary anniversary sermon the next morning. I made hasty preparation, but got on well. It was the beginning of a fortnight of hard labour,—sermons, speeches, and visits, joined with the almost unbroken toil of secretaryship to the District Meeting, brought me to the verge of sickness; but I got a day or two of rest towards the close, and so recovered my equilibrium. The people have been most kind, and so much personal affection and compliment have been shown me, that I have trembled for the purity of our solemn services.”

At this District Meeting, after being examined in theology, Mr. Simpson was cordially recommended by his brethren to be received into full connexion with the Conference.

On January 3rd, 1857, he wrote in his Journal: “I have commenced this year with a determination to live closely to God. The reflections of the past are full of sadness, as far as I am concerned; but suggestive of much thankfulness towards God. May the next year tell a story of faithful, successful labour, running by the side of God’s long-suffering goodness and forbearance.”

In returning, Mr. Simpson made a detour of fifty miles to Porto Novo, that he might administer baptism to the child of Devasagayam, a caste native Christian, once a preacher, but now a police *ameen*, or magistrate: "A gentleman in manners and conversation, speaking and writing English fluently, and, in his own language, a scholar and an orator."

To one of less buoyant disposition, Mr. Simpson's first experiences on reaching Trichinopoly would have been very depressing. Exposure in journeying and the strain of constant and exciting work in Madras had told upon his health, and he now suffered a severe attack of dysentery. He had scarcely recovered when he was called to commit to the grave the remains of two members of the native Church, one of whom had been a teacher in the Tamil school, and the other an old Mission servant. His only assistant, a native catechist, he was compelled shortly after to dismiss for immorality. He was thus left single-handed to undertake the pastoral charge of an English and a native congregation, to conduct the Mission schools, and to devise and carry out schemes for evangelistic effort among a vast Hindu population.

A special difficulty arose from the position of the house he had received from his predecessor. It was pleasantly situated among the residences of English officers in the cantonment, and was near the chapel, but was three miles away from the great mass of the native community, and from the Anglo-vernacular school. With characteristic disregard to personal comfort and to conventional respectability, Mr. Simpson removed at once to a house in the Fort,

facing the sacred tank. He was also so fortunate as to secure for the school a building adjoining his new home. Originally it had been a *mandabam*, or pillared hall, used as a resting-place for the idol of the rock temple, when returning from procession, and before climbing the hill again. Then it had fallen into the hands of a Mohammedan, who had built over it an upper story. The hall is forty-five feet long, and about thirty-nine feet wide, and has two rows of pillars, and cornices of somewhat handsome architecture with sculptured mythological figures. "There is something pleasantly typical," adds the missionary, "in holding a Christian school in a house the property of a Mohammedan and consecrated to idolatry. The change in my own residence has altered the face of the work, and I now look forward to the year's toil with considerable hope."

On the second Sunday after his arrival Mr. Simpson held an English service in the cantonment chapel, at which only fifteen persons were present, but he had great comfort in preaching to them on the Annunciation and felt that old truths came to his own heart with peculiar freshness. The next Sunday the congregation had more than doubled, and the week after about sixty were present; and amongst the soldiers and Eurasians an English officer and his lady.

The Tamil preaching was a work of greater difficulty; but, before the end of February, Mr. Simpson obtained a victory which released him for ever from the bondage of notes. His text was Deut. xxxii. 29, and he had taken his manuscript as usual into the pulpit, but was hoping not to have recourse to it. He began, but soon got nervous, and sought his accustomed support;

when, lo! the manuscript slipped down to the floor. The missionary writes, "I had not the courage to take it up, and the result was the best Tamil sermon I have ever preached."

The week-day mornings and evenings were usually given to visiting the native Christians in their homes, and conducting services among them to which they were urged to invite their heathen neighbours. Here are pictures of his pastoral work in the missionary's own words: "I generally begin at or before six o'clock in the morning, and I shall ever be thankful for the Providence which put me upon this work. Often I pass the spacious verandah of the master's house to find my way to the mud-hut of the cook or the butler behind. The doorway of the hut is also the window, and the only furniture is a mat or two, and perhaps a chair quietly borrowed from the parlour of the great house for the occasion. The parents and children all squat cross-legged on the ground, while I sit and read a chapter. Then we join in prayer. A few words of conversation follow; very simple but very profitable. My heart is drawn towards my people, and, on the other hand, family attendance at the house of God is evidently increasing."

Again, a little later: "At a cottage service in the home of a poor Christian this evening, nearly forty were present,—Protestants, Roman Catholics, and heathen. I am getting at home with my little band of native Christians. They are mostly servants and Pariahs. I now preach three or four times a week in Tamil. It is for me to work, and leave the results with God. Perhaps my greatest danger is from a buoyant, active spirit, that enables me to devise and

carry out many things without direct reference to the glory of God, or direct dependence upon His blessing. Oh, for the sanctification of even the best parts of my mental constitution."

Meanwhile Mr. Simpson was throwing himself heart and soul for six hours a day into educational work. Experience had convinced him that real success in the Anglo-vernacular school could be expected only as the result of personal toil and sacrifice on the part of the missionary; and he was resolved to act upon that conviction. The school was opened on February 2nd, with thirty-three scholars. By the end of the week the number had increased to sixty-two; and soon afterwards to more than a hundred. "I have a first class of fifteen youths from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. Many of them know a good deal of English. Surely teaching such a class the Scriptures is preaching Christ." A month or two later he complains: "My boys are not yet to me what my children at Negapatam were. My first class boys are too old, have lost much of their impressibility, and are too eager for learning merely on account of its marketable value. I have, however, taken under my own care a second class, the members of which are more after the old pattern than those of the first, and in them I place correspondingly more hope."

The only opposition raised at this time was by a Roman Catholic priest, who denounced the heaviest penalties against any native members of his flock who attended the school, or allowed their sons to do so; and this notwithstanding there was no Roman Catholic school to which they could go. This led to the withdrawal for a while of eight or ten lads; but it would

seem that gradually most of them found their way back to the Mission school.

The work Mr. Simpson's zeal impelled him to attempt was too constant and exacting for even the strongest constitution,—certainly it was so in the trying climate of Trichinopoly. "Madras and Negapatam," he writes, "were almost cool in comparison." No wonder, therefore, that during the early part of the year his health more than once broke down. Probably this was also due in part to the fact that he was living alone, and was too forgetful of his own needs. He almost confesses this in one of his home letters: "Good Calvin, when looking out for a wife, put down amongst her required qualifications that she should be able to take a moderate care of his health. The good man seems to have reached a settled conviction that he was not able to take care of it himself. This is my own conviction; and I am very glad that I am likely soon to have a guardian."

Meanwhile he sought relief in April by retiring for six days to a spot a few miles away, near the junction of the Cavery and the Coleroon, and where the hot breeze was cooled by passing directly across the broad stream. "A friend procured a tent for me; we pitched it in a grove of mango, and palmyra, and tamarind trees on the banks of the river, and endured noons of intense heat for the sake of evenings and nights of bracing coolness. I came away greatly refreshed. We must expect at least two months more of roasting. Then the oven will cool, and the fire go down,—though here the fire never goes *out*; it is always *raked*." Before the two months were over the midsummer holidays came, and Mr. Simpson

improved the opportunity afforded by release from school-work, to make a tour to Combaconum. Accompanied by a catechist well skilled in Bible knowledge, and gifted with the power of ready illustration, he halted at each town and village on the way, preaching, talking with the people, and distributing tracts and Scripture portions. He rejoiced now to be able to use Tamil with fluency, though occasionally in discussion he was glad to fall back upon his companion for the full expression of his thoughts. He thus sums up the experience of the journey: "I find we have not so much to fear from the opposition of the Hindus as from their professed friendship and pliability. They are cosmopolitan, and are very willing that Christ should be placed by *the side* of Vishnu and Siva."

Such a tour as this is generally healthful to a missionary, especially to one engaged ordinarily in school-work. But in this case it did not afford sufficient relaxation, and soon after Mr. Simpson's return to the town he was again afflicted. The lesson taught by this portion of our narrative is forcefully expressed in a letter written by the lonely worker to the General Secretaries: "In April my feet became covered with small and painful boils, and for many weeks I was barefoot, save on the Sabbath, when I preached to my Tamil and English people shoeless. I was obliged to teach my boys in my own house. Cured of that plague, a second attack of dysentery brought me down in June. It was severer than in February; the doctor was serious enough about it both in word and deed. When I was out of it, he prophesied worse things for the future, if there were not less work and more exercise. As for the latter

proviso, I have always taken as much exercise as my other duties would permit. I have no doubt that thousands of friends in England would echo the good doctor's advice; but I am confident he would tartly reply: 'The way to save the few missionaries you have is to send more to their help. As for the man, what can he do *alone* amid work so exhaustive and so importunate?' Nothing but cheerfully resign himself to unresting toil; give up himself to the fulfilment of his oft-repeated vow of spending and *being spent* for them who have not yet their Saviour known."

While Mr. Simpson was thus toiling and suffering at Trichinopoly, events occurred in the North and North-West which made 1857 the most memorable year in the annals of the British Empire in India. A hundred years had passed since the foundations of that Empire were laid at Plassey. Rumours for some time had circulated that, according to native omens and predictions, the close of the century would bring a change of Government. Statesmen had noted more serious causes for anxiety. By the Crimean war, and subsequently by the Persian expedition, the number of British troops in India had been dangerously reduced; while, on the other hand, among the petted native regiments of the Bengal army there were many symptoms of an excited and mutinous spirit. No one, however, was prepared for the outbreak of mutiny, and for the terrible massacre that occurred at Meerut on the 10th of May; and still less for the rapid spread of revolt in the North-West, the Central Provinces, and in Bengal. For a while there was reason to fear the war would spread to the South, and for months every European throughout the Peninsula

felt that he carried his life in his hand. Mercifully, the storm was stayed. There were some defections, but, as a whole, the Madras army, and largely also that of Bombay, proved faithful, and aided in suppressing the revolt, and in establishing more firmly British authority in India.

For various reasons, Trichinopoly during all this time was a post of especial danger. How bravely Mr. Simpson bore himself, and what, in part, were his sentiments as to the occasion and outcome of these events, will appear from the following extracts from his letters home:—

“*June 19th.* You will have seen already by the public papers that the greater part of the Bengal army is in revolt. We are made to feel on what a slender thread our Indian Empire hangs. The report of the successful outbreak spread like wild-fire, and the mutineers sent letters to every corps of the native army asking support. Great anxiety was therefore felt at all military stations. In Trichinopoly we have 2000 native troops and 200 Europeans; fortunately, the latter are artillery. Of course we have had our share of the panic. One regiment had received a letter from the mutineers, calling on the sepoys to rise on a certain night. The officers, however, were forewarned; the European soldiers were kept in constant readiness, the guards doubled, and other precautions taken. The panic is gone, and the mutineers are beginning to pay the penalty of their crime. There is a reaction in native feeling, and our sepoys are asking to be sent to fight the rebels. Do not forget that the *nearest* point where there is any real commotion is 800 miles, or so, from me.”

“*July 20th.* By this time, I suppose, all my good fellow-countrymen are in a state of great excitement because of the Bengal rebellion with all its atrocities. Well, they may be, for a cannibal Fijian never performed such cold-blooded acts of cruelty as have filled our papers for the last six weeks. A day or two ago a Madras paper contained a list of officers killed by their troops; it numbered 56. The tales of horrors and escapes are thrilling. One surgeon escaped from Delhi disguised as a fakeer, was met and stripped, and for two days more wandered from village to village entirely naked. Once he was tied up to a tree to be slaughtered by a band of mutineers; another time, skulking in a choultry (a sort of open inn) in his fakeer disguise, he overheard the conversation of the sepoy in search of him and other escaped Europeans. But you will see enough of all these horrors in the papers. So just as your letter came expressing joy that my lot was cast in a land of peace, that land, in one part, was the scene of a military rebellion in comparison with which the Chinese war was child’s play, and, in the remaining part, was startled by panic. Well it is that the matter burst out when it did. The summary hanging of a Brahmin jemadar broached the rebellion before the appointed time, and South India was saved. It has since been discovered that the plot comprehended the whole of the military stations in India, and on one day every European in the land was to be slain. Judging by the way the rebels have done their work in the North, there is little doubt that much of this base design would have been accomplished save for the interference of Divine Providence.

“Madras has been in a fearful state of panic. Troops

quartered in the streets, cannons mounted in the thoroughfares, ladies and children removed to the Fort, etc. etc. We have not been so bad as that here, but have had our share of public terror. In particular, it was most confidently rumoured that on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of this month the Mohammedan population was to rise. My house is the most defensible spot in the Fort, having but one door; and for three nights I, a solitary bachelor, had a family of twelve or fifteen men, women, and children to look after and protect. I did not believe anything about the rumour myself, and was therefore rather amused than otherwise that I, who never fired a pistol or carried a single weapon of defence, should have laid on my table an array of loaded pistols great and small, with sundry other weapons of defence, not forgetting the hatchet out of my tool-box. However, the days are gone, and no disturbance has taken place. None of our Madras troops have given the least sign of disaffection, and strong military oversight has been placed over Triplicane (in Madras), Mysore, and Tanjore, the seats of the three chief rajahs of South India. I had letters from Madras and Bangalore yesterday. Panic was disappearing, and all was quiet. This will affect Trichinopoly, for all our Mohammedan people here are connected with those of Triplicane, and would follow their leadership for good or for bad.

“ I almost wish I had not written all this; but you need not be afraid. A severe but well-deserved punishment is falling upon the Bengalees, and the news of it is already telling upon the quiet of South India. Last mail brought news of the debate in the House of Lords, and the facts transpiring here made

Lord Ellenborough appear foolish. Talk of interfering with the religion of the people! Why, the very man who, on religious grounds, refused to bite the new cartridges, and became a leader of the mutineers at Delhi, was killed in action before Delhi, during which he was seen every five minutes to load and reload his musket, using the very cartridges. No one here believes the religious pretence put forward.

“As for other matters, the two chief causes of the disaffection of the troops stand immediately in connection with Christianity and in favour of it. The one is the total separation of officers and men in language and sympathy. I have heard of but few English military officers, except Christians, by whom the language has been acquired to a degree sufficient for anything beyond mere military necessity, or for the sake of cultivating friendship with the men. Christianity alone can supply motives strong enough to conquer indolence and pride. The next cause is, so much deference has been paid to caste prejudices, that Brahmins and Rajpoots have become the staple of the Bengal army; the very classes most connected with the prevailing religion, or the deposed royalties, and therefore most inclined to stickle at every point of military discipline, and to sympathize with any movement counter to British authority and the Christian name. Now it is evident that a little more interference with popular prejudice would have saved the present terrific crisis. The Bombay and Madras armies are far more mixed in caste, and have hitherto proved faithful. The soldiers who fought with Clive and Coote in South India, I have heard, were drawn from “Collaries,” or Kallurs, a caste below Pariahs.

Now, one thing seems to be coming out pretty clearly from this commotion : in the re-creation of the Bengal army, the Brahmin and the Rajpoot must enlist along with the shoemaker and the Pariah, or must not enlist at all. That is, this sensitive religious prejudice must, for the *safety of the Empire*, be interfered with in a shape more tangible than subscriptions to a Missionary Society, or the patronage of Educational Institutions, by a Governor-General. I should not have said so much about this if it were not certain that the cry raised by Lord Ellenborough will be re-echoed by every opponent of Mission effort in India. A few counter facts ought therefore to be placed at the disposal of all friends of Hindu evangelization.

“ Amidst all these events I keep quietly at my work. As far as Tamil preaching is concerned, I can now get along without written preparation. But, having no assistant, I have been obliged to suspend my services to the heathen, and confine them to my own people. I generally pay a visit to two or three of them early in the morning during the week, and it is a great pleasure to read the Bible with them in their own tongue and pray with them in their humble houses. My school is becoming encouraging. I have above one hundred in daily attendance, and my eyes are beginning to settle on certain boys in hope of fruit from them some day. I have been much encouraged by the conversion of one of my Brahmin lads at Negapatam. He ran off to Madras, and was baptized. I had a letter from him this morning, and an extract may please you. ‘My father came here about three weeks ago, and he came to the Mission house crying and begging me to come, but

I met him in the presence of Mr. Burgess. I am glad to say that I had the courage to stand stedfast. But I am very sorry that my brother is coming down to take me. I have relations here, and they will try and catch me ; but I put my trust in my Saviour, and I hope He will be my guide through life, and help me through all the trials which are to come !' I trust and hope he will remain stedfast."

"*August 23rd.* We are in the midst of two festivals,—one the Mahorum, the other in honour of Pulliarswami, the patron deity of the rock. The collector has forbidden the open celebration of the former, in consequence of the excitement and disturbance which usually accompany it in this place. At nine o'clock the Pulliarswami was carried up to the top of the rock to take a survey of his domain. Certainly he may be taken to be the most popular of the pantheon. Truly a monster! Born of the intense lust of Parvathi without a father, deprived of his head in a fit of jealousy by Siva, saved by the timely substitution of that of an elephant ; there he sits, in shrines by the roadside, on bridges, and in the corners of bazaars, with his huge stomach and substitutionary head, the remover of difficulties and the protector of travellers."

"*August 25th.* We are a little anxious just now, as it is the Mahorum, a feast of ten days among the Mohammedans. They generally seize it as the occasion for settling any dispute they may be engaged in, and in a manner anything but peaceable. Unfortunately the 8th Cavalry have shown a mutinous spirit at Madras, have been deprived of their horses, accoutrements, etc., and sent to do garrison duty. We have

the 1st Cavalry here, and a correspondence is sure to go on. But in a few days we shall have one hundred Europeans more, and then, I think, we shall be safe. You people in England have no idea of the danger to the Empire of the present revolt. Some sixty-eight regiments of infantry and eight or ten of cavalry have lifted up arms against us; that is, not far from 80,000 men. Had Bombay and Madras joined in the revolt, as was originally planned, we should have had the whole of India to reconquer. A bad spirit is spreading among the troops. Our 1st Cavalry, two months ago, offered to go and fight the rebels; the other day the officers applied for volunteers, and nineteen presented themselves out of six hundred! But I have not much fear for this part of the country, and any row during the feast will be but temporary."

Amid all this terrible excitement, these wars and rumours of wars, the quiet drama of the missionary's own life was happily unfolding. While a student at Richmond he had given his heart to Miss Mary Burton, a Durham farmer's daughter; a rosy-cheeked, ingenuous girl, with much of the fervent piety which had characterized her kinswoman and namesake, the Mary Burton who became the wife of the Rev. Thomas Cryer. While Mr. Simpson was learning Tamil and acquiring experience in South India, Miss Burton was seeking to qualify herself for usefulness as a missionary's wife. She spent some time in the Westminster Training College, to study the art of teaching, and she gave herself with great zeal to such work for Christ as lay near at hand. Now the years of probation were nearly over, and Mr. Simpson had

been successful in the request he made that his bride might sail some months earlier than was the rule ordinarily in Wesleyan Mission circles. Her passage had been taken in the *Wellesley*, and that vessel was expected at Madras on the 7th of September. The young missionary, eager as he was to greet his bride, was yet unwilling to leave his work a moment before it was necessary, and so had arranged to be at Madras on the 6th. The good ship, however, made a quicker passage than had been expected, and anchored on Monday, August 31st. It was before the days of telegraphs in South India, and the expectant bridegroom did not receive the news at Trichinopoly till the Wednesday evening. What was he to do? To travel the 250 miles by stages in his bullock coach would take ten days or a fortnight; to engage post horses would be costly, and would involve delay. There was only one other method. The mail cart ran daily, and by the side of the native driver it might be just possible for an Englishman to ride, exposed to the full glare of the sun. He might also coil himself up among the Hon. Company's mails under the seat of the cart, and so evade "the sun's directer ray;" and perhaps snatch half an hour's sleep, at the cost of being cramped and almost stifled. Mr. Simpson did not hesitate. At once he made terms with the driver, and the next morning at three began his adventurous journey. The pleasant excitement of the occasion was a preservative against sunstroke, and though, when he reached Madras, the skin had been burned off his hands and face, he did not suffer any more serious injury.

The marriage took place in the Black Town Chapel

on Tuesday, Sept. 15th. The Rev. Arminius Burgess officiated; Mr. J. S. Jenkins gave away the bride; whilst the writer acted as groomsman. Then came the breakfast, bountifully provided by Mrs. Roberts; all the members of the Mission circle were there, and a friend or two from the congregation. There was gladness all round. "From Tuesday to Saturday a fragment of a honeymoon at the Red Hills, but a fragment full of light, sweet in wondrous, peaceful enjoyment; equal to any full-orbed moon of thirty days." The scene of this fragmentary honeymoon was "a little white house, on the trend of a large tank, with coolness, quietness, and retirement for its qualifications." The next Sunday Mr. Simpson preached in the Black Town Chapel upon the descent of the Holy Ghost on the household of Cornelius, and was greatly blessed in doing so. Monday and Tuesday were given to visiting friends in Madras, and taking part in a social tea-meeting at the chapel, where the bride was greeted in the most affectionate way. On Wednesday evening began the journey in bullock coach to Trichinopoly. In order to secure the company of Mr. and Mrs. Batchelor, the bride and bridegroom travelled *via* Negapatam and Manär-gudi, and were three weeks on the way. The cramped accommodation of their bandy, and the rude discomforts of the bungalows, and other inconveniences of the journey, could not prevent its being a time of greatest enjoyment. One Sunday they read together much of Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*; on another Mr. Simpson preached in his old chapel at Negapatam on, "Scatter Thou the people that delight in war." It was the day appointed by Government as a day of

humiliation and prayer on account of the Mutiny. The next day they received the congratulations of native friends, and the bride heard the Hindu benediction, "May you be the mother of sixteen sons!" They also visited the graves, in the old Dutch cemetery, of Mary Cryer and Margaret Burton. After examining the school at Negapatam, Mr. Simpson wrote in his Journal: "I was pleased to find a goodly number of my old scholars. What an encouragement it is that from within these walls God has brought to Himself at least one disciple, who, in his frequent letters to me, calls me his spiritual father. Sooben was much affected by my visit to Madras, and I found him deeply penitent and earnestly seeking for the forgiveness of sins." When the travellers were approaching Trichinopoly, a very simple incident gave them pleasure and encouragement. It was evening, and while their cart was slowly creeping along, they were talking of their future work and its responsibilities. Suddenly through the stillness came the sound of children's voices, singing the favourite Sunday School air, "There is a happy land." The words were in Tamil. They made inquiry, and found that the music proceeded from the house of a Christian catechist, in the midst of a heathen village. The effect upon the missionary's mind was electrical, and he exclaimed: "Yes—this is my work—to fix Christian homes in heathen villages, and call forth the songs of Zion from beneath the shadows of heathen temples."

They arrived safely "at home" on Saturday, October 10th, and Mr. Simpson preached the next day to the English congregation. On the Monday a welcome was given them by the school-boys with thorough hearti-

ness and with Hindu grace. The lads came in procession, bearing trays of fruit, sweetmeats, and cakes, and accompanied by fiddles, tom-toms, and pipes. Verses prepared for the occasion were sung, speeches made, and then, these salutations over, very eagerly the young missionary resumed his work, rejoicing that he had now a help-meet in the Master's service, and recording his prayerful resolve "to be more than ever a minister rightly approved."

The remainder of the year was given to quiet uninterrupted and successful work. The following extracts may suffice:—

"We are going on as if there were no Delhi, no Cawnpore. We expect soon at Trichinopoly five hundred of the rapidly forwarded English troops; and having already on the ground three native regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and about two hundred artillerymen, we shall have the place full of military. I am very happy in my home and in my work. The Lord is working with me."

"Have held a meeting this morning with the catechist and Samuel, our new local preacher. With the latter, who is a colporteur of the Bible Society, I am much pleased. He preached last Sunday morning with genuine religious feeling and unction, from 'Philip went down to Samaria and preached Christ unto them.' Here is the introduction: 'You have heard of the troubles in the North. The wives and children of our rulers have been basely and cruelly murdered. Many are still in danger. But news has come. The Queen is sending troops to deliver them. What will these poor people do? They will get the papers with the news, and read, read, read, till they cry out for joy,

“We are saved.” So all men are in danger. But God has pitied and sent help. Christ has died. The history of His death is here. What should we do? Read, read, read, until our hearts are made glad in His salvation.’ At our meeting this morning, after making a few arrangements for our work, I read the last chapter of St. Luke and the second of Acts, expounding verse by verse, and dwelling especially upon the promise of the Holy Spirit, His method of operation and the effects of it. We then all engaged in prayer. It was a refreshing season.”

“*November 22nd.* Have begun to meet the Tamil class to-day, and shall continue to do so until I meet with a leader in whom I can place perfect confidence. On this occasion I gave the history of the Wesleyan class meeting and its purposes, supplemented by a statement of my own religious course. Never before had I been called to review that course in a foreign tongue, and the doing so affected me much. Have been cheered all day with the thought of God’s ever present, unceasing care for His people. Polly not very well to-night. Read to her some of God’s promises concerning His unchangeable love, and prayed. We both renewed our strength.”

“*November 24th.* Our papers are now full of accounts of handfuls of Europeans pursuing and hunting down the flying mutineers. The forces recently and rapidly sent from home will arrive in time to see the work of punishment, and give a helping hand in the restoration of the country. The tide has turned seasonably. The large, numerous, and warlike tribes that inhabit the hills have caught the rumour of the Mutiny, and are gathering for purposes of plunder. A body of 500

Rohillas attacked and destroyed a large village on the Hyderabad frontier a few days ago. Our danger in South India is perhaps now more real than at any other time. The thousands of rebels hunted down in Bengal and the North-West will try to push their way downward, and form gangs of dacoits and robbers in the vicinity of every large town and on the great lines of travel. To prevent this, moveable columns, each numbering several thousands of men, are being marched to the frontier. We often remark here that we only see our danger now that it is over. Certainly there would have been a poor chance for us, had our troops taken it into their heads to follow the example of the Bengal renegades. In all the affair, in its personal and public aspects, I have delighted to remember our Christian doctrine of Providence, and to trust in Him, who, in His scheme for renovating the world, knows how to make the evil work out the good, and so to adjust trouble and prosperity that 'righteousness which exalteth a nation' may be the result."

"*November 25th.* This morning our troop of Royal Artillery left to join a moveable column ordered to the frontier of Bengal. Felt some sadness in seeing them depart. 'Ay,' I thought, 'I have preached the Gospel to some amongst you. In what scenes may my words come back to your remembrance!' To come nearer home, or rather to home itself. Before I got married, I used often to imagine the influence that step would have upon my personal character and my Mission work. You may be sure I always inclined to the sunny side of the question, yet the fact has far exceeded my expectations. My religious state and experience have improved: my mind is far more

settled, and does not turn back upon itself, or upon the work when it ought to rest. I therefore find myself every way stronger to labour, and my labour grows in interest daily. I have been seeking more and more of the Spirit's accompanying strength in my ministry, and have not sought in vain, but have had blessed times in preaching both in Tamil and English. I find I cannot have the power on the Sunday, without having it all the week, and so I strive to walk in the Spirit."

"*December 11th.* In my own work the only novel features are the opening of a new preaching place in a bazaar, where we get a capital congregation; and secondly, the attendance of a goodly number of English officers and their ladies at our English service in the chapel. For the truth's sake, I should like this latter feature to continue,—not for my own sake, for the officers are a very difficult class to deal with. There are several pious officers here, with whom we are now acquaintances, but hope to become friends. Amongst them is the Brigadier, whose lady and two daughters came out recently from England. We are going to tea with them to-morrow."

"*December 17th.* As I could get no help in holding a missionary meeting, I delivered a lecture in the Public Rooms on 'Christian Missions in South India.' The General and Brigadier were both present, with many others who have liberally contributed to the Mission funds during the year. With especial reference to them, I gave an account of the work going on in Trichinopoly, and of the objects upon which their liberality had been expended."

"*December 27th.* Preached in Tamil upon the con-

tempt of God's goodness, from Rom. ii. 4. The same sermon in English, a fortnight before, was blessed to the awakening of one of my hearers, who, I trust, is now earnestly seeking salvation. This day many were deeply moved,—even to tears. Oh! for a heart-work amongst these native Christians."

"*December 31st.* Had a delightful watch-night service in English. Preached on the Barren Fig-Tree. A deeply solemn feeling seemed to prevail. Two hours afterwards started on our journey for Madras, and being mercifully protected by God, arrived there in safety on Saturday, January 9th."

The District Meeting was unusually protracted. The Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins had been appointed the chairman and general superintendent, and had intended to reach Madras in December, but an accident delayed the steamer in which he sailed, and he did not arrive till the middle of January. Meanwhile the District Meeting had been begun under the chairmanship of the Rev. Thomas Hodson. Mr. Jenkins was greeted with delight. He brought the welcome news that interest at home had been greatly quickened in Indian Missions, and that the ranks were to be at once recruited. One young minister, the Rev. Henry Andrew, had indeed already arrived in the same vessel with Mrs. Simpson; but his health had proved unequal to the climate of Madras, and it had been thought advisable to transfer him to Bangalore. After a few months there he returned home, but was soon called to his reward. It was now announced that five additional missionaries might soon be expected, and it was resolved accordingly to divide Madras into two Circuits, and to occupy Tiruvarur. Mr. Simpson's hands were also to be

strengthened at Trichinopoly by the appointment, as his colleague, of Mr. George Hobday, now received as an assistant missionary. As always in Madras, Mr. Simpson was in great request for public services of various kinds, but he laments that he did not find his visit spiritually profitable. "Habits of prayer and seclusion are the sheet-anchor of piety, and weeks of dissipating engagements make the anchor shift ground."

His Journal on his way home contains notes of Bible study, and a record of interesting conversations and efforts to spread the Gospel by the way, and concludes with the remark: "The little incidents of the journey have reminded me much of our Saviour's travels. What good He did by the wayside! Was it not in reference to this it was said of Him, 'He went about doing good'? I wish to copy His example more fully in this and in every respect."

On arriving at Trichinopoly, Mr. Simpson gave up his house in the Fort to his new colleague, the Rev. George Hobday, and removed with his own family to a house midway between the Fort and the cantonment. He was thus further from the Anglo-Tamil school, but nearer the centre of his pastoral work, both English and Tamil. "Our new house is better built and better looking than the last, and has attached to it a large garden and compound. We enjoy much a walk on the fine flat roof in the cool of the evening; and I am just now building on this roof a leaf-room, to be used as a bedroom during the hot season. The only materials are bamboos and palmyra leaves, and the cost will be about 10 rupees. A comfortable and refreshing night's rest is beyond all price in this country."

Hitherto Mr. Simpson had attempted to teach six

hours daily in the school, but had found that this trenched too much upon other equally important, and to him, perhaps, more congenial duties. He was glad, therefore, for Mr. Hobday to relieve him of half the teaching, and the time thus saved he eagerly devoted to preaching and evangelistic work. Still he continued to labour personally in the school, for a longer or shorter time daily, during the next two years. But the school was less frequently mentioned in correspondence or in diary, and, it would seem, no longer held the foremost place in his mind and heart.

On March 11th, he writes: "I am much relieved by the presence of a colleague. Mr. Hobday takes a share in all my work. On Monday mornings, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, I am at school; and he on Monday afternoons, Wednesdays and Fridays. We go together to preach nearly every morning in the week. One reads, the other preaches."

Then follows a story, which one can imagine Mr. Simpson telling with a humorous twinkle of the eye, of how Deonis, colporteur and local preacher, provided himself with a sermon, and some very true remarks on the subjects most suitable in preaching to the heathen. "On Sunday morning I preached in Tamil to our own people on, 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' I showed the folly of false methods of seeking heaven,—religious observances, penance, the merit of charity, the false doctrine of the Papists, etc.,—and then opened the good way. In the afternoon, Deonis, the colporteur, went with me to hold service under the shadow of a large tree. I read in a loud, clear voice a chapter in one of the Gospels, and the people having gathered, Deonis preached to them—

my sermon of the morning! Just when he was warmly denouncing the Hindu doctrine of penance, up came a Sunnyassee, or devotee, all odorous with the merits of mortification, in his yellow robes—or rags rather, with his brass begging vessel, shaggy hair, and a person bearing marks of his deity. He seemed to feel the attack, and was about to reply, when some one in the crowd pulled him back, and advised him to hold his peace. Many of my English school-boys were present, and they told me next day that, if I had not been there, the people would have stoned my zealous friend. My own opinion as to the proper subjects for the preaching of missionaries, is that our onsets on the popular creed should be sparing, and especially conducted in a right spirit, and that the staple of our communication should be a ‘testimony,’ or declaration, concerning the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, and the results thereof. The truth, under the Divine blessing, will of itself dispossess error.”

But however anxious an open air preacher may be to avoid public discussion, there are times when it will be forced upon him, and when he must be prepared to meet all opponents. The next entries in the Journal tell of controversy first with a Mohammedan, and subsequently with a notable Brahmin. In the latter case the discussion assumed a formal character, and was continued for several evenings. It excited great interest at the time in Trichinopoly, and, there is reason to believe, was productive of good results. We give the account in full, though not altogether endorsing some of the positions taken by the missionary controversialists.

“*Tuesday, March 16th.* This morning I preached in front of our Tamil school on, ‘God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.’ I had a capital congregation, and great liberty. A Mohammedan rose in the crowd and began asking many questions. Would I show a short way for salvation from sin? Were there many gods, or only one? Had we four Vethams, as the Hindus? If not, how many? I replied, if he wanted me to answer all his questions at once he would be disappointed. I would not undertake to do so. But I would begin with the first. I then related the Christian doctrine of the atonement, with the method of realizing its blessings by repentance and faith. In conclusion, I advised him to go home and to look at these subjects thoughtfully, and to think of his sins, and should sorrow for sin come, compare our plan with that of his Vetham (the Koran), and see the advantage. There the matter ended.”

“*Friday, 19th.* Heard that my Tuesday’s sermon was followed by a singular circumstance. The following day the child of my Mohammedan opponent died, and the superstitious people had made this event in some way a consequent of my advice that he should go home and think of his sins. Heard also a rumour that a famous Brahmin disputant, anxious to try his hand against Christianity, intends to meet us for discussion on Sunday next.”

“*Sunday, 21st.* About half-past three this afternoon I set off for our Tamil school, and found the street crowded with people. They pressed into the school-room after me, and I had very great liberty and power in speaking from the words, ‘Christ must needs have suffered, etc.’ Before I had begun my address the

young Brahmin arrived, and, with plenty of assurance, took his seat on a chair in front of me. He interrupted me, but I told him to wait to the end of the sermon and he should have his say. Brother Hobday was there, and stepped forward to carry on the discussion. The Brahmin asked, 'For whom did Christ die?' Hobday replied, 'For all men; but none are saved except those who believe.' In support of this he quoted John iii. 16. The Brahmin, wishing a charitable compromise in his own favour, asked, 'To you, who believe,—what will come?' Answer, 'Eternal life.' 'To us, Hindus and Mohammedans, all of whom do not know your Scriptures, and do not believe them,—what will come?' Answer, 'Woe!' The subtle question was turned by a plain answer, and I prayed fervently that the purport of the answer might sink deeply into many hearts. Then followed a shower of questions: 'Was there not one above Christ when He was dying? What was the difference between our Trinity and their Triad?' etc. But our time was gone, and we were obliged to leave for the English service. We proposed to the Brahmin, if he were not satisfied, to have a regular and systematic discussion of matters. He asked five nights, and we agreed to commence on Tuesday in the Tamil school. He selected the subject of the Creation."

"*Tuesday, 23rd.* Went down to our Tamil school, and found the approaches to the building crowded as well as the school itself. To secure more room it was agreed to adjourn to the English school, and to meet to-morrow night."

"*Wednesday, 24th.* This evening our discussion commenced. Our English school is held in a quadrangle

Porches form the four sides, and the centre is open to the sky. The people filled the porches and squatted in close ranks in the square. At a moderate estimate there were 600 present. Our opponent took his place with his friends on one side of the square. Mr. Hobday and myself were on the other. During the day I had received a note from the Brahmin, stating his unwillingness to come unless permission was obtained from the Collector. I replied that I could not alter my word; that the Collector had nothing to do with any meeting I might hold on premises occupied by myself; and that, in case of tumults, I alone should be responsible. I commenced the discussion by giving an account of the Creation as contained in the first chapter of Genesis, explaining such parts as I thought liable to be misunderstood by a heathen audience. The Brahmin in reply spoke of his master's fame and his own as champions of Vethantism, and of the laurels he had won in Madras, Combaconum, and elsewhere. He then spoke of the religions of the Hindus, among which he included Mohammedanism, and of the missionaries as having come to deceive the people. To this rambling address Mr. Hobday answered that he could not enter upon anything but the subject agreed upon; that he wondered Mohammedanism should be reckoned a Hindu religion; but that, apart from all questions of sects, he wished the subject of Creation to be fairly considered. The discussion terminated in our favour, our opponent yielding his assent."

"On the Friday the subject of 'Idolatry' was discussed. Our opponent did not commit himself to a definition, so in my reply I dealt with popular views

of idolatry. At the conclusion, the Brahmin expressed unwillingness to resume the same subject another evening, but selected for discussion, 'The Resurrection of Christ on the third day.'

"*Monday, 29th.* Just as I was starting for the discussion, I received a note to say that Mrs. Martin was in a dying state, and wished to see me. I accordingly sent word to Brother Hobday to commence. I found poor Mrs. Martin very weak and exhausted, but calm in her mind. Having read and prayed with her, I made haste down to the school, and found the assembly just breaking up in confusion. The Brahmin had refused to enter upon the subject determined upon, and had wished to discuss instead, 'Christ's last words upon the cross;' Mr. Hobday had declined the proposed change. Confusion was the result, and the meeting broke up."

"*Tuesday, 30th March.* Learned on good authority that the Brahmin's proceedings last night were just a trick to get quietly out of a discussion in which he felt himself hard pressed, and that the people generally understood it so. One of our young men procured a whole Tamil Bible, that from it he might be able to meet objections and inquiries which are now frequent among the people. Poor Mrs. Martin died last night, and was interred to-day."

A few weeks later, Mr. Simpson writes: "A day or two ago the young man who bought the Bible came to me privately with a long list of questions about Christianity. In conversation with a Mohammedan he had acknowledged Christianity to be the best form of religion he had yet seen. The other objected, hence the list of questions. The last one

indicated his own state of mind: 'You have often told us, sir, that Christ will not accept a man for being a Christian only in name; how will it be, sir, with a man who is nominally a heathen, but in reality a Christian?' I showed the impossibility of such a character; but, ah! if a favourable answer could be returned to such a query, not only he, but thousands of Hindus would be Christians to-morrow."

"*Wednesday, June 23rd.* This morning had a conversation with a Roman Catholic native woman who desires to join our Society. She has been influenced by the example and exhortations of her fellow-servants, who are members. I spoke to her on the difference between us and the Papists, especially in reference to confession and forgiveness. I pointed her to Jesus only. In the evening, in company with my wife, I paid one or two pastoral visits. We have now in our Tamil congregation two very decent native women married to English soldiers. We called to see them, and found their husbands in. I read a portion of Scripture in Tamil, and explained it to the women, and then prayed. That done, I repeated all in English for the benefit of the husbands. I trust God blessed the Word, for both the men spoke very feelingly of their desire to lead a new life. Glory be to our Master for the hopeful state of the work generally."

The Sepoy revolt in the North led necessarily to a large increase in the number of English soldiers throughout India, and in this increase Trichinopoly, then the headquarters of the southern division of the Madras army, had its share. An enlarged field of usefulness was thus presented to Mr. Simpson, and he entered upon it with characteristic zeal. His quick

sympathy, his hearty manner, his robust common-sense, and his intellectual brightness and force,—qualities which had made him popular on board ship,—availed him equally in the army; and he was always a favourite both with officers and men. He visited the men in the barrack-room and hospital, and they delighted to attend his preaching. His friendship, meanwhile, was courted by officers of high rank. Nor did he labour in vain. Many were converted through his ministry, and though he had to mourn the instability of some of them, and though his work was interrupted by the very frequent removals of the men, yet during the whole of his term at Trichinopoly the English congregation and Society continued to increase, and afforded him much joy.

It will be well to give a few illustrations :

“*June* 1858. Trichinopoly is now very unlike what it was when I first knew it. Then it was a luxury to see a white face. There were not more than a score of officers in the cantonment. Now the whole of the Company’s 2nd Light Infantry are here, above 700 strong; and in addition all the officers of the native regiments; so the place is lively enough. About seventy or eighty men attend the chapel. It is very nice to see them in their neat white uniforms listening attentively to the Word of God, and, after service, falling in rank to march to their barracks. I have now begun a week-evening service, and nearly forty men attend of their own free will. Two or three pious men have joined our Society, and I have frequent interviews with five or six inquirers. Many instances are very interesting. One man deserted at Tonghoo, in Burmah, fled to the woods, found his

way to the Karens ; and, lo ! he heard them singing Christian hymns and reading the Christian Scriptures. The circumstance affected him very deeply ; he returned to his regiment, was flogged, forsook the Roman Catholic religion, and is now in a very humble and earnest state of mind. Another left home when eleven years old, served in the Royal Navy off the Coast of Africa and in the West Indies, was in the Naval Brigade in the Crimean war, and stood to serve a six-gun battery until the fall of Sebastopol, and has now been in India two years ; yet is only nineteen. He entered our chapel by chance (to speak as we too often do), and was awakened.

“ *Sunday, June 20th.* At the English service in the evening the chapel was crowded. I preached on Jeremiah vi. 14. A gracious influence rested upon all. Of this I had been blessed with a foretaste in my private devotions.

“ *Monday, 21st.* Heard to-day that many last evening were deeply impressed, and that some new cases of awakening have occurred among the soldiers. Glory be to God ! Eleven have already joined in Society, and we are looking for still greater things.”

At this point the story of work is interwoven with incidents of domestic interest. On July 1st Mr. Simpson records, with much Christian simplicity and gratitude, the birth of his firstborn, and then adds : “ In the evening I had a precious time in preaching to the soldiers on Hebrews x. 38—‘ The just shall live by faith.’ ” The next morning trouble came. Some evil-disposed person had taken advantage of the household confusion of the previous day to steal the missionary’s salary for the quarter, and money

for payment of agents, which he had only just received. The loss caused embarrassment for a time, but only a slight shadow was allowed to appear on the usually bright pages of his Journal. "I am most distressed by the suspicions resting upon my own people, whom I have ever trusted and treated kindly."

A month later occurs a record of a visit paid by the missionary and his family to the home of one of the principal officers of the station. "The Brigadier, Colonel Wahab, has always been a good friend, and his wife and daughters are pious, unassuming, and courteous. They are Scotch people, frequent our chapel, and in future intend to communicate with us." Another evening was spent at the house of the General commanding the station. "At the General's request I read and exhorted on, 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.'" Such gatherings of officers, not merely for social intercourse, but for spiritual converse and prayer, were, at this time, frequent at Trichinopoly, as indeed in many other places in India; and often it appeared that the most devout were, in the hour of peril, the bravest of the brave. The existence of so much true piety in the army in India is no small testimony to the character and usefulness of the missionaries of various Churches.

The story goes on: "Our chapel is now very full indeed, a great many soldiers attend, and from them, within the past few months, we have gathered a nice Society. One young man was a Sunday scholar, and a member at Queen Street. Being uncomfortable with the people with whom he was placed in business, he enlisted. He has behaved well, and though not three

years in the service, has received his stripe for promotion. He came to chapel one Thursday evening when I preached on, 'Enoch walked with God.' His training, his early experience of piety, his folly,—all flashed before him. He came to me the next day in a state of deepest penitence. I spoke and prayed with him, and a day or two after he obtained the sense of the forgiveness of his sins. Some of his mother's letters he read to me. They were full of godly counsel. As they referred chiefly to his conversion, he had left them unanswered for nine months, because he could not say that this, the chief desire of his mother's heart, was fulfilled. He has now written to her. Another case is that of an Irishman, who had never opened his Bible, and had been a dissipated and violent man. He is married to a native woman, a member of our Tamil congregation. I went to visit her, and so met with him. He sought the Lord, and he now delights us by his humble and earnest piety."

"Mrs. Simpson has been to visit some of the soldiers' wives, and, I have no doubt, will find a wide field of usefulness among them. You would like to see some of our soldiers, simple, earnest, and shrewd; they remind me of the people in the old country, and are a great contrast to the apathetic and subtle Hindu. We have one fine fellow in the hospital; he has been there nine months with a broken thigh. I have hitherto visited him weekly, but now go twice a week."

There seemed at this time the prospect of an extensive revival, but a military congregation is subject to constant and sweeping change, and the evangelist

among soldiers must be prepared to see the fruit of his toil suddenly removed. Too often he has the distress of hearing that some of whom he had bright hopes have yielded to temptation on the march, or have done so after reaching their new station, where perhaps they have no longer the advantage of pastoral oversight. Such was again and again Mr. Simpson's experience.

"*February* 1859. Returning to Trichinopoly after being absent at the District Meeting, I was grieved to find that some of the English soldiers who had professed conversion, had turned aside, and that others had grown slack. Oh! the mischief of leaving a flock unprovided for even for a short time. I visited the men, reasoned and prayed with them, and on Sunday evening preached with liberty and with close personal application on 'Emotional Christianity' (Matt. xiii. 5, 6, and 20, 21)."

"*Sunday, September 26th.* We have lost seven members lately—all soldiers. They have gone with a portion of their regiment, 180 men in all, to Waltair, 700 miles north. I invited the Protestants of the two companies to attend a final sermon. They came in large numbers, and the chapel was crowded. I had great power in preaching from, 'I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing' (Deut. xxx. 19). I believe good was done. The few members we have left are doing their utmost to spread the savour of godliness in the barrack-room, and to bring their ungodly companions to Christ. We are hoping thus to fill up our vacancies."

Here is another and a very life-like picture, written

before the short-term system in the army had been developed: "On Saturday week, 260 men from the European regiment, who had claimed their discharge, left us to go to Arcot, and thence home. They left at three in the morning. I was up, and heard a loud clear voice cry, 'Hip, hip, hip,' and then a real old English 'Hurrah.' It was the last good-bye of the men to barracks and parade-ground. Many of them have not the slightest reason for claiming their discharge, nor the faintest idea what they will do when they get home. They are just home-sick, and hearing of the chance of getting home, rush to it, like school-boys to a holiday. Nearly all who were accustomed to attend our chapel are gone."

The work, however, was again and again begun by God's blessing, and prospered; and so shortly before leaving Trichinopoly, Mr. Simpson was able to write of it with at least as great satisfaction as at any previous time.

"*April* 1860. I think we have the promise of great things from the Lord in our English congregation. There were the signs of a movement before we left for the District Meeting; but we were not prepared for the success which greeted our return. The chapel is filled to the doors every Sunday. A plan has been drawn up for doubling the number of sittings, and for putting the chapel in thorough repair. The requisite funds are, within a little, already raised. A meeting for united prayer, and for reading the holy Scriptures, is held under our direction every Thursday evening at the house of the Brigade-Major; and this has been and continues to be a great blessing to Christians of every name. A Sunday School has been commenced

in a large room near the European barracks. Seventy children are in attendance; and it is a great pleasure to us to be the means, in conjunction with many earnest Christian men, of bringing home Divine truth to the minds and consciences of the children of our fellow-countrymen. We have also a prayer-meeting every Saturday evening. Rev. Abraham S. White has taken charge of the soldiers' class, and two or three men have presented themselves for membership; the first-fruits, we trust, of a large ingathering from the second European regiment. Several Christian officers, men of the stamp of Hedley Vicars, are the life of this movement. The revival tidings have reached us periodically through the *Watchman*, *Evangelical Christendom*, and the *News of the Churches*; our prayers and faith have been quickened, and we are joining in the common cry, 'Come, Lord Jesus!' As there are two of us, we do not find the English services a hindrance to us in our native work; they are rather the opposite; here we get fresh feeling from the fellowship of like-minded brethren. Should you send an army missionary out to this Presidency, we can find him abundance of work, and plenty of helpers on this station."

V.

TRICHINOPOLY.

1859, 1860.

DURING the last two years of Mr. Simpson's term in Trichinopoly, he had associated with him on that station an English colleague : in 1859, the Rev. William R. C. Cockill ; and in 1860, the Rev. Abraham S. White, and a native minister, the Rev. Elias Gloria. Increased zeal had been awakened at home on behalf of Indian Missions, and, as the result, more men and larger funds were available. Hence Mr. Simpson was able to give greater attention to vernacular preaching, and to various plans of aggressive work.

The Mutiny was now a thing of the past, and the country had been brought under the direct authority of the British Crown. There was still, however, among the native population much social and religious excitement, and in several places in the South this found expression in opposition to missionary effort and to Christian practices. "Two or three circumstances which have happened recently, seem to indicate an unfavourable change in public feeling towards Mission work. In Tinnevelly, the other day, the caste heathen people opposed the passage of a corpse along

the public road; a mob gathered, violence ensued, and ultimately the Sepoys were called out, and several persons shot before the tumult could be quelled. Again, in Nagercoil, in Travancore, the heathen have burned down the London Mission chapel, and attempted to burn the Mission house. The cause is said to be that the native Christian women had given offence by daring to cover the upper part of their persons with their cloths, a privilege confined to Hindus of high caste! Nor is this all. In various parts of the country people have shown opposition, and even violence, to the missionaries. The occasion is supposed to lie in the wording of the Queen's Proclamation. One paragraph refers to religious toleration, and the concluding sentence threatens all who interfere with the religion of the people with Her Majesty's most severe indignation. An Englishman sees nothing in the paragraph but skill in hitting the line of religious impartiality on the part of the State; but a Tamil man affects to find in it a royal warrant of protection for every temple shrine, for every idol, and for every article in the creed of his country. This is an unlooked-for issue to the much-talked-of change from the Company to the Crown."

The disturbances thus alluded to reached, on one occasion, the adjoining Province of Madura, but the missionaries in Trichinopoly pursued their work without interruption.

At the beginning of 1859 an important change was made with reference to the Anglo-Vernacular School. Hitherto it had been held, as we have seen, in a building within the Fort, but to avoid difficulties

with a Mohammedan landlord, and to effect a saving of missionary labour, Mr. Simpson resolved to remove it to the neighbourhood of his own house at Beemanaiakam Paliam. "I am going to build a school-room on our compound; just a pillar or two, a bamboo roof, and a thatch of leaves. We need nothing more in this kind climate. This will be a great saving of time and trouble, as the building hitherto occupied is two miles from my house, and such a journey twice a day would be too much for me to attempt another year." The plan had certainly much in its favour, but an impartial chronicler must add it has not proved to the advantage of the Mission. The larger number of the scholars, and especially those of the more respectable classes, lived in the Fort, or in Siringam, and whatever distance the missionary saved had to be added to their walk. While the Wesleyan was the only English High School in the neighbourhood, this did not greatly interfere with the attendance; but when, a few years later, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel opened a Mission school in the very spot we had left, their school at once attracted a large attendance, and it has since taken rank among the first colleges in South India; while the Wesleyan school, in a less central locality, and surrounded by a low caste population, has fallen to a comparatively low grade. Several attempts have been made to repair the error, but without success. Gradually Mr. Simpson felt obliged by the pressure of other duties to diminish the number of hours he gave to the school, and he was glad, at the beginning of 1860, to transfer the personal charge of it entirely to an efficient English lay teacher.

Meanwhile, with increasing diligence, he sought to evangelize the adult population. His letters best describe his work, and indicate that in many of the methods adopted he was largely indebted to the missionaries of other Churches, especially to those of the American Mission in Madura. These brethren were frequently his very welcome guests when passing through Trichinopoly, and, in return, he received the greatest kindness from them when visiting their stations.

“*March* 1859. I am going to build three preaching places in the most busy spots I can find. Three pillars at the side support a roof of bamboos; when we wish to occupy the place this roof is raised by props, and let down by removing the props when our little discourse is over. They will cost about £1 each. If during the year I refer to preaching to the heathen, you must imagine me, Testament in hand, standing in one of these spots; thirty or forty natives around; time, half-past six in the morning.

“Then as to houses for Christian services in the evenings, you will remember that two years ago I made an attempt at a series of services like those we used to have in the cottages in Leeds in the winter. I was then obliged to give up the scheme, being left alone. Now, our staff being strengthened, I have revived the project. I have got the promise of Christian houses for five nights in the week; the owners having undertaken to invite their heathen neighbours to the services; and I trust God will give His blessing to our effort.

“ We are also purposing to make regular village tours throughout the surrounding country. Many a bright morning and cool evening we hope to stand and preach beneath the shade of the banyan or tamarind tree, and to have Brahmins and men of every other caste for our auditors, while daily we sow the soil with tracts and Scriptures. At our District Meeting this was one of the projects we discussed and resolved upon. We have always had a mind to this work, but have had neither men nor time. These difficulties are now removed, so far as Trichinopoly is concerned. I have made arrangements for our first tour to commence on the 26th of next month. Gloria will go with me, and we shall be away about a week. I intend to repeat such a tour every two months, but Mr. Cockill and Gloria will go between. I have set Mr. Cockill entirely at liberty from school work; he preaches only once a month in English, and so has all his time for the language. Gloria, our native brother, is full of zeal on entering his new station. He has nothing to do but preach, and has room both for his talent and zeal. Talent he certainly has. He is a very eloquent speaker in his own tongue. There has never been an ordained native minister in Trichinopoly before, so that his advent has made quite a stir; I do fervently pray that we may see fruit. I often think of my first year here: no colleague; no catechist: all alone, with school work, English work, Tamil work—all on my hands. But God has done great things for me, and I am very thankful.”

“ *March 14th.* I now preach four or five times a week in Tamil; and I sometimes think you would wonder to see your brother seated in the deep shadow

of overhanging foliage, holding forth in Tamil to a group of black faces. Of late our congregations in the streets have been very good. The other day I went to Puttoor, a large suburb, which we have taken up as a regular preaching place. Gloria went with me. We stood by three large trees, which sheltered us from the slanting and dazzling rays of the morning sun. At 6.30 A.M. there are always many people in the streets. Respectable men are sitting upon their pials, or little verandahs, cleaning their teeth; women are ornamenting the door-step with patterns drawn in chalk, or are going to and coming from the well, often in a long line, chattering gossip; labourers are going leisurely to their work, with their instruments over their shoulders; country people are coming in with straw and fruit for sale. A rest in India is never looked upon as lost time; so the teeth cleaner will stand and listen, rubbing away the while with his bit of stick; the woman will listen, resting her chatty upon her hip; the labourer is not particular to a few minutes, and the countryman puts down his bundle of straw, pops into his mouth a modicum of betel-nut and lime, and chews and hearkens. Thus on the day in question people were hanging about. I had a few minutes' talk with two young men in English, just come from Madras, pupils of the Scottish Mission School there; they kindly sent a chair across the road for me to sit upon. I then read 1 Timothy ii., and Gloria preached a capital sermon on, 'There is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus.' Then I gave away a few tracts, each claimant being required to read a sentence to prove the propriety of his claim. Imagine such a scene as

this 'every day of the week in one part or other of this large town, and you will have a good idea of our morning street preachings to the heathen."

"Our cottage services too are becoming very interesting, and I hope will be made a means of great good. We hold these services in the evening. Picture a mud-built room without windows, or with only a shabby apology for one, filled by twenty or thirty persons, and two or more lamps burning! Such is generally the place we occupy. Mats are spread on the floor for the audience, which consists at first of the father, his wife and family; a neighbour hears the sound, opens the door, peeps, and sits down; another and another follow, and so a little congregation is composed of Protestants, Roman Catholics, and heathens—men, women, and children. A Testament is put into the hand of every one who can read. The missionary sits on the mat, cross-legged, with the rest, or, if the house can afford a chair, he occupies it. The lamp is an essential article in our little assemblies, and an odd article it frequently is. A rude, short pillar of wood with a flat top, that is the standard; on this a lump of cow-dung (a clean thing in India) is stuck, and on this the oil vessel, a little pot saucer of red clay, with a cotton wick swimming in the oil; a lamp complete with fittings, wick, and oil, and costing less than twopence altogether. Sometimes we fare better. For instance, last night I had a chair, a table, and a beautiful reading-lamp with shaded globe. But then the proprietor of the house was the Brigadier's butler, old John, with a large and fine family; and the lamp he had bought twenty years ago at an auction for seven rupees. At these little meetings we are going through

the Gospel history ; *for doctrine and instruction distil most easily into the minds of this people through the pores of narration or parable.* Each person reads a verse in the portion selected ; this I explain, and then endeavour to apply the lessons suggested in as plain and interesting a manner as I can. Imagine such a scene as this, and you will have a good conception of our employments in the evenings of the week."

In accordance with the plan sketched above, at the end of March, Mr. Simpson, accompanied by his native colleague, started on a week's tour along the beautiful valley of the Cavery to the west of Trichinopoly. They travelled by bullock cart, and the first night found shelter under the roof of a Mohammedan rest-house. Afterwards they several times encamped in a mango grove, or under the shadow of a great banyan, overarching the road. Evening and morning they preached in the villages, and distributed Gospels and tracts among those who could read. Sometimes, as among the poor Pallars, they met with great ignorance and obtuseness ; sometimes with a subtle pantheism ; sometimes with hot opposition. At several places the people had never seen a missionary before, or received a tract. The furthest point visited was Karur, an important town, forty-five miles from Trichinopoly, with five or six thousand inhabitants, and an ancient, and once fortified, temple. Here the travellers rested in the bungalow, and had large congregations in the bazaar, on the bridge, and under the shadow of the idol car. Many young men came to them to the bungalow for conversation and for books.

The experience of this tour greatly impressed Mr.

Simpson. He realized more than he had done before the immense extent of the field around him, and resolved to make every effort for the appointment of a missionary to Karur. Such appointment was made three years later, and now what was "the Travellers' Bungalow" is the home of the Rev. Henry and Mrs. Little, and almost close to the ancient temple gate is the chapel and school of "the Children's Home," the outcome of efforts for the rescue of boys and girls orphaned by the terrible famine. But even now the villages stretching between Trichinopoly and Karur, including the town of Manivassi, are without any resident Mission agent, and can hear the Gospel only from an occasional passer-by. Resting at Manivassi on his return journey, Mr. Simpson wrote in his Journal: "In my devotions this morning I have read Mr. Wesley's triumphant hymn, 231. How he rejoices in fruit gathered for God during his preaching tours :

" " With my pastoral crook I went over the brook ;
And, behold, I am spread into bands."

Would that I could say the same in returning to my home ! Yet I share his determination :

" " Be they many or few, my days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him."

Similar efforts were repeated during the year, and other plans developed : one was the formation of a training class for subordinate agents ; another, the establishment of a girls' school, of which Mrs. Simpson took special charge.

Mr. Simpson's Journal during the year tells of several inquirers after the truth, but not of decided

conversions. The work of sowing had still to be done in faith. The following narrative, with which the record of the year closes, indicates, however, that there was much to encourage in the state both of the English and the native Church.

“Before leaving Trichinopoly for the District Meeting, I preached two sermons in English for the Society, and held a missionary meeting. Two speakers were all I could muster, myself being one. I wish some of those who inconsiderately abuse the servants of the old Company could have seen my congregation, perhaps 150 persons, that night. The judge in the chair, the general, four doctors, one major, two captains, and others; all servants of the old Company; most of them true servants of God; all hearty sympathizers and liberal contributors. I gave them a long speech on the history of Wesleyan Missions.

“The week before, we had held the first Tamil missionary anniversary. No such thing had been known before. Gloria preached the sermon to a very good congregation of native Christians; and we had a very good gathering at the meeting. All the speaking was in Tamil, the way being opened by your Indian boy, who took the people in a ship to the Mission stations of our Society. Nothing has pleased me so much for a long time as the success of this effort to awaken missionary zeal in our native Church.”

The District Meeting of January 1860 was one of special interest. New life was stirring both at home and in the Mission field. The hearts of the brethren were full of zeal and hope, and much time was occupied in organizing plans of aggression. Mr. Simpson took a foremost part in this work; also in a

conversation upon open air preaching to the heathen, and upon the best methods of securing sheaves from this free scattering of Gospel seed. It was resolved to attempt the formation in each Circuit of catechumen classes, for the systematic teaching of elementary truth; such classes would be recruited mainly from the lower castes. It was also determined to occupy the town of Tiruvarur, near Negapatam, as a new station; and it is evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Simpson was held by his brethren for zeal and practical ability, that though continuing to reside at Trichinopoly, sixty-five miles away, he was asked frequently to visit Tiruvarur, and to make there all preparatory arrangements. Another significant proposal was to hold triennially a united meeting of the Wesleyan missionaries in the Madras and Mysore districts. For this was substituted the annual interchange of a deputation between the two District Meetings; but the proposal was the germ from which has since sprung the idea of a Wesleyan Conference for Continental India and Ceylon.

The season was also memorable for the drawing nearer together of the various Churches in India. An invitation from the Presbyterians in Loodiana, in the far North-West, to Christians throughout the world to observe the first week of the new year as a period of united prayer for Missions, appeared to have been issued at a most favourable moment, and was very generally responded to. In Madras the response was eager and enthusiastic. Convocations for penitent confession, and for prayer and thanksgiving, were held in the large and beautiful St. Andrew's Kirk, and were attended by all classes of the Christian com-

munity. "They were very crowded and very profitable services,—chaplains and missionaries, High and Low Churchmen, Dissenters and Methodists, Presbyterians and Lutherans, all heartily took part in the proceedings. This is an unexpected and most happy state of things, and we are looking for great results in the Church and among the heathen."

Early in the year news came that, almost contemporaneously with this season of united prayer, an extensive and blessed revival had occurred at home, especially in Wales and Ireland, and also in America. The tidings awakened fresh hope and confidence in the heart of every missionary, and stimulated to more zealous effort. It is well to note that at this crisis Mr. Simpson increased the number of services on his station both in English and Tamil. He wrote: "We are expecting a great revival here, and I trust God is preparing my colleagues and myself to be 'vessels of honour, fit for the Master's use,' in 'the day of His power.'" Again, on March 24th: "I am very happy in my work now. For the first time since I came to India, I am free from school duty. I am out therefore with Gloria, my native colleague, five mornings in the week, preaching in school-rooms, street corners, and groves the unsearchable riches of Christ. I begin to think I shall realize a dream I had when I first came to the country, that I would never be satisfied until I could preach with as much freedom and force in Tamil as in my own tongue."

"The news of the great revival is indeed refreshing. Many interesting accounts are contained in *Evangelical Christendom*. Last Sunday I preached to our Tamil Christians on, 'Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until

ye be endued with power from on high ;' and, to explain the subject, translated some of these accounts. The people were much interested, and, I believe, the 'power from on high' was really with us. From the Tamil service I went to the military hospital, and expounded the occurrences of Pentecost to about thirteen sick men, and read to them also from *Evangelical Christendom*. A Welshman came to me afterwards, and said it was the first news he had heard from Wales for ten years, and that these stirring events were going on near his native place. In the afternoon I attended the English Sunday School. Have never met children of the same age of equal intelligence. We already have the beginning of a revival.

"When I came here, a little more than three years ago, we had a congregation of 18 ; we now number 120 ; the chapel is crowded to the door, and we are about to double the number of sittings. But I am expecting the power to pass through and beyond the narrow circle of the Christian Church into the mass of the heathen. They have now much knowledge ; they need power. If God's people keep on praying, the power will come. Oh, what a reward to see this great valley of dry bones shaking with life !"

In accordance with the instructions of the District Meeting, Mr. Simpson had already broken ground at Tiruvarur. He had purchased a light spring-cart, covered with bamboo matting. It was drawn over the sandy roads by bullocks at the rate of two and a half or sometimes three miles an hour. In this primitive conveyance the missionary journeyed with his wife and little children and servant, halting at the travellers' bungalows, or at such other spots as might afford

the best accommodation. He preferred this mode of travelling, both for economy and because it brought him into close contact with the people. Each halting place afforded opportunity for conversation with the villagers or for a sermon. The journey had to be repeated two or three times during the year; but after the first occasion Mr. Simpson went alone. We cull from the Journal two or three illustrations of native and missionary life, as seen during these tours.

“Near Vellam I was wondering how much longer I could bear thirst, when we came to a *pandal* or shed, kept by a Telugu man. He promptly laid his whole stores at my disposal: hot water, cold water, curds, and boiled rice. I troubled him for three glasses of water, and rewarded him with *two annas*. This is not expected. The villagers club together, build the *pandal*, furnish the supplies, give freely to all travellers, and expect nothing in return but an item to their credit in their running account with the Swami. For such good works I blame them not; and when the land is Christian, I hope these things will not be ‘left undone,’ but done better.”

“Last night I ‘took mine ease in mine inn,’ the inn being a chuttram, with its deep verandah, and my particular portion being as many square feet as my railway rug covered. On this I contrived to arrange myself, my tea-service, my lamp, my Bible, and writing-desk and Journal. A formidable array of bandies were picketed all round, and the munching of bullocks, the clatter of rice chatties, the loud cries of the carters, one to another, seemed variations to the unceasing flow of gossip all around me. I thought of the inn at Bethlehem, and of Him who was cradled

in the straw. By and bye the bazaar men shut up their shops ; the bullocks lay motionless by the shafts ; gossip grew still, a woman's voice being the last heard ; and all was silent, save now and then the bark of a dog, or the puling cry of an infant, trying to rouse its fast-sleeping mother. I lay me down in my bandy on a bed of straw, and slept as soundly as though I had been lodged in a palace."

Near Tanjore the works of the South India Railway were in progress, under the direction of an English surveyor, who, with his wife and daughter, a bonnie girl of six or seven, were living in a little hut built of bamboos and palmyra leaves. "Around them crowds of men, Kallens, Pariahs, Pallars, caste men and out-castes, all at work building huge brick-kilns, burning lime, chopping firewood, treading clay. I rejoiced to reflect how these worldly schemes of gain—the road, railway, and canal—are all helping the great cause, breaking down social barriers, awakening intelligence and independence: 'The earth helpeth the woman.' And amid the scene of throng—a symbol of the change at work—a grim old temple stands in ruins!"

It was the season of the year at which the Cavery fills its broad banks,—being fed by the mountain torrents of what in the hills far to the North-West is the rainy season. Mr. Simpson describes the scene: "At dusk we came to a branch of the Cavery, and to our surprise found it full. So the water has at last come down, and many a broad mile of country will rejoice at the fertilizing fulness of this splendid river. I bathed in its tepid waters, and was much refreshed. Before reaching Tiruvarur we had got ahead of the water, but meeting the Tahsildar (native magistrate),

I told him it was coming down. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'that is good news!' He told his people, and at once they began talking of some sluices that were closed, but must forthwith be opened. How practical his comment upon the passage, 'Everything shall live whither the river cometh.'"

Mr. Simpson's first visit to Tiruvarur was mainly one of observation. He spent three days searching from morning till evening for a suitable site for a school and Mission house, but without success. Various sites were pointed out to him, and fair words were used in abundance; but whenever it came to closing a bargain, some difficulty or other was found to intervene. There was little doubt that strong Brahminical influence was being used to bar the door against missionary aggression. At length, during a visit in June, Mr. Simpson was partially successful; and it is noteworthy that the surroundings of the first property held by the Mission in Tiruvarur were as symbolical of the decay of idolatry, as the report Mr. Simpson had given when entering the town, of the filling of the Cavery, was of "the river of the water of life."

"I took a building for our school-room, capable of being used as a preaching place also. It is situated opposite one of the temple gates. When we were there, five large idol cars were standing close by, all decked out in their finery, ready to convey the god round his domain: the huge cables lay for many a yard in the dust. But the sacred day had come and gone; there the cables lay—not a hand to touch them. Forced labour is now illegal, and not a man was found fond enough of Hinduism, or ambitious enough of merit, to pull the god along of free will!

This year the god has missed his outing for the first time since he was a god! The incident is the gossip of the countryside, and a cause of great offence to the Brahmins."

As to the suitability of Tiruvarur for a Mission station, Mr. Simpson reported: "The town does not of itself warrant the exclusive employment of a missionary, but the surrounding villages should at once be united with it into a Circuit and worked accordingly. It would then offer a most inviting sphere of labour. As for the school, I would form it on the model of a Government Taluk school. Two or three native teachers, well looked after, would, I think, suffice for the present."

About this time, Mr. Simpson was led, in part by conversation with his friend the Rev. Mr. Woolf, recently of the Tranquebar Mission, to give increased attention and sympathy to the people of the lower castes, especially in the villages, and to make special effort for their enlightenment. With this in view, he arranged a tour in April in the villages around Trichinopoly. A number of the people of low caste in that district, though very ignorant, are professedly Roman Catholics, and, as we shall see, Mr. Simpson was repeatedly brought into intercourse with them. The following is the story of his tour:—

"*Monday, April 2nd.* Leaving home very early, we reached Kundayampettah soon after nine. The glare during the day was very great, and no one called for tracts or conversation. At half-past four we made our way to the village. It contains, perhaps, 400 houses, and almost adjoining are the Pallar and Pariah hamlets. We passed by the long and lofty wall of a

temple dedicated to Siva, seeking a proper standing place, or the chance of a congregation, without success. At last we took our stand near a low caste village, where a good number of people were scattered about. They soon gathered at the sound of my voice, and I spoke to them for a little while on the Christian religion. My Tamil was too grammatical for their ears. The catechist then spoke on the nature of idolatry, and that subject ended as usual in a miscellaneous conversation. I was unwilling to give up without one more effort to point them to the cross; so I summoned to my aid all the idiomatic corruptions I could remember; broadened my enunciation as far as my mouth would admit, spoke in short sentences, and, by their silence and significant gestures, saw that I had succeeded in making them understand that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. We then went to the lower village, and found an intelligent and well-behaved audience, to whom I preached on the great commission; the catechist following with an address. The men and children closed round us; the women stood at a little distance without upper cloth,—as the Brahmins would like Christian women to appear,—and the catechist addressed them on our constant theme. These people speak a language so corrupt as to form quite a fresh study of Tamil; but I have some hope before the end of this tour of making myself intelligible to the lowest. In all the village not a person could read; and, if a school were established among them, they would fear to send their children, lest the *marasdar*, or landlord, should be angry. Our two congregations numbered together 250 people. I had a very profitable evening in conversation with the catechist and my ser-

vant, on faith and its effects, explaining to them Rom. v. 1-12. In my reading I came upon two most comforting passages: 'Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not' (Gal. vi. 9). 'That ye may know . . . what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power' (Ephes. i. 19).

"*Tuesday, 3rd.* As we were going to rest last night, two travellers came into the *mandabam*, one an old man on his way from Cuddalore to Trichinopoly to see his son. This morning, long before light, I overheard the catechist in conversation with him. The old man was a Vaishnava, but, through the teaching of some Hindu New Light, had become Sittantist, *i.e.* a pietist, careless of creeds and ceremonies, professing heart devotion only. He spoke correctly, and had evidently good acquaintance with Hindu sacred books, with the Koran, and also with our Scriptures. Thus he was acquainted with the Bible stories of Adam and Eve, and the fall; of the birth of Christ, and the flight into Egypt. He said the difficulty he had in believing, was owing to the godless lives of professing Christians. This led him to distrust all creeds, or to give to all an equal authority.

"We rose soon after dawn, and after a walk of two miles reached *Tiruvallasola*. I read and explained the account of the marriage in Cana to a congregation in the caste village. They seemed careless and conceited. One began a discussion on the omnipresence of God, 'Was He in that tree?' The catechist answered abruptly, 'He is in the hearts of those who love Him.'

“At the Pallar village we had immediately a very large crowd. Oh, how my heart pitied these poor out-castes. By the influence of caste, healthy, hearty men are forbidden to learn or to read; their women, by the same cause, prevented wearing an upper cloth; their children neglected, careless, wild. I think there is in them a good deal of moral fitness for the Gospel. I believe they are much the same as the people whom Christ pitied and sought. I pity them, and am moved to special effort on their behalf. I read and explained the incident of the widow's son at Nain, and succeeded in making myself understood. The catechist followed, and, with a good deal of feeling, preached the Gospel.

“In the evening, we went to a large village, divided into four parts: two occupied by the caste people, one by the Pariahs, and one by the Pallars. In the Pariah village there are two Roman Catholic chapels, belonging respectively to the Goa or Portuguese, and to the French priests. In one part of the village I spoke to a small congregation on the prodigal son; in another part, to a larger number of people, on, ‘No man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him.’ The catechist then expounded the New Birth. No one could be persuaded to take tract or book; all excusing themselves as being unable to read. The fact is they are afraid of the books, and think that if once they were to take them, then, whether willing or not, Christians they must be.

“In the evening, I spent an hour with my two fellow-travellers in reading Rom. viii. 15, 16, and the parallel passages. We were very happy in contemplating our inheritance, and realizing the earnest of it in our hearts.

“ *Wednesday, 4th.* This morning went into the Pallar village. Soon were surrounded by a large crowd, to whom I spoke as plainly as possible upon such points as these: All men are sinners ; none can cure this plague of sin but God ; God’s method of saving sinners is by Jesus Christ. Alas, all our hearers wanted was rice! A school they said would not prosper. They must go out themselves to work, and their children must feed the cattle. Only one man could read, and to him we gave a tract. We then went over to the Roman Catholic village of Pariahs. To them I dwelt upon the worship of the Virgin ; the multiplication of mediators ; the power of absolution, etc. The catechist related the history of the Saviour’s death, and spoke on His sacrifice of Himself, and on forgiveness through that Sacrifice.

“ At four we recommenced our journey, and in an hour reached Kunatur. I began reading and commenting upon a tract on the Atonement to a congregation of two, which, however, increased to perhaps twenty. After some discussion on my address, we presented our two friends with tracts : in a little while they brought them back, saying they had been told to do so, and were afraid to keep them.

“ Afterwards to *Killicuddy*, a large Pallar village ; not a man to be seen, and only a few women, and they ran away. In a Pariah village, however, near by, were several Roman Catholic families, and by them we were more hospitably received. The rice mortar was brought out for me to sit on, and a piece of wood for the catechist ; and we had a long, quiet conversation upon the Atonement, the worship of the Virgin and of the saints, image-worship, and absolution. A little

chapel of mud and thatch stood by, with a crucifix on a raised part at the end, intended for an altar, and a number of wooden candlesticks for penance candles. We asked for the 'chapel man,' but he was not to be found, so we left a copy of St. Mark's Gospel for him. What will become of it? Perhaps it will be concealed for fear, to be brought out when one capable of reading may pass that way, and so fulfil its mission. Perhaps it will be given in due course to the 'chapel man,' and thereby get the poor fellow a curse, a fine, and a penance; his mind, the while, may be roused to inquiry as to what the book is that has raised such a dust! Be that as it may, the seed is cast upon the waters.

" *Thursday, 5th.* Leaving Ootamachairy at five, we reached this place at six, and went straightway into the village. We had a respectable congregation of Tamil people, whom I, followed by the catechist, addressed on the Atonement. Found our way to the Pallar village. Many of the people were Roman Catholics, and they showed us their little mud chapel with great pride. On the tawdry altar I counted ten images, three of them of the Virgin. Here, in the presence of the crucifix, we addressed them on the several points of Roman Catholic error. A native doctor spoke very intelligently, holding by the authority of Scripture, but defending the use of images. We left with him a copy of Mark's Gospel. We afterwards addressed a similar company in a Pariah village. I am now writing under the shade of a beautiful mango tree, by the roadside. People are constantly passing, and several times we have been asked for tracts. The catechist is thoroughly at home, squatted under a tree,

and reciting verses and speaking of Christ to any of the passers-by who linger to converse with him.

“ We reached *Sickapallium* about three. The caste people are chiefly Telugus, but we found a good congregation of Pariahs at the door of their little chapel. They brought me a chair, and I had great freedom in pressing upon them salvation through the blood and intercession of Christ alone. A conversation followed. The chapel man took a Gospel portion. I reached home in the evening.”

These and similar experiences greatly intensified Mr. Simpson's sympathy with the agricultural low caste population, and led him to the opinion that greater attention should be given to them than had hitherto been done by the Wesleyan Mission. He writes :

“ I have had very serious reflections upon our work in this Province. 1. The case of these Hindus is dark indeed. On the side of the caste people, pride, conceit, philosophy falsely so called, and many a strong social barrier against the acceptance of a pure faith. On the side of the poorer classes, ignorance and fearful superstition. Yet I remember what God has wrought. I think of Tinnevelly and Madura, and I find comfort in the discharge of present duty.

“ 2. The lower classes in comparison with the caste people, the villages in comparison with the towns, have been too much neglected in our Mission.

“ 3. A proper village system would furnish us, as our brethren in Tinnevelly and Madura, with catechists and Christian school-masters,—an agency we very greatly need.

“ 4. We should have now, or soon, a training school for such agents. Negapatam or Trichinopoly would

be the best locality for such an institution. In Madras many influences are unfriendly.

“5. A thorough working of the village system seems to me the true method of extension, rather than the occupation of new town centres.”

These views Mr. Simpson ever afterwards not only advocated, but sought to put into practice. It was reserved, however, for later years to witness thorough and systematic effort by the Wesleyan Mission to establish churches in low caste villages, not only by occasional missionary visits, but by placing Christian agents to reside among the people. A happy beginning has been made at Taiyur, Utticadu, and other places around Madras.

Returning to Trichinopoly, Mr. Simpson writes: “I am glad to say the work, in all its departments, is full of encouragement. We have just been repairing the chapel thoroughly. I re-opened it on Sunday, and the congregation was very crowded. The people themselves have paid nearly all the cost. The members of the native Church please me much, and are beginning to repay the labour laid out upon them. There is news of a revival of the Welsh and American kind having broken out in Tinnevelly. If this be true, may the revival spread northward and reach Trichinopoly. It is what we want and are praying for, and would at once solve the problem of the conversion of India. During the past half-year I have been out a great deal—three months out of the six—roughing it. This suits me, and I am in capital health and spirits.”

The extreme and continuous heat of Trichinopoly was, however, trying both to Mrs. Simpson and to the

two little children, and it became necessary for them to seek relief by a change to a cooler atmosphere. Happily this was within reach. About a hundred and twenty miles south-west from Trichinopoly, the Pulney Hills rise abruptly from the plain to a height of nearly seven thousand feet. Passing through the forests which skirt these hills, and climbing their precipitous sides, the traveller leaves behind him the flora of the tropics, and is startled to see around him flowers that remind him of an English spring, and to experience the forgotten sensation of being cold. The mountains do not immediately descend, but stretch out into undulating tableland, where the climate is like that of an English May or June, lasting throughout the year.

The American missionaries of the Madura district were the first to avail themselves of this delightful retreat. With characteristic sagacity, they procured land, and built several cottages, surrounded by gardens, in which English flowers, vegetables, and fruits flourish as luxuriantly as in Devonshire. They then wisely made it imperative on every member of their Mission to spend at least a month each year in this retreat. The rule has been generally observed, and has greatly promoted the health of the missionaries and of their families, and rendered possible their comparatively long continuance in the country. Around the missionary settlement roads were gradually made, and other houses erected. Mr. Simpson had heard of this delightful sanatorium from his American friends, and now, first in the hottest season of 1859, and then again the following year, availed himself of their invitation to visit them, and received from all the heartiest and most fraternal welcome. On the second

occasion, Mrs. Simpson and the children remained on the hills for twelve weeks, but Mr. Simpson permitted himself only a month's absence from his station. A holiday could scarcely have been more profitably employed. While gaining vigour from the comparatively bracing air, and from delightful rambles, sometimes the day long, on the mountain sides, he had unwonted leisure, which his Journal shows was well improved by general reading and by prolonged Bible study and devotional exercises. Meanwhile he had the fullest opportunity for converse with his American brethren on plans of missionary labour, and for occasional preaching excursions with them to the sparsely scattered villages around. On the Sunday delightful services were held, both in English and Tamil, in the American church, which is one of the greatest ornaments of the settlement. From among the glowing descriptions of scenery which brighten Mr. Simpson's Journal at this period, we extract the following:—

“*Thursday, August 9th.* Have visited to-day a beautiful spot, which I have named ‘the Wood Nymph's Bath.’ A narrow valley; the hills running their feet into one another, and in the bed a pretty stream running quietly through shadows, chattering down steps of black, shining rock; dripping musically into deep hollows; thus on, and down to the burning plains, and then on,—not down,—through one unvaried level to the sea. Symbol of life! Born quietly in the clear atmosphere of infancy; childhood, ever varied, ever bright, ever musical; even in its shadows beautiful. Youth, still bright and beauteous, but impetuous to reach a fuller, stronger life; manhood, the fuller life reached, the fuller life blessed too, as

is the river to those grain fields and the villages near, but still robbed of much of beauty, of much variety, one almost unbroken level of labour and responsibility; age, a quiet outlet into the boundless ocean of a coming eternity. To return to the Wood Nymph's Bath! On one side a green slope, on the other a clambering wood; glorious canopies of dark green foliage; here and there grey stems glancing in the sunlight; branches festooned with bleached and tangled moss, as if an ocean had just retired and left its sea-weed hanging; then, all about the boles and trunks, thick underwood, bright with nature's varnish. There, in a cove of laurels, the neighbouring trees festooned with parasites, the Wood Nymph's Home: a couch, a mound soft with moss, and beautiful with slenderest fern. Then, see! how the branches droop over the steep, dark bank, and beneath them the strong stems of luxuriant ferns, and then a foot or two of clear marble-like rock, where the water splashes sparsely; there our nymph performs her toilet—

‘Singing alone,
Combing her hair.’

Worn by the pelting of the stream, or torn by some strong current, a portion of the rock pathway of the stream has been carried away,—leaving a semicircular curve with perpendicular sides, and, some feet below, a basin, ever in dark shadow, and into it the water drips in thin streamlets always. There the Wood Nymph's Bath! Having thus worked out my fancy, the thought struck me, that the reality of personal life, or the idea of it, seems essential to give nature meaning and utterance. Pantheism, wild and mystical,

springs from the desire of the mind to associate everything with life. Greek mythology was an embodiment of it: a Nymph for every wood, a Naiad for every stream. Poetry is full of it, and popular traditions too, with their fancies—not less, ordinary conversation; when common people stand amid a landscape, and can scarcely realize it to themselves, without supposing a house, a cottage, a castle, a church, or a mill with its attendant life. Here I read several of Tennyson's pieces,—some over and over again,—and their music and refined sentiment came sweetly upon the mind amid such scenes."

Returning to Trichinopoly, Mr. Simpson resumed work with his accustomed zeal. But early in October Mrs. Simpson was prostrated by serious illness. For a time life was in danger, and when at length she began to recover, it was pronounced essential that she should be removed, under her husband's care, to Madras. Mr. Simpson, in a letter to his mother, very touchingly tells the story.

"*En route to Madras, November 19th.* Polly has been very, very ill. She was seized with fever on October 5th. A complication of diseases followed, and on Saturday, the 13th, she was almost gone. Doctors and friends saw no hope; but on that day and the next she passed the crisis, and on Monday we ventured to remove her to another house for a change. She bore the little journey well, and from that day continued to improve. We left Trichinopoly for Madras on Wednesday, November 7th, and are now resting at a public bungalow. Polly is still weak, and we are travelling in very easy stages, ten miles a day, and so shall probably be fifteen days or more on the road, but

the change of air and scene is very beneficial. For eight nights during the worst period I had not half an hour's unbroken sleep, and on two critical nights never lay down at all. But God has brought us through it all. Polly was in perfect peace through the whole affliction, and I never missed the strengthening presence of the Saviour. We have come out of the furnace singing of mercy.

“On my last two Sunday evenings in Trichinopoly I had very happy seasons and great spiritual benefit in preaching to the English congregation. On the morning of Sunday, October 28th, I also preached in Tamil with great power, and I think with as much freedom as in English. In the evening my subject was, ‘Why stand ye here all the day idle?’ I finished the subject last Sunday morning. On Tuesday morning, the day before starting, we had a most interesting Tamil service. I baptized two adults: one a Sepoy, who had before been a Roman Catholic, and a little child of his, about three years of age; the other a domestic servant, aforesaid a heathen. Each of these men gave a very clear account of his reasons for abjuring his previous faith, and showed considerable knowledge of the life of Christ and of His death, and the benefits resulting from it. Both are the fruit of our unpretending cottage services; services I commenced four years ago, on my first coming to Trichinopoly, and which are now the chief source of strength to our native Church. Then there were three Hindu babies christened with Oriental names,—“Mary Nyana-rattinam” (Mary, the jewel of wisdom), and “Jeva-rattinam” (the jewel of life), and another. I preached afterwards with much power upon the meaning of the

Christian name : ' The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.' "

Thus, in trying domestic affliction, but amid bright tokens of encouragement and success, Mr. Simpson closed his missionary labours at Trichinopoly.

During the next three months it was the privilege of the writer of this memoir to have Mr. Simpson and his suffering wife as his guests at Madras. He was thus brought into closer intimacy with Mr. Simpson than before, and had the opportunity of noting his character and habits in private life. His spirits were always good. His conversation sparkled with wit and humour, and often with eloquence. He was a most delightful companion ; a sympathizing and tenderly affectionate friend. His mind and heart were full of his great work, and he delighted to talk of the social and spiritual condition of the people around, and of plans for bringing them to Christ. He maintained habits of daily and careful Bible study, and of fervent devotion. He was always willing to preach, and his sermons to his old friends in Black Town attracted crowded congregations. He prepared, not verbally, but with care and earnestness, for the pulpit : seeking quite as much the preparation of the heart as of the mind. In evidence of this we may take the following entry in his Journal on the eve of the New Year : " A few thoughts before going to preach the Watchnight Sermon. Dangers—extra exertion in the early part of the service—pitching the voice too high. I shall need strength and voice at the last. Seek guarded, concentrated power, especially in the appeals. Solemnity mingled with tenderness. I stand to plead for the Creator and the Redeemer (reverence) on the

strength of mercy (tenderness), with men who have neglected His claims (pity and firm reproof)." Referring to this occasion, and to the missionary anniversary sermon preached on the following Sunday, he wrote to his brother : " I feel these special services more than I used to do. I was always very extemporaneous ; I now think rather too much so, for the fair exhibition of a subject, for securing the greatest amount of power, and for the conscientious discharge of my duty as a servant of Christ. I am endeavouring to modify the habit, and though I find preparation requires a great deal of time, I find also that it gives satisfaction to my own mind."

The next week was given to united prayer. The convocations on Monday and Saturday were held in the Banqueting Hall of Government House, and were even more largely attended than the previous year. At the former, the Bishop, Dr. Dealtry, presided ; and of his address Mr. Simpson says : " It did a Yorkshireman good to hear him speak of the '*powering*' down of the Spirit ; and a Methodist good, to hear a Bishop say that every one there might go away with the consciousness of pardon." At the latter, the venerable Dr. Winslow, an American Presbyterian and the senior missionary in Madras, occupied the chair. " I suppose," remarks Mr. Simpson, " Christians of every denomination all the world over have been uniting in the same way. To this there was a beautiful reference in Dr. Winslow's prayer. He gave thanks that, as the earth that day revolved, the incense of united prayer would ceaselessly ascend, and, gathering volume, pass to the golden censer of the Intercessor in heaven. God is the Answerer of prayer, and a

week of devotion at the commencement argues well for the Church and work of God throughout the year."

At the Wesleyan District Meeting, begun during the week of prayer, the prevailing tone was again that of thankfulness and hope. Additional recruits were being sent from home, and throughout the district itself every department of the work gave signs of progress. "Of Trichinopoly," Mr. Simpson wrote, "I could give my account with joy." He would very gladly have returned there, but consideration for Mrs. Simpson's health rendered this impossible; it was thought also in the District Meeting that Mr. Simpson might do service of perhaps even greater value on a purely vernacular station. He was accordingly appointed to Manärgudi, and Mr. Stephenson became his successor at Trichinopoly.

In communicating the news to his friends at home, he added, almost triumphantly: "And now I have done with English preaching and speaking for a year at least, it may be for more,—unless I favour my wife and colleague, Mr. Cockill, with an occasional address. And right glad I am of it. I believe God has sent me to Manärgudi to give me a very great step in advance in all the qualifications of a missionary. Here I hope to gain so much more use of the Tamil language as will make it an instrument in my hands to instruct and move any assembly, and express readily and forcibly any idea. Here I hope to gain a much larger experience than I have hitherto had of the dialectics of Hindu controversy; and a much wider knowledge of Hindu philosophical and theological literature."

VI.

MANÄRGUDI.

1861, 1862.

MANÄRGUDI is a purely Hindu town in one of the richest agricultural districts of South India. It is twenty-five miles south-east from Tanjore, and about the same distance south-west from Negapatam. A good road connects it with the Needamangalam railway station. The town is pleasantly situated, and has a population estimated by Mr. Simpson at twenty thousand. The Rajah Vithi, or King Street, extends from the bridge crossing the Pamani, an affluent of the Cavery, to the great temple. In one of his home letters, Mr. Simpson compared this street to Briggate in Leeds. Such a comparison illustrates the vividness of his imagination. Rajah Vithi is longer and broader than Briggate, it is level; and instead of the granite paving of the Yorkshire town, it is (or was) in many places an expanse of sand, in which the wheel of a passing cart sinks deeply. Instead of lines of shops, it boasts two large and noisy bazaars. In these the native tradespeople sit cross-legged on a low shelf amid their goods, or on the

ground, and sell rice and other grain, fruit of various kinds, vessels of brass, native cloths, coarse earthenware, vernacular books, bangles, and other ornaments, and a few cheap articles of English production. The houses generally have but a single story, and are without windows. They are built of brick or mud, with tiled roofs. The roof of each projects perhaps three feet beyond the walls, and in the verandah so formed is a raised seat on which the men lounge in the early morning, and chat with their neighbours. All along the road extends an avenue of cocoanut trees, planted and kept in order by the municipal commissioners.

The great temple to which this street conducts is dedicated to Gopalswami, an incarnation of Vishnu. It covers a vast area, and is surrounded by massive granite walls. Over each gateway is a lofty pagoda. At the annual festival thousands of pilgrims from a distance join the townsfolk in dragging the ponderous idol car, and in other so-called religious ceremonies. South of the temple is a pretty tank, or artificial lake, on which, during the feast, the god is taken for a sail. To the north is a much larger tank. The streets surrounding these sacred waters are occupied by the sacerdotal Brahmins. Their brethren engaged in law, or in the government service, cluster about the *Talug cutchery*, or office of the native magistrate, in the middle of the town; while the agricultural Brahmins, the gentlemen farmers and landlords of many broad acres in the neighbourhood, have a settlement to the east, reaching down to the river. The other various castes live in separate neighbourhoods, and there are several weavers' streets, a shepherds' street, a smiths'

street, and a carpenters' street ; besides, of course, a Pariah village out among the fields. The few Roman Catholics reside at the north of the river, and have a fanciful Gothic church.

Another building which gives character to the town is the hospital. "When poor Mrs. Cryer lay dying in the Mission house, there was no medical aid within a distance of twenty-five miles. Now we have a resident native surgeon, Dr. Mootooswamy, who holds a diploma from the Madras Medical College. By his activity, and chiefly by the contributions of native gentlemen, a hospital has been erected. The building is an agreeable surprise to one who first enters this purely native town." Perhaps one-fourth of the residents of Manārgudi are Brahmins, another fourth weavers ; the remaining half of the population includes the other various castes.

The first record of a visit by a Wesleyan missionary to the town is in 1834. Two years afterwards the magistrate of the district, Mr. C. W. Kindersley, gave to the Mission a bungalow he had erected for his own use. It is situated about a mile and a half from the town, and in the midst of a large grove of venerable trees, the property of the trustees of the temple from whom it is leased. In a letter to his mother, written soon after his appointment, Mr. Simpson gives a humorous description both of the inconveniences and the delights of his new home. "You will wish to realize the home where your lad and his bairns live, and I must try and help you to do so. You have Mrs. Cryer's Life. There is a picture in it of the Manārgudi Mission house. You will see it includes *two* single-storied houses,—*bungalows* we call them. The larger one to the right

contains two rooms: one our dining-room, the other Mr. Cockill's *sanctum*, study, and bedroom in one. The small bungalow contains one good large room, 22 feet by 20 feet,—this is our bedroom; and a small room behind, under the eaves, is my study. There is not, you see, an inch of room to spare. The walls are of mud, and as the white ants get into the roof, and eat away the straw, and as mud will give way before water, we generally expect a sprinkling in time of rain. Last night it was dropping refreshingly on our bed. Cockill called me into his room, and there was a delightful stream of liquefied mud running down the whitewashed wall. We must repair the waste places, and re-thatch the roof, and then we shall be comfortable enough. A very pretty garden surrounds the house, still bearing the signs of Mr. Cryer's care. In front is a splendid *tope*, or grove, containing three or four hundred fine trees. A capital place it is for the children to walk and play in. Though the house is poor, the situation is better than that of any other in the district; it would well become a mansion."

In prospect of a second Mission family residing at Manärgudi, the District Meeting had resolved that another and more substantial house should be erected nearer the town, and Mr. Simpson felt it no small part of the responsibility of his first year that he had this to do. In India, as in Africa and Fiji, a missionary must, on occasion, be prepared for every kind of work. The first difficulty was to obtain a suitable site. The Brahmins were unwilling that "Pariahs," even if Englishmen, should approach their precincts, and were unscrupulous in using means to prevent it. When expostulated with for telling obvious lies, they

exclaimed, "What, sir, must we not always speak *according to circumstances?*" Notwithstanding this opposition, a site near the heart of the town was ultimately obtained, and now came the difficulties of building. The house was to be of a much superior character to any the carpenters and masons of the town had erected before, and they needed instruction at almost every step. With some assistance from the American missionaries and other friends, Mr. Simpson had to be his own architect. He had not only to draw the plans, but to superintend the digging of the foundations, the burning of bricks, the preparation of the *chunam*, or lime, and the whole process of building, and to make frequent journeys to Negapatam to purchase timber and other materials. In little more than a year the work was satisfactorily finished, and the missionary became known, in local style, as "the sage residing in the new house under the shadow of the temple."

The only Christians resident in Manārgudi, besides the Mission family, were some of their servants, and two or three families, strangers in the town, the heads of which were employed in the courts of law, or in the police. There was no chapel, but service was held in the early morning on Sunday in the verandah of the Mission house, and on the Sunday and Wednesday evenings in the Anglo-Vernacular school-room. On these evenings, though the service began and closed with Christian worship, the majority of those who attended were heathen, and the sermon was addressed specially to them.

At Melnattam, a village eight miles to the south, there were some fifteen families who professed themselves adherents of the Wesleyan Mission. They had

formerly been Roman Catholics, but had placed themselves under the care of the Rev. Alfred Bourne in 1832. Their conversion had raised bright hopes, and a good chapel had been built for their use. But they were very ignorant and very poor; and when, at one time, owing to the financial difficulties of the Society, the Mission agent had been for a while withdrawn, some had relapsed into Popery and others into heathenism. Now, again, it had been resolved to make an earnest effort on behalf of those who remained, and of their neighbours. The catechist's house, which had fallen into ruins, was rebuilt, and the Rev. Joel Samuel was appointed to reside at Melnattam and to act under the superintendence of Mr. Simpson. Service was held in the chapel on the Sunday morning and afternoon, the English missionary occasionally conducting these services in exchange with his native colleague.

These were the only Christian congregations in the Circuit. The town and the country around were "wholly given to idolatry." There were hundreds of villages scattered over the broad plain, half hidden under the clustering trees, and surrounded by fields of rice and ragi, and indigo and cotton. Each had its heathen temple, but in none was the name of Jesus honoured. Mr. Simpson selected several of these villages, and several places in the town, and arranged to visit them regularly, every week or fortnight, to preach Christ. Usually he was accompanied by Michael, a faithful catechist, who had been trained in the American Mission, and whose chief talent was in singing. On reaching the appointed spot, Michael, with loud and shrill voice, would chant a Tamil lyric, and his doing so would serve as a bell to attract

attention and to gather a congregation for Mr. Simpson's address. Sometimes Mr. De Monte, a devoted teacher and local preacher of Portuguese origin, would take part in the service; and sometimes Mr. Cockill, though as yet only a learner in Tamil, would read or speak. Joel Samuel did similar work around his own village.

And now let us gather a few extracts from Mr. Simpson's journal :

"Reached Manärgudi on Friday, February 15th, 1861, and on the following Sunday visited the Sunday School and taught a class of four youths, who had prepared a lesson in the Second Conference Catechism. Three of the lads were Brahmins. In the afternoon expounded the twenty-third psalm, chiefly to the servants of the Mission house. A very good meeting."

"*February 28th, Thursday.* Opened my commission this morning at a quarter-past six, near the great bazaar. Few people were about, and we were afraid we should not get a congregation; but stragglers, generally respectable men, came up, and we had at last about fifty hearers. I had great liberty upon Mark xvi. 15."

"*March 1st.* Feel now at home in my work. Difficulties melt away. God gives strength according to the day. Am confident of progress in every respect, especially in Tamil."

"*March 3rd, Sunday.* Took Polly and Cicely with me to Melnattam, and got there about half-past ten. Joel and his wife received us most kindly. Joel is a man made up of plain material and much heart. One's great work with him is to get near that heart, and do what can be done to keep up and increase its

fervour, pathos, and zeal. I found opportunity for a little prayer before the afternoon service, and had great liberty and power upon Acts xi. 26. On the way home we read in the *Life and Devotional Remains of Mrs. Cryer*, and also a copy of the *Notices* for 1845, containing several of Mr. Cryer's letters, and by these means we retraced the footsteps of our predecessors. May a double portion of their spirit rest upon us."

"*Tuesday, 5th.* God strengthened me in prayer before going out this morning. Brother Cockill and I took our stand at a little distance from the temple. My companion then read a few verses in the first chapter of John. A crowd of about forty people came together, and I expounded the growth of the Christian religion from the words, 'And the two disciples heard Him speak, and they followed Jesus' (John i. 37). No force, no violence in the process of Christian discipleship; hear, inquire, examine, know, believe! I pressed these steps upon my hearers, who listened attentively and respectfully. There were many Brahmins in the company, going to or returning from the temple."

"*Sunday, 17th.* Preached in the school-room. The boys attentive, and the verandah crowded, chiefly natives visiting the feast. In the evening, at our domestic service, reviewed the past lessons; much pleased with the way in which the servants answered the questions, showing that they understood and remembered what had been said to them. In the morning there was present a Christian police inspector from Valecuddy, and several Christians from Needamangalam. In the latter place, I am told several Christian families reside, entirely without help or oversight. I must try and make some arrangements to meet them."

“*Monday, April 8th.* Had a good lesson with the boys. Vasudevan, in giving an account of how he spends his days, omitted any mention of the temple. ‘Well! and you go to the temple?’ I said. He exclaimed in reply: ‘I—never! I do not believe anything about it.’ I warned him, while forsaking idols, not to forget his duty to the living God.

“*April 9th.* We have had a strange illustration of the means by which Hinduism is propped up. The annual festival in honour of Rajah Gopalswami, the idol of the great temple, has just terminated, having occupied more than twenty days. These feasts resemble our fairs; travelling merchants come in with their stores, confectioners adorn their stalls with Oriental substitutes for gingerbread and brandy snaps; and amongst the sports, the whirligig stands conspicuous. There is little religion in the whole matter. On the 18th of March the god was brought out, placed on the large car, and commenced the circuit of the temple—not more than a mile’s journey. By four long cables it was drawn by hosts of worshippers. For a couple of days there was a good deal of enthusiasm, and the car was moved perhaps a hundred yards. The people were then wearied of the job, and would not gather, though called by beat of drum. To compel them, the bazaars were illegally closed, so that nothing could be bought till the car was round. Fines of heavy amount were levied by the Tahsildar, a government officer, upon all who ventured to sell. Yet fourteen days after there was one-third of the distance yet to go. On Monday, April 1st, the landowners, chiefly Brahmins, by force or monetary inducements, brought in a large number of their dependents; five thousand people, it is said,

laid their shoulders to the work, and in three days more the god got home again. You will see from this how slight a hold Hinduism has upon popular feeling and sympathy. The Brahmins speak sorrowfully of the time when 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether' took the car round in three days!"

"*Friday, May 3rd.* What can I tell you? We have no news, no variety. Every day is alike. Preaching in the streets; teaching half-a-dozen fine lads for a couple of hours; the same time spent over a Tamil poem, relieved by discussions with a narrow-minded, bigoted Moonshee; odds and ends of business; nursing babies to sleep, and then going to sleep myself—if I can get any, amid a perpetual vapour bath. This is the routine of Manārgudi Mission life. Its very sameness gives it attraction; for it affords no interruption in carrying on work that is properly missionary. I believe, therefore, that I am gaining more and more efficiency every week.

"I enjoy our street preachings. We generally get good congregations, who listen to us respectfully. There are always two or three or more Brahmins in the crowd. Preaching by the corner of a fruit bazaar in an Indian street, in a foreign language, is very different to the 'pulpit exercises' of Christian England. Old texts have to be handled in a new fashion, and familiar doctrines to be made plain to those who regard them as unintelligible, strange, and perhaps untrue. One has to become a heathen in the study in order to look at a subject from a Hindu side. Last week I preached near the temple and in the bazaars upon—'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' The address was an exposure of the popular religion,

and I expected it would awaken considerable discussion. But, no thank you ; not a word was advanced. I terminated my address with the usual challenge to discussion—‘ If any one has a question to ask, let him ask it.’ The only answer I got was, ‘ We do not possess knowledge enough for that.’ We had an interesting discussion the other day after I had been preaching on, ‘ Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ The question advanced was : ‘ Was there no truth in the world before you brought us this Gospel—some thirty years ago ?’ ‘ Oh, yes,’ I replied, ‘ God never left Himself without witness : there is enough in your own books to condemn your temples, your idols, your idol-worship ;’ and I quoted from a favourite poem—‘ God is the All-sufficient, shining everywhere, so that men may not say, “ He is here, or He is there.”’ And again, ‘ Oh, perfect joy, filling without division every place we see.’ My opponent turned to the crowd, and said, ‘ What can we say more, when they turn our own books against us ?’ I have been preaching this morning upon, ‘ Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.’ We had, I suppose, about 100 hearers, who seemed deeply interested whilst I explained the passage by their own sacrifices of goats and fowls, and then pointed them to the true Sacrifice. So ‘ in the morning we sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not our hand, knowing not which shall prosper, this or that.’ ”

“ *August 9th.* The railway has been opened between Negapatam and Tiruvarur ; that is sixteen miles from us. The event has created a sensation far and wide. I have been repeatedly asked whether the engine has

not really life! and the poor superstitious villagers have got into their heads that it must be propitiated with human sacrifices! When at Melnattam the other day, I found it commonly reported that five or six people have really been offered; and a *peon*, or native policeman, had the impudence to tell the villagers that he himself had received orders from Government to catch as many people as he could, and to behead them! In the most common things these people find it easier to believe lies than to believe the truth."

"*February 2nd*, 1862. While at the District Meeting, I was entertained at Captain Crowther's (a son of Jonathan Crowther), a truly pious man, who thoroughly identifies himself with Methodism. Mr. Jenkins urged my immediate removal to Madras, insisting on the great need of Royapettah, but this was strongly opposed. At length he yielded, with the understanding that I am to go there next year. The most interesting event of the District Meeting was the recommendation of two candidates for the ministry. One of them was Somosoondrum, the young caste lad who was converted in 1854, and about whom a riot occurred in Negapatam. He is a clever lad, and a thorough Christian. In the examination he expressed himself fluently and correctly in English. Our fruit for the present is scarce, but in itself of the highest character. The aspect of our whole work is cheering, and our common impression is that 'in due time we shall reap, if we faint not.'"

"*Sunday, February 23rd*. After preaching at Melnattam in the morning, I made inquiries among our people about the observance of family religion, and

was grieved to find it much neglected even by the school-masters. Had the three masters and Raga-chendra with me in the afternoon, and there was power present while I spoke to them, from the fifth of Romans, on the blessings flowing from forgiveness."

"*Tuesday, April 1st.* Got into our new house. In the evening the Tahsildar paid us a visit of ceremony, accompanied by native musicians—Brahmins. Their instruments were the fiddle, drum, and guitar. Strange type of great change, thought I, as I heard a Brahmin playing a waltz upon the fiddle! There was but little singing, and the performance terminated with sprinkling sandal-water and distributing betel."

"*Friday, May 9th.* The greatest comfort of the new house is its nearness to the work. We hear the music of the great temple distinctly, and have only three fields between us and the main street. I am once more fully engaged in my work, and it is all preaching, and all Tamil; for Cockill has taken charge of the school. I am out nearly every morning,—three mornings a week in the town and three in the village. This morning I was at one of the villages, accompanied by the catechist. The village was large and respectable. A tree sheltered us from the glare of the rising sun. The catechist sang a native lyric, and then read the last four verses of Matt. vii. By this time our congregation was pretty well gathered. Two aged men, with shrewd, well-marked features, squatted in the front, and listened very attentively. Near them stood three young carpenters, returning from bathing, and covered with Saiva (idoltrous) marks. Around there was a group of men. Children came popping in and out as a matter of course; and in

front of their thresholds, or peeping round the house corners, six or seven women looked and listened. I spoke to them of Jesus Christ, 'the great good Teacher' (a Tamil phrase), of our need of His teaching—their own sages confessing themselves unable to teach the great subjects of God, salvation, and eternity; of the Holy Incarnation, so different from the incarnations of Hindu mythology; of Christ's doctrines and death; and I applied all with the Saviour's own parable of the wise and foolish builders. One old man asked, 'Where, then, is God?' Then followed a conversation on God's omnipresence, and on idolatry. The catechist sang and explained another lyric. I gave a tract to two of the young carpenters; another to one of the old men who had been our best listeners, and told the people to 'go, and come again,'—the Tamil way of saying 'good-bye.' We visit each village on the Plan once a fortnight, and hope thus to make an impression."

"November 21st. In our Wednesday evening services in the school-room, I have lately been taking up *seriatim* the many ways the Hindus believe in for taking away sin. Lighting a lamp in the temple, or in honour of Siva; washing in sacred tanks; daubing themselves with the ashes as Saivas, or with the trident as Vaishnavas; wearing strings of Brahmin beads, and supposed to represent the sweat-drops of Siva, etc. Last Wednesday I had a subject on which they feel deeply. They believe that a child's disposition and merit depend upon the amount of penance or charity done by the father, and that a parent's salvation may be secured by the act of the son; that is, by his lighting the funeral pyre, by performing the prescribed

funeral ceremonies, and by observing a fast on the anniversary of the father's or mother's death.

“It is evident that with a belief like this in the mind undisturbed, there will be no anxiety for personal salvation, and no effort after good moral conduct. Here is my method of dealing with it. I define the doctrine by authorities from their books, which they will acknowledge. I show the connection between the doctrine and the customs practised among them. I furnish an illustration of their supposed efficiency from their books. I take care to state the case as strongly as they could possibly state it themselves. I then quote any passage from native authors which suggests a doubt, or expresses strong disbelief in these views and practices,—and their best books abound with them. I show how these views are opposed to God's order as seen in the ordinary course of things, and I am thus led to Scripture. Read over the eighteenth of Ezekiel, and you will see how strikingly applicable it is to the one point I am referring to. I have seldom had more power in speaking, or been cheered by more attention among my hearers, than while expounding that chapter last Wednesday evening. I cannot tell you in a letter how much there is to cheer us in our work ; how much to prove that ‘our labour is not in vain.’ We rejoice in each individual conversion, and we learn to labour on, leaving it with our Master to adapt His own truth to the peculiarities of the people; and we love our labour.”

In his appointment to Manärgudi Mr. Simpson anticipated entire relief from school duty. He had, however, scarcely arrived at his new home before he was visited by a number of bright and intelligent Brahmin boys, the senior scholars of the Mission High

School, who entreated him to become their teacher. Such an appeal it was not in Mr. Simpson's heart to resist, and the next day found him beginning work in the school in Rajah Street. This school had been the gift to the Mission, some years before, of the native Deputy-Magistrate—a heathen; and here Mr. Hobday had laboured with great zeal to make known Christ, and had been rewarded by the conversion of one at least of his pupils—Gooroswamy, and by the deep impression in favour of Christianity produced on others. Here, too, Mr. Simpson himself was to be the means of winning precious fruit.

He began by giving two hours daily to teaching, and, on the other hand, as at Negapatam, by raising the fees, and, worse still, admitting Pariah boys. On this some of the Brahmins ceased to attend. When asked, "Why?" they replied, "It gives us cold to sit on the same forms with Pariahs." "How so?" "After touching them, we may not go home without bathing and washing our clothes in the tank, and, as we have not time to wait till the clothes are dry, we catch cold." "Oh, it is not the school rules that create the difficulty, but the senseless laws of caste; you must find your own way to escape them." Seeing the missionary firm, and not willing to forego the advantages of English teaching, the absentees came back, and soon the daily attendance rose from fifty to seventy. The lads now caught something of the enthusiasm of their teacher, and especially were greatly impressed by his Bible lessons and by his fervour in prayer. Some began to attend the preaching services, and even to come privately to the Mission House, or to Mr. De Monte, for special instruction. By and bye

the town was excited by the rumour that several Brahmin youths were on the point of becoming Christians; and when, in one case and another, these rumours proved to be well founded, the excitement extended far and wide. A good missionary of the Church Missionary Society, who had been blessed with great success during a long period of Mission labour in Tinnevely, expressed his conviction that the conversion of one of these Brahmin lads in the Province of Tanjore was of greater significance towards the Christianization of India than that of a whole village of Shanars in Tinnevely. We quote this as furnishing to English readers an idea of the extreme difficulty and the great social importance of such conversion.

Among the sharpest and cleverest lads of the first class was Kalyana Ramen, a widow's son, sixteen years of age, belonging to a family of Sastris, men learned in Hindu books. On April 24th, 1861, Kalyana Ramen came to Mr. Simpson, and, with much feeling, expressed his wish to be a Christian, that, as he said, he might "flee from the wrath to come." This visit was followed by others, and the lad appeared to increase in resolution daily. When the difficulties in the way of his conversion were pointed out, he replied, "It does not matter; I *cannot* be a heathen." One day he came in much trouble, and made the following statement: "On Saturday my mother brought me sandal, and told me to put on the mark. I said, 'I cannot put it on: it is sin.' I was then going to school; Pitchen Iyer, a preacher of heathenism, ran after me, caught me by the hair, and beat me in the streets. He then told my brother to tie me by the hands and feet, and beat me with a rope. They put pepper in

my eyes, and marked my forehead with cow-dung, and forced me to sign a paper recanting my faith in Christ. Several neighbours came in and derided me. 'What! are you going to become a *Pariah*? You gained much merit in your former births, and so were born a Brahmin. Are you going back to the lowest caste of all?' When my eldest sister was beating me hard, I said, 'I will die for Christ.' On Saturday and Sunday I was confined and watched. This morning, when all had gone to bathe, I escaped." The lad was soon followed by his two brothers, to whom he reiterated his resolve to be a Christian, and said he had come to the Mission House for protection, and intended to remain there. Some of his schoolfellows, who were present, said, "You have done right," and greatly encouraged him. Soon wild excitement spread through the town, and Mr. Simpson felt it necessary, both on his own account and Kalyana Ramen's, to seek legal protection. He took him therefore to the Deputy-Collector—a Hindu and a heathen. The Tahsildar, a Brahmin, was sitting by the Deputy-Collector's side. The court and the approaching avenues were crowded with Brahmin officials and relatives, and before these "many witnesses" the lad spoke boldly for Christ.

Tahsildar. "Why do you wish to become a Christian?"

Kalyana Ramen. "Because I want to save my soul."

Tahsildar. "Can you not save your soul in your own religion?"

Kalyana Ramen. "No."

Tahsildar. "Why not?"

Kalyana Ramen. "Because it is a lie. There are many proofs of this."

Tahsildar. "Mention one."

Kalyana Ramen. "You have a certain feast to celebrate your god's going to the house of a harlot and then returning to his wife with a lie. God is holy, but the gods you worship are unholy."

This was said before a crowd bearing idolatrous marks upon their foreheads. "He is mad," exclaimed the relatives. "Nay," said the Deputy-Collector, "he is not mad; listen to him." His mother said, "Is this my reward for having borne you and cared for you so many years?" "What can I do, mother?" replied Kalyana Ramen; "I must love God more even than father or mother." Mr. Simpson maintained that the youth was sixteen years of age, and, according to Hindu law, had attained his majority. He therefore claimed on his behalf the right to choose his own religion and to determine his movements. The relatives denied that he was sixteen, and sought to compel him to submit to their custody. Ultimately the decision of the case was referred to Mr. Cadell, the Senior Magistrate and Collector of Tanjore. The parties concerned had to travel some miles to his court. Much of what had been said before the Deputy-Collector was repeated in the presence of the senior official. In reply to a question from the bench, Kalyana Ramen said, "My will is to worship Christ, and to save my soul. I wish to go with the missionaries. If I go home my relatives will persecute me, for I cannot put the idol mark on my forehead, or wear the Brahmin string." His mother pleaded, "Wait till I die before becoming a Christian. Then do as you please."

Kalyana Ramen. "But if I die first, mother, must I go to hell?"

Mother. "Do not talk so. Brahmins never go to hell."

Kalyana Ramen. "Brahmins or Sudras, there is no difference. God made all alike."

Mother. "See his wisdom! Do not bring disgrace upon us all. If one sheep leap into a tank, all the others follow it. Your disgrace will come upon us."

The brothers of Kalyana then appealed in the same way, but in vain. They then said, "He is mad. He is under magic. Medicine has been given him." The decision of the Collector was a compromise. He declared himself not satisfied by the evidence that the lad was sixteen, and said he could not therefore release him from the custody of his natural guardians. On the other hand, it was clear they had behaved very badly towards him. He should therefore require them to enter into an agreement not to ill-use the lad, or unduly to restrain his liberty, and moreover, that if after a month he should still wish to become a Christian, they would offer no further objection. On the signing of this document, Kalyana Ramen was at once removed by his relatives beyond the reach of the missionary.

And now came a severer trial than he had encountered before. He was not beaten or ill-treated; but, by day and by night, his mother beset him with entreaties and tears, and his relatives all joined with her. For a while he remained unmoved, and, as his brother said, "was mad after the book,"—meaning the New Testament. At length he seemed to hesitate. Instantly he was taken to a Brahmin, renowned for learning and sanctity, and reported to work miracles. The holy man put the heathen mark

on his forehead, and told him, "He would always be safe, while walking in the broad way, in which everybody else walked." Having gone so far, Kalyana Ramen now wrote his recantation, and afterwards repeated it verbally to the missionary in the presence of his brother. He was then hurried on a pilgrimage to the distant and sacred shrine of Ramisweram, and compelled to perform many ceremonies to purge him from the pollution contracted. On returning he was not allowed to attend the Mission school, but was placed as a student in the Government school at Combaconum, where, it was supposed, he would be free from the danger of Christian influence.

Eight months thus passed without Mr. Simpson receiving any satisfactory news. But he and others had been unceasing in prayer for the poor backslider, and the good Spirit had continued to follow the lad. At length Kalyana Ramen came back to the Mission House, saying, "I am like Simon. I have denied the Lord. My mother's constant entreaties were too much for me. I have never been happy since. The thought has been constantly in my mind. How dreadful it would be if Christ were to deny me." Mr. Simpson assured the poor lad that as Jesus loved Peter after his denial, so He would receive him. "Oh," said Kalyana Ramen, "I know that. Does He not go and seek the one lost sheep?" His relatives were sent for, and to them he repeated his expressions of sorrow for having denied Christ, and his determination to follow Him altogether. As a proof, he said he had thrown away his *punnool*, or sacred thread, and he showed them his naked breast, and told them to look for the thread by the highway.

The brothers appealed to the Tahsildar, who, however, reminded them of the agreement they had signed, and warned them that if they created further disturbance, the law would inflict a penalty.

The next day Kalyana started for Madras, Mr. Simpson accompanying him part of the way. At Royapettah he received a kind welcome from the Rev. Arminius Burgess, and was baptized on Sunday, March 9th, 1862.

The conversion of another Brahmin, Coopooswamy Row, followed soon after, and was attended by even greater anxiety and trouble. His father, Sathoo Row, though only a poor clerk in the District Moonsiff's court, was a descendant of the proud and conquering race of the Mahratha Brahmins. Like many Hindus, Coopooswamy was a polyglot scholar from childhood. From his mother's lips he learned the Mahratha tongue; from people under his father's roof, Canarese; and in the streets of Manärgudi and in his first school, Tamil. To these languages in later years he added Telugu, Hindustani, and English. So that, on becoming a Christian preacher, he was found singularly qualified for the work of an evangelist in South India. When fourteen he was sent to learn English at the Mission school, and had the advantage, very great religiously, of being taught by Mr. Hobday and Mr. De Monte. On Mr. Simpson's coming to Manärgudi, Coopooswamy was one of the first to greet him, and one of the most deeply impressed by his spirit and example. When Kalyana Ramen was converted, Coopooswamy was already a believer, though afraid to avow his faith; and when the young convert and the missionary were taken before the magistrate, he followed among the crowd,

but "afar off." During the panic which ensued, and which, for the time, almost broke up the Mission school, Cooposwamy was sent to the Government college at Combaconum. Here, far away from Christian associates, he sought to stifle religious conviction, and to think only of success in life. But a word in season from his old teacher, Mr. De Monte, whom he met when on a visit home, aroused his conscience, and the next day he went, broken-hearted, to seek spiritual help from Mr. Simpson.

When the time came for his return to college, he read the Bible daily and sought God in prayer. His intention to become a Christian was soon discovered, and he had reason to fear being placed under restraint by his friends. To avoid this he hastened to Manärgudi, and sought protection from the missionary. Word was at once sent to his father, who came to see him at the Mission House, with two relatives and a crowd of friends. For a long time they used all arts of persuasion and abuse to turn the lad from his purpose, but in vain. Then the father, familiar with legal proceedings, went to the native magistrate's court, and accused the missionary of kidnapping his son, and of forcibly confining him. The town was greatly excited, and there was fear of an assault upon the Mission House. Happily Mr. Simpson secured the attendance of Captain Bates, the superintendent of police, and to his presence he believed he owed his own personal safety and that of his family. Cooposwamy, on being called to give evidence, affirmed his wish to be a Christian, and that he had come to the Mission House entirely of his own free will. The case was referred to the District Magistrate, Mr. Morris, who suggested a compromise

similar to that enforced by his predecessor in the case of Kalyana Ramen. He proposed that the youth should be placed under the care of the Tahsildar, a Brahmin, for a month, with an agreement that, at the expiration of that time, he should be at liberty to pursue his own course.

Mr. Simpson and the youth strongly objected to any compromise, but the father entreated his son to yield so far. He showed much emotion, and at length swooned. Tears came into Coopooswamy's eyes, and he said, "He is an old man, sir; give me a proper agreement, and I will go to the Tahsildar's house for one month for his sake." No sooner said than done. The terms of the agreement were settled, and the document written out. It provided in its last clause that Coopooswamy, if so minded, should at the end of the month be at perfect liberty to become a Christian. "Now," he said, "I must have my father's consent from his own lips." He then seated himself opposite his father on the ground, and in a kind tone explained each clause. He concluded by asking, "Will you give me up at the end of the month if I then desire to become a Christian?" The old man answered, "Yes." The missionary feared the result, but felt constrained to love Coopooswamy for his affectionate manner to his father.

As by this arrangement the lad was to remain for the month at Putucottah, twenty miles from Manär-gudi, Mr. Simpson, in order to be near him, obtained the use of a small bungalow in the neighbourhood, and, though at great inconvenience, removed there with his family. He spent some hours daily with Coopooswamy, assisting him in his studies, and reading

the Bible and praying with him. He constantly felt more and more drawn towards him. The young convert, on the other hand, was impressed by the self-sacrificing love of his missionary teacher. Mr. Simpson's children were suffering from sore eyes, and he himself from boils; but when a rich Brahmin visitor expressed sympathy, Coopooswamy heard him reply that he was willing to sacrifice even his life to save one precious soul. Meantime Sathoo Row was living under the same roof with his son, and was untiring in his efforts to change his purpose. He coaxed, and threatened, and brought clever disputants to his aid—lawyers, Vedantists, Mohammedans, even nominal Christians, any who were willing to insinuate a doubt as to the Divine authority of the Bible, or the saving power of Jesus. "If you do not believe our religion," they said, "worship God at home. What need have you of a Mediator? You think you will get all kinds of good things by becoming a Christian; but after a while you will have to drink sea water, you will be left without food, and have to live like the lowest Pariah."

According to Brahmin customs, Coopooswamy had been married when a boy to a girl of his own caste. Though she was still living under her father's roof, he had seen more of her than is usual among Hindus, and had learned to love her as his future bride. She and her friends now came to use their influence with him. Should he become a Christian, he knew the funeral rites would be performed over him, and that his young wife would be treated as a widow. Her ornaments of gold and pearl would be removed, and herself subjected to the privations of a class among the Hindus

more despised and oppressed than any other. It was hard to refuse such appeals, but God enabled him to do so. One day as he was on his way to the missionary's bungalow, his aged father met him, and fell at his feet and clasped them. "My son, my son," he cried, "stay with me for a few days more. Within that time I shall die, according to my own horoscope. Wait until you have performed the funeral ceremonies. Then go to the Pariahs" (meaning the Christians). The boy replied, though with almost breaking heart, "I may die, father, before you do, and what would become of my soul? I must go now to Jesus and be saved." The bystanders raised the prostrate father, and the boy went on. When he told the missionary what had occurred, both wept and then prayed together.

Before the month of trial had expired, Sathoo Row, wily Brahmin as he was, found means to evade the agreement into which he had entered with his son and with the missionary. He filed a suit against Mr. Simpson in the civil court at Putucottah, claiming the boy as his property, or, in lieu, the payment of several hundred rupees. His object was simply to secure delay, and to present obstacles to intercourse between his son and the missionary, hoping ultimately to wear out the lad's resolution. The suit was accordingly transferred from one court to another, and in this way three months were consumed. Meanwhile, Mr. Simpson was harassed with frequent journeyings, and the poor lad, whose case was in dispute, was kept under the care of a Brahmin official. The missionary was seldom allowed access to him, but his relatives were never absent, and crowds of Brahmins were constantly reasoning with him, or mocking and deriding him. A

week before the case should have come on for final hearing, Sathoo Row had a painful accident. Then, when his boy was sympathizing with him, he seized the opportunity to entreat him with cries and sobs to change his purpose. At length Coopooswamy yielded, and was taken in triumph before the Mufti, Sudder Ameen, and made to declare his renunciation of Christianity and his willingness to go with his father.

Immediately he was taken to his wife's relatives near Salem, and was kept under close guard for six months. Not until December had he opportunity to write to tell Mr. Simpson how he had been taken away, and to assure him that his mind was unchanged. Soon after, he managed to elude his jailers, and to escape to Madras. There he was received by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins. But not even yet were his troubles ended, or the ingenuity and pertinacity of his father exhausted. Sathoo Row hasted to Madras, and laid a charge before the Chief Magistrate against Mr. Jenkins of having kidnapped his son. A lengthened trial followed, in which the accused was fully exculpated, and the fact established that Coopooswamy was of full age, and therefore at liberty to choose his religion and place of abode.

A few days after, Mr. Simpson, who, in the meanwhile, had come to reside at Royapettah, had the joy of receiving by public baptism the young confessor into the Church. He preached on the occasion from Acts xi. 26: "The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch," dwelling chiefly upon the significance of the Christian name; pointing out plainly what was expected of those who bore that name, and urging all baptized persons to learn of Him by whose name they were called.

Postscript.—We shall meet these young men again as students under Mr. Simpson's care, and see with what affection and hope he regarded them. Both subsequently entered the ministry, and for a long time stood high in the esteem of their brethren. Would we could close our narrative here; but truth obliges us to proceed, and to state, though with bitter sorrow, that, after years of zealous and useful labour, both were led into temptation, and so acted that their separation from the ministry became necessary. To their missionary brethren the event was distressing in the extreme. We hear the warning for ourselves, "Let him that most assuredly standeth take heed lest he fall;" and we earnestly pray God that, of His infinite mercy, He will grant to our erring brethren repentance unto life.

VIII.

MADRAS.

1863, 1864.

MR. SIMPSON'S appointment for 1863 was the subject of earnest discussion in the District Meeting. He was himself unwilling to leave Manär-gudi, and it was felt by his brethren that his removal would be a serious loss to that Circuit. On the other hand, Madras had special claims. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins was about to leave India, with little prospect of being able to return. His going away was rendered necessary by the illness of Mrs. Jenkins, and was the occasion of grief to his brethren and to the English and native Churches. The Rev. Arminius Burgess, who was to succeed him as superintendent of Madras, South (*Rojapettah*) Circuit, was fully occupied with the Anglo-Vernacular High School, and needed a colleague to take the direction of the native Church—the most important in the District; also to lead in evangelistic work, and to develop plans for the training of the native converts. For these duties Mr. Simpson was thought to be eminently suited, and was so appointed. Hence the last two years of his missionary career were given

to Madras. His residence there enabled him to serve on the important committees of the Bible and Tract Societies, to give frequent, and always welcome, aid in the English pulpit in Black Town, and to carry out plans of literary work he had long meditated.

His new position, and the spirit in which he entered upon its duties, we may best learn by reference to his home correspondence. To his mother he writes :—

“MADRAS, *February 14th*. Once more you see I head my letters with the same name as I was wont to use when I was fresh from home, and green in India ; and, though seven years have passed since I left Madras for the country, I do not think I am much older in heart. My feelings seem as fresh as then ; my confidence in my Master is stronger than it was then ; and my enthusiasm in my work is increased tenfold. Then, all was untried ground, and in the very front of my path lay one great difficulty of a missionary’s career, the language of the people. Now, that is conquered. I can use Tamil with a fluency and power almost sufficient to meet every idea of my mind and every feeling of my heart. Then, the work was untried. I come back to Madras after having laboured in every branch of toil ; I have been a schoolman, the pastor of a native church, an evangelist to the heathen, and have found the last to be the work to which, naturally, and by Divine grace, I am most fitted. I bring with me, best of all, a belief, founded upon experience, that our work is truly prospering ; that ‘the best of all is,’ even in unfruitful India, ‘God is with us.’ Though I am far from rejoicing in my removal from dear old Manārgudi to busy Madras, I am entering upon my new sphere of labour with heartfelt faith and courage. May God give me great success.”

To his sister, a few weeks later, he describes the pretty chapel at Royapettah, and tells of a Sunday morning congregation of about 280 persons, including the girls from the boarding-school: "Certainly, a congregation worth preaching to, and worth all the care a pastor can give in this vast heathen city. We have Society classes, and the members deserve at least the praise of regularity. I have two classes under my own care: one composed of adult men and women, the other of more than twenty girls in our boarding-school. I have felt it good to my own soul to get back to these old Methodist ordinances; although the faces around are swarthy, and the tongue with which I speak a borrowed one. We have just completed the quarterly visitation for tickets. I met most of the members myself, and found many cases of experience as clear and decided as one could meet with in an English class; and a spirit of simple and earnest piety was common to all." Among these people, nearly all very poor and many of them very ignorant, Mr. Simpson toiled with great diligence to nurture individual piety, and to create in the Church a spirit of independence and self-reliance.

The Rev. A. Burgess writes: "He worked hard for the realization of his own ideal of a Church rooted in the affections and sympathies of the native people. Thus instead of using stiff translations of English hymns, done into English metres and sung to English tunes, he introduced native Christian lyrics, composed by a Tamil poet, and chanted to purely native tunes, which would attract the heathen to the public service. He taught the people the duty of supporting their own native pastor, and organized a fund for this

purpose, which in the first year reached 150 rupees—a handsome sum for so poor a church. A native treasurer was appointed, and quarterly *coffee* (not *tea*) meetings of the Society were held, which became very popular. At these meetings a financial statement was presented, and a number of addresses were delivered.”

But the branch of work Mr. Simpson had most at heart, and with reference to which he felt the greatest responsibility, was the education of his own converts, and the training of them, and of other Christian young men, as teachers, catechists, and, if it should please God, preachers of the Gospel. He thankfully acknowledged what had been done by Mr. Jenkins and his colleagues, as well as by earlier missionaries, in this direction, and rejoiced that there were in the District “two ministers, two probationers, and one catechist, who had been the fruit of their labour.”

But it seemed to him that the arrangements hitherto had been defective. Sufficient care, he thought, had not been exercised in the selection of the young men for training, they had not always been taken in the freshness of early religious feeling; and especially their domestic comfort and the oversight of their conduct, while under training, had not been adequately provided for. Altogether the work, owing to the pressure on the missionaries of a great variety of other duties, and to frequent changes, had been carried on with too little system and continuity. Certainly the arrangements at Royapettah contrasted unfavourably with the large and fully-organized Seminary of the American Mission in Madura, and with similar institutions of the Church of England, and some other Missionary Societies. The time, how-

ever, seemed now to have come when a step in advance should be taken. Mr. Simpson writes :—

“Our serious attention has been specially drawn to this subject, I may say, forced to it, by the successes of the past few years. God has been pleased to give us converts of whom any Church might be proud, and who, with careful training and much prayer, will become vessels of honour in the hands of our great Master. The accession of these youths renders the question of their training a very simple one. For, whether she train them or not, the Church must be to them an asylum, and must give them food, clothes, and house room, until they are fitted to sustain themselves with comfort. This is a case of simple necessity: a *fact* which has turned up in the progress of our Indian Mission work, and compelled us to action, much against our liking and preconceived notions.”

He goes on to explain how, almost of necessity, young Hindu converts are thrown upon the care of the missionary, and he is compelled to become to them *in loco parentis*, and how especially this is so in the case of the sons of heathen parents who are to be trained as workers for Christ.

“It is generally allowed that if a Pariah, who has no caste to lose, is to be prepared and fitted for any work in the Church, he is best away from the degradation and low habits of his heathen home. Yet in his case there is no absolute necessity for separation; such separation would be only prudential. But with a Tamil youth, born of any one of the numerous subdivisions of the Sudra caste,—of which the whole middle class population of South India is composed,—there is scarcely a choice. His separation is a

matter of what I may call *ecclesiastical* necessity. We might permit him to remain with his people, and should greatly prefer his doing so, if *they* would permit him; a matter not very probable, for his Christianity makes him an out-caste and a Pariah. They might perhaps keep him on terms which we, out of regard to Christian consistency and Church purity, could never consent to. That is, they would insist upon his strict observance of all the rules and practices of caste. Then he, and such as he, would demand in the 'communion of saints' a separate cup and a different plate from his brethren of lower birth, a separate place in the house of God, and an utter separation in the courtesies of social life. Even his minister, Englishman though he be, is a Pariah, from whom he might not take a cup of cold water—though dying of thirst, or a crust of bread—though dying of hunger. We have learned too severe a lesson in the past to allow ourselves thus to cherish a root whence bitterness and blight have spread themselves over the native Church of South India for a hundred years.

"You must press the youth to forsake his caste, and the moment he complies, you are bound to provide him an asylum, for you have made him an orphan! In the case of a Brahmin there is no alternative. His separation from his family is an absolute necessity. He becomes a Christian, and dies to his family. They count him dead, chant over his effigy the ritual for the dead, and carry it to the burning-ground in solemn show and real grief. The Church can be nothing less than a mother and a nurse to such an one.

"Happily this state of dependence does not continue long. Our converts must be sixteen years of age

before the law allows them liberty of conscience : for two years or so they are dependent upon the Church. They then become independent, obtaining a sufficient livelihood for themselves. If they promise well for the service of the Church, we keep them with us ; if not, they seek their living in the world. Two, or at most three years, thus cover the Church's responsibility for their physical well-being, at a cost of about £8 per year per man. But if we mean to make them masters, and pray that God may make them ministers, we are bound to use the season thus providentially afforded, and give them something like a specific training both in habits and education. This is what has been neglected, not of choice but of necessity. The resident missionaries have had a great deal too much to do with the duties of the Circuit and the District, and with the care of the large school of 400 boys, to attend properly to these youths in the respects referred to. When, during the last District Meeting, my appointment was fixed for Madras, the brethren requested Mr. Burgess and myself to do all we could for the specific training of the young men, and to this we readily assented. When, however, I had been a little time on the station, from what I saw, I came to the conclusion that anything like a satisfactory training could not be secured without their residing near the missionary, and being under his inspection entirely.

“ Providentially a house to let was brought to my notice, healthy and suitable for the accommodation of my own family, and with a large building attached to it, containing several rooms, exactly suited to accommodate the young men. But the rent was thirty rupees a month more than the sum allowed by the

District Meeting. If, then, the house was to be taken, and the scheme of a proper training institution attempted, some one must take the responsibility of these thirty rupees. As the scheme was mine, I saw the responsibility must also be mine. I proposed to Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Burgess that the house should be taken, that the young men should come and reside in the attached building, that my wife should take the oversight of their food and domestic comfort generally, and I of their habits and of their religious and theological training. I further offered to raise the £36 for one year by my personal exertions. They consented to these proposals, and our little institution has been in operation for one month. I am convinced from experience that my plan is a right one, and I have no doubt God will save me from pecuniary loss in it. Let me give you a sketch of our four students:

1. Subramanyan, a Brahmin. He was one of my lads at Negapatam, and was then under those religious convictions which led him to an open profession of Christ soon after I left that station. He is a good scholar, speaks English beautifully, passed the matriculation examination of the Madras University two years ago, and is preparing to take his B.A. degree in February next year. He has long gained his own living; costs the Mission nothing, and sends help to his widowed mother at Negapatam. He is just beginning to preach.
2. Gooroswamy, a Sudra of good caste. He is a Manārgudi lad, and became a convert two years ago. He is about eighteen years old; he clothes himself, and receives only his food from the Mission.
3. Kalyana Ramen, a Brahmin. He is the youth about whom we had the great disturbance at Manārgudi in

1861, and who, after being eight months away from us, returned, and was baptized just a year ago. He clothes himself. I know of no higher illustration of what Christianity can effect, than to see this once proud and bigoted young Sastri busy in the homes of Pariahs, reading and praying with them. 4. Coopoo-swamy Row, a Brahmin. He has just passed through 'a great fight of affliction,' and was baptized on the 8th of this month. He is dependent upon the Mission for everything, but promises ultimately to repay every penny expended upon him.

"Now as to my own work with these dear lads, three out of four of whom are in a greater or less degree the fruit of my own labours. Subramanyan forms a class by himself. I study Tamil with him every day in the week; also on fixed days, theology, exegesis, and logic—these subjects in English. With the other three I study Scripture exposition and elementary theology in Tamil. Our hours are from six to half-past eight in the morning. At ten the lads all go to Mr. Burgess' school, where Subramanyan is a teacher, and the others scholars. They remain till five o'clock, and have the evening for private study, prayer-meetings, services, etc. Thus you see we do not allow them much opportunity of rusting.

"Just before I left Manärgudi, a heathen man, speaking to me of our recent conversions there, said: 'I see how it is; we shall not see these youths for a year or two; you will teach and train them, and they will come back to us *preachers of the Gospel, and no one will be able to stand before them.*' Surely my old friends in Leeds will feel the significance of what that heathen man said, and will help to realize his pro-

phesy. I turn to my native town with joyous memories of its old and hearty sympathy with Missions and missionaries. I turn to those who were the fathers and companions of my youth,—who taught me to handle the bow and the spear of Christian soldier-ship,—confident of their sympathy with me, now I have learned to use the weapons, not unskillfully or fruitlessly, I hope, in the ‘high places of the field,’—when I plead with them for those who ‘have been slain of the Lord,’ to live again soldiers of Christ amidst their heathen fellow-countrymen.”

It is scarcely necessary to add that this appeal was responded to, and that the missionary tutor was relieved from financial anxieties in his work.

During the period Mr. Simpson remained in India, other youths, in addition to those named above, joined the institution. One a Vellalen by caste, who had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and had been seven years under Jesuit training. He had followed out, almost unaided, the arguments against and objections to the Roman faith, and came to Mr. Simpson prepared publicly to renounce Romanism and to give up caste. Another, an intelligent young fellow, though of low caste, whom Mr. Simpson had baptized, with five other adults, one Sunday at St. Thomas Mount. Also, I believe, one or two more.

All the students greatly appreciated Mrs. Simpson’s care and love, and thought and spoke of her as their mother, while for their tutor and governor they entertained an enthusiastic affection and admiration. His counsels in the class meeting, and his daily prayers at the family altar, were esteemed a blessing of priceless value.

Meanwhile, Mr. Simpson continued the practice of frequent open air preaching; and both in the streets and in the villages around, the young students were his constant companions. By example as well as by precept he sought to train them as evangelists. He writes, on May 23rd: "I never preached more in the open air than I do now. I am generally out in the streets four times a week, and preach altogether six times a week in Tamil." His ideal of efficiency was very high, and to the last he made earnest efforts to attain it. "I think a European, who knows the language, trained as he has been for years in public speaking, possessed of a stronger nature than a Hindu, and of richer stores of information, ought to be more than equal to any native colleague in effective missionary address. He ought to lead his native brethren, and show them the way to herald the cross of the Lord Jesus. Perhaps I may say without vanity, I stand abreast of any street preacher we have. But I do not mean to stay here. Pray for me, sisters dear, that in spirit, doctrine, and power I may be a worthy follower of the Wesleys, of Nelson, of Oliver, and of Walsh." Of his efficiency in this branch of labour the testimony of his colleague, the Rev. Arminius Burgess, may be quoted: "He had a good, available knowledge of the spoken language of the common people; and, when he put forth his strength, was an effective out-door preacher. One of his favourite subjects was 'the rich fool.' I once heard it in a tour we took together to Sadras. Possibly the people did not understand everything he said, but his earnestness and his apt and homely illustrations kept them in rapt attention to the end."

In April 1863, Mr. Simpson, with Subramanyan as

his companion, travelled 200 miles to visit three members of his native flock, who had "suffered by long absence from Christian supervision and the means of grace," and preached to them on the Thirty-second Psalm. The missionary and his companion then spent a week in travelling from village to village in the neighbourhood of Salem, preaching everywhere to the heathen "Jesus, and Him crucified." At one place they were visited by two respectable men, one a school-master, the other a village priest, who said that, four years before, they had begun to inquire about Christianity, and that they had already given up the worship of idols. For more than a year they had been waiting an opportunity to receive baptism; and, having heard of Mr. Simpson's being in the neighbourhood, had come two miles to see him. They were prepared to give up caste, and required no pecuniary aid, one having a good livelihood and the other land. They came again in the evening, and Mr. Simpson was greatly pleased with their conversation. He proposed to them that, as an evidence of their renunciation of caste, they should eat with the Christians, and afterwards be baptized, and said that it would be best that this should be done in their own village. They took the night to think over the proposal; but, it would seem, the condition was too hard for them, for they came no more.

At midsummer, another preaching excursion was made. This time the canal, stretching from Madras to the south, was used. At Covelong, on the seashore, twenty miles away, was a good house, formerly the home of a Portuguese merchant. This Mr. Simpson used as his headquarters, and so was able to have his wife and children with him, as well as his native companions,

the three Manārgudi converts. Of the journey to Covelong, his Diary contains a vivid description : " Our boat was a rude piece of architecture ; a canopy of a few thin boards was our only protection against heat, dew, or rain. We spread our mats and rugs, placed our pillows, and made the little deck look quite comfortable. The bright moonlight, the fresh breeze, the rippling of the water against the boat's side, kept us all waking until far into the night. About one o'clock in the morning I woke up, and saw Kalyana reading page after page in his New Testament by the light of the moon." The next morning work was begun, and continued in the towns and villages within a radius of some miles round Covelong day after day. The unwonted appearance of an Englishman in these out-of-the-way places soon attracted a crowd at each service. One of the converts read ; another told the story of his conversion ; the missionary then followed, taking as his subject, perhaps, " the rich fool," or, if among fishermen, the calling of the first disciples. Meanwhile, another student had spread Scripture portions and tracts on the sand, and, sitting among them cross-legged, as a bazaar-man among his goods, was ready, when the sermon was over, to commence a sale. Occasionally great respect was shown by the people to the missionary, and he was begged to send an agent to reside among them, and to establish a school. Sometimes wordy discussion was sought ; but everywhere the Gospel was faithfully made known.

About three miles from Covelong, and covered partly by incursions of the sea, are the ruins of what was formerly a great city. These ruins are not dissimilar from the famous rock temples near Bombay, but are

unique in South India, and attract many European visitors. Mr. Simpson described his visit to this remarkable spot in the *Harvest Field* for April 1864.

“In the clear light of the early morning, bare rocks, rising abruptly from a wide and barren plain, and crested with small temples, pointed out the site of Mavallipuram. About eight o'clock we reached it, and, having taken a little food, set off to survey the far-famed ruins of the city of the great Báli. Strange stories hang around it: how a rat became a ruler, had this city for his capital, and the three worlds for his empire; how Vishnu, the preserver, here became a dwarf, and by a trick begat a revolution, and forced an abdication; how the exiled monarch became the arbiter of Hades, and his great city was swallowed up by the broad ocean, all save these rock temples. I cannot stay to describe in detail all I saw. There are solid rocks carved into temples, curious, but not beautiful. There are temples excavated in the rock, with stunted, rude pillars, and bas-reliefs, rough but spirited, of gods, goddesses, and guards, in fight and in repose, upon horses, elephants, lions, and buffaloes. There are temples on the crests of the rocks, unfinished, tradition says, because of the flood that came and destroyed the city. There is the granite throne, whence Báli issued his decrees; the oven where cakes were baked for his breakfast; the stone trough, large and beautifully cut, where his queen performed her ablutions. The entire face of one rock is covered with the sculptured story of his wars. About a mile away, where the beach runs out into the sea, at its very point a large pagoda stands in ruins, a memento of the vast city which lay spread in front of it, but now lies buried in the deep.

A small village, with a small temple, is all that now claims the once honoured name of Mavallipuram. Here is placed the scene of many of the incidents related by Southey in his 'Curse of Kehama;' but the sight of the eye is much less beautiful than the romantic fancy of the poet. These rock porticoes and temples bear the usual characteristics of Hindu sacred architecture—rudeness, tastelessness, heaviness, and gloom. They speak plainly enough, however, of the lavish expenditure of monarchs, and the tedious labour of their subjects. Yet some lines of the poet are exquisitely adapted to express the feelings of one who visits the scene, with some sympathy for its hoary age and traditional associations:—

“ ‘ In solitude the ancient temples stood,
 Once resonant with instrument and song,
 And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
 Now, as the weary ages pass along,
 Hearing no voice, save of the ocean flood,
 Which roars for ever on the restless shores ;
 Or, visiting their solitary caves,
 The lonely sound of winds that moan around
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.’ ”

“ Wearied by the exploration, I returned to the boat, and we pulled along slowly against the wind to Sadras, which we reached about three. It is a neat town, and in the days of the Dutch Governors, who now sleep beneath granite slabs in the ruined fort, it was once of considerable importance. About five in the evening I preached to a large congregation. A noisy discussion followed, after which we sold two portions of Scripture.”

Three miles in another direction, surrounded by palmyra groves and fields of rice, is the large village

district of Taiyur. It includes, besides the central caste village, where the rich farmers reside, and where there is a large though decaying temple, a number of hamlets occupied by Pariah cultivators. These add to their small wages as farm labourers by work in the Government salt pans, and so are in a more independent position than most of the Pariah labourers in South India. It does not appear that Mr. Simpson found his way to Taiyur, but his exploration of the neighbourhood led to its being visited by missionary agents in after years. The Gospel, treated with scorn by the caste people, was welcomed by the Pariahs, and in one of the hamlets there is now a neat chapel, thatched with palm leaves, and occupied by a congregation of converted people. The success gained at Taiyur was the beginning of the hopeful movement towards Christianity in many non-caste village communities around Madras, which, in recent years, has greatly cheered the hearts of the Wesleyan missionaries.

So, whilst ancient heathenism is decaying, the Church of Christ is gradually being built up, and is extending its beneficent influence.

Another mode of missionary labour was, at this time, becoming possible in the large towns of India, and Mr. Simpson eagerly adopted it. It has since been largely developed, and in itself indicates the progress made by education, and a disposition to receive religious instruction. This new method of work is described in a letter home: "It is a lecture *in English* to young Hindus of advanced English acquirements, but still professedly heathens. These members of the party called 'Young India,' or 'Young Madras,' speak in English to each other, are

averse to the study of their own tongue, and would never think of listening to a Christian address in Tamil in church, school-room, or street. But they will come to hear English. For these our lecture is intended. It is held every Sunday evening in our English school-room, and Burgess and I take it between us. I have given two lectures. On each occasion about fifty were present, and I have never stood before a heathen audience more worthy of every effort of thought and utterance. I have started with three subjects founded upon Paul's visit to Athens. The first two have been delivered: one on 'The Splendour of Ancient Idolatry;' the other on 'The Phases of Idolatry;' and on the last occasion I had liberty and power to bring home the sin, folly, and insufficiency of heathen worship and heathen philosophy. My hearers *felt*, and that is saying a good deal for the intellectual young Hindu. My next subject is to be, 'Christianity and Idolatry.'

More general gatherings of the same kind were held on the Friday evening, in the Evangelistic Hall of the Free Church of Scotland Mission in Black Town. At these subjects of a literary and general character were often dealt with, and missionaries of the various Churches took part with their Free Church brethren. Writing to his brother, Mr. Simpson says: "I lectured before the Native Literary Society on 'Cowper.' The hall was nearly full of native gentlemen, sufficiently educated to relish a lecture in English on a literary subject. Perhaps five hundred were present. Many came in their carriages. It is surely a sign for good that bigoted Brahmins should be so liberal in their tendencies as to come to a Christian

building to hear such a lecture from the lips of a Christian minister, but it is a sign also of evil. Such assemblies do indeed prove that the young intellect of India has ceased to look for satisfaction to the fables or cloud philosophy of the ancient creeds of India, and is turning westward for its food; thereby parting the anchors which held it to the past, and trusting itself to a current that sets in smoothly and certainly towards the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' So far, so good. But these young Hindus sit before you branded with the heathen mark, are mixed up with idolatrous ceremonies, and worship a stock or a stone weekly, perhaps daily. There must then underlie this show of progress a great deal of moral baseness, inconsistency, religious indifference, and want of conscience. This is the evil, and should be taken into account when the progress is calculated. I fear that, to some extent, the progress is more apparent than real." On a subsequent occasion Mr. Simpson lectured in the same place on "the Rig-Veda." Both of these lectures were printed by request.

A lecture on "The Early Methodist Preachers" was also prepared about the same time, and delivered to the English congregation in Popham's Broadway with great acceptance. It subsequently did good service on many a platform in England.

Mr. Simpson's style was undoubtedly more suited for the platform and the pulpit than the desk; but he had the gift of ready and effective writing. He frequently contributed articles on social and religious topics to the Madras newspapers, and he wrote for the *Calcutta Review* on "Government Education," and for the *London Quarterly Review* on "The Bible in South

India." At the request of his friend, Mr. Higginbotham, an enterprising Methodist publisher, he also wrote an introduction to the fifth edition of Ward's *View of the History, Literature, and Mythology of the Hindus*, and he "spent many a midnight hour" in editing an improved edition of Moor's *Hindu Pantheon*, a work containing a vast amount of information upon subjects with which a missionary has to do every day of his life. Mr. Burgess writes: "The original edition of this invaluable work had been put together in a very slipshod and disjointed way, and it required thorough re-moulding. This Mr. Simpson accomplished. He also supplied much additional matter of great value. His work involved great labour and research."

At the District Meeting in January 1864, Mr. Simpson felt it his duty to ask permission the following year to visit England. He would by that time have completed ten years' residence in India, and, though his health generally had been good, he needed the bracing influence of a cooler climate. He trusted also to be able to stimulate the missionary zeal of the Churches at home, and to gain for himself increased stores of intellectual and spiritual strength, rendering him a more efficient missionary on his return to India. Further, Mrs. Simpson and the children needed the change, and Mr. Simpson's now aged mother was longing to see her missionary son once more. These considerations fully approved themselves to the members of the meeting, though they felt how much to be deplored was even the temporary loss of their beloved colleague.

Writing to his mother, Mr. Simpson says: "The

brethren supported my request for leave to go home in 1865 in a way that was very gratifying to my feelings, and I have no doubt the Committee will grant it. So you see, mother dear, the chance of seeing you again is becoming near and certain. We must keep on praying that God will preserve us all to meet again." On another subject of great interest, he adds: "When the matter of the converts came before the District Meeting, nearly every brother spoke in approval of the step I had taken during the year, and the feeling was unanimous that a great step had been gained from which we must not recede. The grant for students was increased; accommodation will this year be provided for them in the Mission compound at Royapettah, and, I think, everything indicates a gradual approach to a properly conducted institution for our young men. This is very cheering to me."

A letter addressed to the General Committee about this time contains pleasing reference to the zeal manifested, in the Mission field in celebrating the Jubilee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and also an interesting picture of the native Church under Mr. Simpson's more immediate care:—

"We are taking a very deep interest in the Jubilee movement. Being myself a Leeds man, I felt more than ordinary joy in reading the accounts of the noble deeds done, and the hearty words spoken there, in October last. The different Circuits in our District will, I am sure, do their part. Mr. Stephenson began well at Negapatam: Trichinopoly followed; but we have not yet heard the results. Madras North (or Black Town) has done nobly, beyond all expectation,

when we remember what they have been doing for their minister, his house, and the chapel. The meeting was held last Monday evening in Black Town chapel; it was the best meeting of any kind that I have been at in Madras. The Rev. W. Gray, the Secretary of the Church Society, gave a very effective speech, full of charity and zeal. As far as I know, more than 3000 rupees have been raised. I hope (*D.V.*) to preach the Jubilee sermon at the Mount to-morrow evening, and the meeting is to be held on Monday evening. As for our own Circuit, Royapettah, we shall not be able to cut so large a figure as our neighbours, as Mr. Burgess and I are the only Europeans in it. We have had our Missionary Anniversary already. Mr. Webb, of the American Madura Mission, preached the sermon, and the meeting was held last Wednesday evening. It was good in every respect. We have been making regular efforts during the year to increase the income of our little Circuit from its own members, and we have met with most encouraging success. Every quarter has advanced upon the preceding one, and I have great hopes that the income for the year will be about 140 or 150 rupees; that is, one-fourth, or thereabouts, of the salary of our native colleague, Mr. Ambrose. You will, I am sure, be thankful for such a result; especially when I remind you that we number only sixty members, and that only one or two have more than 10 rupees (£1) per month as income. What has been given, has been given out of deep penury, and is precious in our eyes as in the eyes of our Master. We are preparing our people for the Jubilee celebration which we intend to hold in January, when our brethren from the country will be with us.

The sum raised will not be large, but will be significant. In the report of this great movement, when it shall be published, nothing will excite my sympathy more than the amounts, however small, obtained upon our Mission stations; *in them*, I shall see the evidence not only of churches raised from the heathen and in their midst, but also, that these churches are rising up to the performance of the great duty of self-sustenance."

The work of Mr. Simpson's last year we have already described. Necessarily he was partly occupied in arrangements for returning home, and references to this become prominent in family correspondence; some of them very touching. His mother's strength was failing; and he was not a little anxious on her account. In April he wrote to his sisters: "I am very thankful that in your last letter there was better news about mother. Do ask her, on my behalf, not to go out and get cold. Then we must all pray for her; and, as a reward, her lad will come home in a big ship, and hold up his babies for a kiss."

A few months later he had the delight of visiting the Church of England Missions in Tinnevelly. Everywhere he received a most cordial welcome, and his Episcopalian brethren showed themselves as ready as American Presbyterians, or English Congregationalists, to invite him to their pulpits. He was greatly cheered by the signs of missionary progress, and everywhere he gathered lessons which he hoped to use to advantage in his own work. But it will be best that Mr. Simpson should himself tell the story. He does so in a letter to his mother, dated October 27th:—

"Leaving Madras on July 28th, I went first to the Pulney Hills, where Polly had been staying for some

time with the children. You can scarcely imagine the change from Madras to the Hills; from the sea level to 7000 feet above it; from a thermometer at 125° in the verandah to one at 60°; from open doors, punkahs, and perspiration, to closed windows, *fires*, and blankets. I found Polly much improved, and I scarcely knew the children, with their plump rosy cheeks and hardy looks. A fine time it was for them, poor little things; out all day on the green grass, over breezy hills, and in shady woods. Mr. Little accompanied me from Madras, and the Cockills were with us on the Hills, so that we were a very happy party. I spent three weeks there: how much I did enjoy it! Such precipices, hills, and prospects! Snowdon, Blackstone Edge, and Roseberry Topping are small in comparison. I will have a good talk with you about them before long, mother dear.

“Then leaving Polly to come down with the Cockills, Mr. Little and I struck off south, through Madura to Palamcottah in Tinnevely. Palamcottah is the head of the Church Missionary Society’s Stations in Tinnevely, and Mission work in this district has been more successful than in any other part of the world, not excepting even Fiji. I always resolved to see this work before I left for England, and God has given me the desire of my eyes. Within an area not so large as the West Riding, there are now flourishing churches and Christians by tens of thousands, whose fathers, three generations ago, worshipped not idols, but *devils*. I visited eight stations, and was three weeks among them. I was everywhere the guest of the missionaries, and a stranger would have been at a loss to tell which was the clergyman and which was the Methodist

preacher. The missionaries showed me all over their work ; asked me to preach in their churches ; and gave me freely all the information I required. Every day was full of business : I preached nearly every day ; addressed groups of native agents, examined schools, etc. One service I shall never forget. It was held at mid-day (Sunday) at a place called Megnánapuram, or 'True Wisdom Town.' Imagine a beautiful Gothic church, larger than any you have in Leeds, except the parish church. The only pieces of furniture in it are the pulpit, reading desk, and communion table. There are no seats, for the people retain their native habit, and sit upon the ground. I preached there to more than 1000 people—natives, of course—exclusive of children. The whole congregation numbered not far short of 2000. It was a moment I never expected to see ; and when service was over I thought of the old melancholy time of preparation, the days spent over grammar and dictionary. When I bade the people good-bye, the school-mistress said to me, 'Oh, sir, we have had life amongst us to-day ; our hearts burned within us.' I wrote a letter weekly to one of the Madras newspapers, with details of my tour. These I shall collect and preserve, and bring home with me. I can read them to you, and add with my own voice many an anecdote and incident. I met Polly at Trichinopoly, and, after a day spent at dear Manãrgudi, we came to Salem and thence to Madras by rail.

"Since my return, I have been very busy winding up my duties as the editor of a book on Hindu mythology. The last pages have gone to press, and the book will be out on the first or second week in November. I hope to send Tom a copy.

“There has been a terrible storm in Calcutta. In about five hours some twenty ships, large and small, were sunk; some scores stranded or disabled. Three of the P. & O.’s large steamers were forced high and dry out of the water on to the bank. The loss of life has been frightful, and the damage done to property almost incalculable. Large contributions are being collected here on behalf of the sufferers.

“Now I have something else to say about ships with which you will be not a little pleased. Our passage is taken for home. We are to have a lower-stern cabin in the *Renown*. She is expected here next month, and is to sail about February the 8th. Mr. Sanderson and family have secured a cabin in the same ship, so that, all being well, we shall be off in February, and see you all by May next year. May God keep us for that meeting.”

Two more letters must be quoted from Mr. Simpson’s correspondence; one of these records a public catastrophe of appalling character, which occurred during the last few months of his stay in India; the other tells most pathetically how his hope of meeting his beloved mother again on earth was disappointed. It is significant that from the date of this letter there is no further entry in the Journal, hitherto so regularly kept. His silence seems to echo the words of David in his affliction: “I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it” (Ps. xxxix. 9).

“Since I last wrote, a calamity such as I never heard of, has occurred at Masulipatam, a seaport town of 45,000 inhabitants, situated 300 miles to the north of Madras. On the first of this month, a cyclone moved up the Bay to this point; stayed by a pro-

jection in the coast, it piled up the sea water some fifteen feet above the ordinary level. Towards evening, the wind settled direct east, and blew straight on shore ; at eleven at night it forced the heaped-up waters on before it in one mighty storm-wave ; this crested the beach, and rolled on with incredible force and velocity to the sleeping town—on, over every obstacle, for four or five miles into the interior, the country around being flat. In a few hours the town was wiped out of existence ; only one-fifth of the houses being left. At the lowest estimation, ten thousand lives were lost. Postal and telegraphic communications were suspended, and we knew nothing of the event until six days after its occurrence. A public meeting was then called ; the Governor presided ; about £1500 was subscribed *instantly*, and funds have been liberally flowing in since. The newspapers are filled with heart-rending details. The Church Mission at Masulipatam has had a melancholy share in the disaster. Mr. Sharkey is there. At the bottom of his garden was a school-room for girls—boarders. The storm-wave struck the building behind, but it stood ; the torrent tore out the doors and windows, and carried sixty-three girls out on the opposite side, of whom thirty-three perished. Mr. Sharkey seized a light, and rushed out of his room, but before he reached his own steps the water was up to his breast ! There were scores of such scenes that night."

" MADRAS, 13th December 1864.

" MY DEAR SISTERS,—The mail from England came in last Friday, and there was no letter for me, so I went about my business somewhat disappointed, yet little dreaming of the blow that was approaching. Mr.

Skerraff came up with the *Watchman*, and a moment after I knew that we were all motherless—orphans at last. Why did not some of you write, that the grief might have come upon me through the tender words of a brother or sister, instead of two staring lines in a newspaper? And yet I know what confusion such a sorrow would cause amongst you. This, however, is no great thing; the letter, I suppose, is on its way; it will come; meanwhile those two lines have been before my eyes ever since I read them.

“I think of *her*; in the olden days when she used to hear my lessons, and send me off to school; of the resignation with which she gave me up to my work; of that last kiss; those last tears given and shed just ten years ago. I think of her *now*, reunited to one who went before, waiting for those who shall come after. Her Indian lad will see her then! I cannot grieve for her.

“But I feel my loss more than I should have done five years ago; for hopes long drawn out, were apparently approaching fulfilment; pictures of the future offered every chance of realization; and now I, the child who bears her name, was perhaps the only one absent from her side—the only one missing at her grave. I shall not sit at the fireside and tell her tales of my Indian life; she will never see my little ones. Oh! how many pictures of tenderness and love, of which *we* have been thinking and talking for a year, have passed away for ever. I cannot tell you what I felt when I heard the little ones saying their prayers and ‘Grandma Simpson’ was no longer there, and they whispered to each other, ‘Grandmama is dead.’ The grief pressed down my heart like a dead weight,

and I found it hard to say, 'Thy will be done.' I do not now seem to care for my visit home, and our preparations go on slowly and heavily.

"How often we have thought and spoken of you, my poor dear sisters! Your sorrowing faces have looked upon me when I have been upon my knees, and I have prayed for you. I feel as if I had lost a home; how much more must this be your feeling! Oh, let us all cast our care upon Him who 'careth for us;' and who is 'the God of all consolation.' Ere this letter reaches you, the first poignancy of grief will have passed away; its deep reality will remain, and with it, I pray, a trust as deep in the wisdom and goodness of Him who in this, as in circumstances of an opposite character, is still 'our Father in heaven.' Soon after this reaches you, I shall be afloat, and shall bring with me, I hope, a heart as truly a brother's as when I left you ten years ago. Do forgive me now; my heart is very heavy. I will write again next mail.—My dear sisters, Your affectionate brother,

"WILLIAM."

Mr. Simpson with his family sailed from Madras in February 1865. Their departure was the occasion of very deep and wide-spread regret, but this feeling was relieved by the expectation of the missionary's early return in increased vigour.

As a colleague, Mr. Simpson was most generous and affectionate, always discovering whatever of good there was in his associates, and giving them more than their share of praise in every common success. His child-like faith, his unquenchable hopefulness, his resolution, and his remarkable mental activity, employed con-

stantly on themes pertaining to experimental and practical godliness, or to the many problems of the missionary enterprise, made his presence in the Madras District Meeting, and among his brethren everywhere, a mighty impulse for good. Yet above even these qualifications for usefulness must be reckoned his broad and deep sympathy, and his abounding love. He was a man of great *soul*. He had given himself without reserve to the Master; and, for the Master's sake, he gave himself to his fellow-men.

On his arrival at home Mr. Simpson was appointed by the Wesleyan Conference to the Manchester (Irwell Street) Circuit, and very soon obtained great popularity there and throughout the country. Before the end of the year, his former companions wrote to plead for his return to India. They told him that Mr. Stephenson was returning home, and that probably Mr. Burgess would be obliged soon to follow. They needed among them a brother of experience, who, when the time came, would be the head of the Mission staff, and whose presence would give new heart and strength to his companions, English and native. Mr. Simpson received this letter while the Stationing Committee was in session at Leeds. He consulted with his noble wife, and with no one else. They prayed together, and then, taking train, he went directly to his superintendent,—who was his representative on the Stationing Committee,—the Rev. Dr. Stamp, and said: “You must find another colleague at Irwell Street; my call is to return to Madras.” No expostulation could turn him from his purpose. No position in the Church at home could have bribed him to remain. His friends at Irwell Street, though feeling keenly their own loss,

admired the zeal of their missionary pastor, and nobly acquiesced. So at the Conference of 1866, Mr Simpson was again appointed to Madras. In due time his passage and Mrs. Simpson's were taken by steamer, and their heavy luggage sent off in advance by sailing vessel. Arrangements were also made for the children, who were to remain at school in England.

Just then came the heaviest sorrow and saddest disappointment of Mr. Simpson's life. Often before, during his missionary history, he had been compelled to say with the suffering patriarch, "My purposes are broken off;" now he was called to repeat the sentiment with greater pain than ever. At the last moment his way was barred by a most sad domestic affliction, which necessitated his remaining at home. So the steamer, which should have taken him to Madras, took instead the tidings of that affliction, and the message to his brethren that, to his great sorrow, he could not come.

Nor was the disappointment temporary. To the last Mr. Simpson retained his warm love for Mission work in India, and only restrained with difficulty his longing to be engaged in it again. When Mr. Simpson lived in London, the writer well remembers how, on one occasion, he ventured to moot to him the question of going back. His eyes filled with tears, and he evinced so much distress at the continued impossibility, that no further reference could be made to the subject. When compelled at length to forego any thought of prolonged labour in India, Mr. Simpson still cherished the wish to revisit, if only for a few weeks, the old familiar scenes, to take counsel with his brethren on the field, and to preach again to the heathen, and to

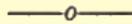
his converts and old friends. But it was not so permitted.

The disappointment at his detention in England, so painful to Mr. Simpson, was felt keenly in India. As a missionary of unusual ability and promise, and of noble catholicity of spirit, Mr. Simpson had won the admiration and love of his brethren of all denominations, and all joined in mourning the loss of such a fellow-worker. By the Wesleyan missionaries, and by the English and native Churches under their care, that loss was felt to be a calamity. They rejoiced indeed to know of his popularity and influence in England, and felt that his advocacy of Eastern Missions was a tower of strength; but advocacy at home seemed to them a poor compensation for the presence and help of so valiant a soldier in the field. In their sorrow they could only look up to their great Captain, and commit the cause to Him, rejoicing that, though He may remove His servants, He never ceases to fulfil the promise, "Lo! I am with you always!"

Now Mr. Simpson is with us no longer, even to advocate the cause. The words have been spoken to him,—“Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” But surely “he being dead yet speaketh.” Great progress has been made towards the evangelization of India since he was compelled to leave her shores. But the need is still vast, and the opportunity more hopeful than ever. There is a cry still for more labourers, for larger resources, and for increased sympathy and prayer. Let us hope that the Church at home will nobly respond to it.

It is with thankfulness and hope we close this memoir of Mr. Simpson's missionary career, by recording that while we have been writing the last pages, his eldest son, William Burton Simpson, B.A., born on the Mission field, has been ordained in his father's chapel at Eastbrook, Bradford, and is now on the way to his father's first and last station in India. "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom Thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

Part Third.



LIFE IN THE HOME-WORK.

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

IX.

HOME AGAIN.

1865—1867.

AFTER ten years spent in India, Mr. Simpson found it necessary for personal and family reasons to return to England. His health and the health of Mrs. Simpson needed recruiting, and their older children to be placed in suitable schools. This latter necessity presses heavily upon all Anglo-Indians with families; for however admiringly some of them may write home about the venerable learning and civilization of the Hindus, these are not things which, as a rule, they covet for their own children.

It was Mr. Simpson's fixed purpose, after a brief interval for rest and change, to return to his swarthy charge; home, however, he must come. Accordingly, leaving India in February 1865, he landed in due time in England, the subject of deep and varied feelings, as he contrasted the past—when with his staff he went over Jordan, with the present—when, behold, he had become two bands! All this he knew was by the favour of Him who setteth the solitary in families, and his heart was full as his face was radiant with thankfulness and gladness.

Very pleasant to the tired voyager is his restoration

to his own land, and to dear and valued friends after long years of separation.

“Hail to the welcome shout, the friendly speech,
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach ;
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
And the heart's promise of festivity !”

Yet William O. Simpson's home-coming was not all joy. Many sad changes had occurred during his absence. Death had made wide gaps in the inner circle of his friends and relatives. For some of the tenderest welcomes he had anticipated, his cherished hopes were deferred till that happy morn when dear lips, now cold and silent, will utter them and falter not from fear of any future severance.

Of course the ardent young missionary had laid his account with this—had forsaken mother, and sisters, and brothers for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, in the full consciousness that the re-union of them all in this life scarcely touched the skirts of probability. He had done this with “no regrets, no looking back.” Yet how much the affectionate and approving congratulations of his best-beloved ones had blended with his youthful dreams ! How natural is the feeling that *his* loss in particular is irreparable ! that because *she* has not been spared to greet us, our victories are turned into mourning !

It was a bitter disappointment, a poignant grief to W. O. Simpson—a veteran at thirty-four, that he had no surviving parent to kiss and weep her heartfelt welcome—to lay her hands in blessing on the heads of his Ephraim and Manasseh—to say : “These daughters are my daughters, and these children are my children !” Mrs. Simpson, senior, died November 3rd,

1864, having overlived her husband sixteen years. She was grateful for her God-given son, was justly proud of his qualities, his abilities, his achievements, and drew fresh life from his frequent letters—all full of filial love and duty. She had felt a great longing to see him before she died; but when the summons came, she was fully ready, and cheerfully acquiesced in the Perfect Will. While the rest of her children stood around her, said this brave Christian mother, “I should like to see William, but I must die content: he is doing a great work.” And she was not, for God took her.

William re-entered the familiar door only a few months after her body was carried out of it. The house was full of mementoes of her. There were “the weeds of woe,” as yet unfaded; there the hymn-book and the Bible; there the things which mother had “made while she was with them”—things she had prized—things she had carefully handled. There were her children, welcoming with tears of joy and grief commingled their missionary brother, describing her last acts and repeating her last sayings; and if her own happy spirit was not actually present, she was doubtless bending from her place above and looking on with approbation.

“And when Saul saw David go forth against the Philistine, he said unto Abner, the captain of the host, Abner, whose son is this youth? And Abner said, As thy soul liveth, O king, I cannot tell. And the king said, Enquire thou whose son the stripling is. And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand.

And Saul said unto him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite." Thus did youths of excellent note in the old time actively, though perhaps unconsciously, fulfil "the first commandment with promise."

This old Hebrew habit of reflecting back upon parents the honour won by their children, is surely worthy of perpetual observance. They who raise up sons or daughters who live to serve their own generation by the will of God, are the best benefactors of their race. Their children arise up and call them blessed—by their words, by their actions, by lifelong love and duty, in the excellent fruits of their gifts and graces, in any faithful memoirs that may be written of them. Above all, they will do this in the great hereafter, when the books shall be opened, and when—notwithstanding all that can be said for ecclesiastical organizations and their manifold activities, and for meteoric Tishbites and John the Baptists, flashing at wide intervals from their wildernesses—it will be found that the family institute has been vastly the best school for training successful servants of the Lord Christ. In this legion of honour will not rank low the names of Thomas and Mary Ann Simpson.

To miss the godly, thoughtful, and loving woman who had suggested his first thoughts and given them their direction—to whom in youth he had been called to minister both as son and husband—with whom in his early manhood he went "shopping"—was very painful, and we know that the iron pierced him deeply. But he was not a man to murmur, to think himself harshly treated, to say, "All these things are against

me," or to go softly all his years in the bitterness of his soul. It was the cutting of another cord that bound him to the things beneath, and its only perceptible effect was to lead him to anchor himself more firmly in the things above. With that cheerful resignation, that robust faith, that fervid zeal which distinguished his whole religious life, he flung himself into the Master's service, more than ever determined to finish the work which had been given him to do.

By the Conference of 1865 he was appointed to the Irwell Street Circuit, Manchester, his colleagues being the Revs. William W. Stamp, George Curnock, and George Hobson. A few brief quotations from his Journal will show the spirit and manner in which he set about the home-work of Methodism.

"*August 29th.* Met Mr. Linton's class. Last quarter, 12; loss by removals, 2; gain by removals, 1; present number, 11. 'Average attendance, once a fortnight: 2 with leader attend regularly: Charlotte Wallace absent for two quarters."

Here are the labours of one week:

"*November 5th.* In the morning preached at Irwell Street: clear, impressive. Afternoon, addressed the Sunday School: heartily received. Evening, Pendleton: first part distinct and impressive; latter part feeble, not well prepared, not well got up. At sacrament 200 present. *6th.* Higher Broughton Missionary Meeting, £16 in advance of last year. *7th.* Pendlebury Missionary Meeting. *8th.* Wath, Missionary sermon and speech. *9th.* Irlams, preaching. *10th.* Trustees' meeting. *11th.* Ragged School tea-meeting.

"*November 15th.* At Irwell Street: too diffuse. Special leaders' meeting: decrease of 56 members in

three quarters. A warm discussion about miscellaneous entertainments advertised for the school-room. The meeting entirely with Mr. Stamp, save Mr. B——. Decision: that programme of proceedings be submitted to Mr. Stamp, and all things objectionable eliminated by him, and that one of the school conductors be present at each entertainment.

“17th. Gave at Pendleton my first lecture on ‘Methodist Preachers:’ a crowded audience and a very good time.

“19th. After the evening service at Regent’s Road School, in a very quiet prayer-meeting, two young people began to cry for mercy, and found peace.

“21st. Mr. B—— called, and spoke about the entertainments. Polly thought I did not speak strongly enough about the matter.

“December 17th. Preached at Walkden; did not get sufficient time for private devotion. Met six classes. Many spoke of blessing having been received under the morning’s sermon. Experience hearty, but not deep: they need instruction.”

“In reviewing my spiritual state, I can rejoice in a constant peace. Am thankful for occasional accessions of feeling, but want more freshness, more love for prayer, more power in it. Only by much prayer can I conquer the merely human feelings which attach to the many missionary meetings I am called to attend.”

In the above extracts are several points worthy of particular note:

1. Mr. Simpson’s remarkable care in observing particulars in the quarterly visitation of classes, and the character of the “experience” given. “Mr. Linton” and two of his members are always present,

but the irregularity of the rest, and the persistent absence of "Charlotte Wallace," reduce the average attendance to once a fortnight. This needs to be mended, and "C. W.'s" name is taken down for private handling. Where the experience, though "hearty," was not "deep," he was quick to perceive the need of "instruction;" and thenceforth, according to many witnesses, he was diligent in applying the remedy.

2. His old avidity for work. Having come back to England partly for rest, he might have been expected to take things comparatively easy, but he knew not how to do it. Not much travelling, not three or four services on a Sunday, not one or two each week-day—nothing, indeed, was formidable to him but leisure.

3. The detection and condemnation by himself of what in his pulpit efforts was "feeble, not well prepared, not well got up," or "too diffuse." His judgment, thus adverse to himself, was probably to some extent just, owing to the easy and often extempore way in which he had been so long accustomed to hold forth in the streets and bazaars of India. The fulness of explanation and illustration which might be essential there, he soon found to be unnecessary before an instructed Manchester congregation. Diffuseness was an abhorrence to him. Circumlocution in others he could not away with. To suspect that these were faults of his own was to tar and feather and set fire to them. Succinctness, graces of style, beauty, pathos, tenderness, as well as power and clearness, became matters of lifelong study to him; and his tastes in all these respects reached a pitch of perfection in his maturer English ministry unknown, and not even

much affected, in his younger days. In his happier efforts his style was a model of lucid exposition, wealthy but not redundant illustration, nervous force, poetic charm, and spiritual feeling. His words, carefully chosen and "fitly spoken," were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

4. The visit of Mr. B——, the stout opponent of Mr. Stamp in the matter of entertainments for the young. This gentleman, finding "the old man" against him, turned, like Rehoboam, to the young men. He hoped, no doubt, to gain the connivance of a junior and popular minister at that which was disapproved by the superintendent. Mr. Simpson, we are sure, had far too much backbone to shelter himself under the plea that he was not superintendent; but unused as he was to English Circuit work, he thought soft words the wisest. The helpmeet whom God had made for him thought otherwise, and doubtless she was right. Wives may "stir up" their husbands to good as well as to evil. Happy is the husband whose wife encourages him to the performance of duties his good nature may wish to shirk: happy is the wife whose husband admires her firmness, and records it to her praise.

5. The encroachments made upon his time for private devotion. "The merely human feelings" arising from the popularity attaching to an effective missionary advocate constituted a peril of which he was soon aware. Against this the only defence was "much prayer;" yet, again and again, were his devotions "hindered." All this was "the beginning of sorrows." In the course upon which he was now entering—a course determined by the unanimous voice of the Church, and bearing the broad stamp of

God's approval, this complaint must become perpetual—unless he could realize, as he afterwards did, that the true spirit of devotion, the spirit that prays and does not faint—that prays and does not cease, may be preserved in growing vigour where there are no opportunities for retirement, and few chances, except in public, of getting down upon one's knees. Never again was W. O. Simpson's life to be what it had been. He had entered a whirling chariot from which he was only to be released by a summary translation to heaven. That chariot, once in motion, was never still; but the hurry and the flash, the dust, the din, and the excitement, went on increasing till the chariot suddenly broke down, and the driver "was not."

"*January 1st, 1866.* Presided at tea-meeting, Pendleton. Spoke on conversion as the grand object of Sunday Schools. Meeting too chatty: too many speakers.

"*5th, Fast-day.* Prayer-meeting at eight in the morning: four present: one seeking mercy.

"*7th.* In the morning at Irwell Street: not well up. Covenant service in the afternoon, 200 present; should have been more. Regent's Road at six; much humbled at my want of tone for this solemn day.

"*29th.* At N—— Missionary Meeting. Mr. T—— S—— gave us a full hour of magnified smallness.

"*31st.* Mr. Stamp baptized our baby 'Edward Overend.'

"*February 8th.* Mr. Glover called. Conversated about the cottage meetings. Some of the bands do not work well: tract distributors co-operate poorly. Shifting the localities does not seem to answer.

“March 5th, Monday. Yesterday was at the prayer-meeting at seven in the morning, and had a very good day.

“12th. At Mrs. Faulkner’s. Addressed the young people: noticed that of five who spoke, only one found good at a penitents’ form, and that was transitory.

“15th. Met four classes: feel the danger of familiarity with sacred things blunting the feelings.”

In this Irwell Street year, Mr. Simpson was called up to London to speak for the first time at the great missionary meeting in Exeter Hall. The other speakers were the President—William Shaw, William Arthur, John Kilner, Henry Allon, and Samuel Coley. It was arranged that Mr. Simpson should make the Collection Speech. His address was a marvel of cogent reasoning, graphic description, apt illustration, playful humour, beauty of sentiment and language, impassioned and tender appeal; by means of which this unknown stranger from the country laid siege to that vast auditory and took it by storm. His theme, from which he did not a moment depart, was the changed condition of Hindu thought in relation to religion. Referring first to the caste system, he said:

“I can liken it to nothing but the Tubular Bridge. The easy-going passenger train, the thundering luggage train, and the swift-flying express all pass through it, and not a plate stirs, not a rivet is shaken. The plates and rivets of that system were fashioned 1200 years ago; no plate was shaken and not a rivet was moved by the Mohammedan invasion, by a long lumbering period of confusion, nor by the thunder of British artillery; but in these later times the soft silken touch of Truth has laid itself upon these plates,

and they shake in their angles and move in their sockets. Yet a little while and they will rattle plate against plate, and you will meet in this Hall to look down upon the broken fragments of the caste system of India. Having heard the rattle of plates, and having seen the movement of the rivets, will you let me exhibit a little of the light that has come through the cracks?"

Having spoken of the gradual growth of the vast temple at Seringam, from a small shrine till it covers a square mile, he describes one of its festivals:—

"Look at the people, all blackened with exposure to the sun. They wear only a simple garment of the scantiest kind. Not one in a hundred can read a letter. These are the men from the country, real *pagans*—at once villagers and heathens. They crowd the temple, and in what does their worship consist? They pass up to the little threshold of the shrine, touch the head, and make a reverential bow, but they do not even trouble to look in and see the eighteen inches of wood they worship, and they pass on. What about the shopkeepers and tradesmen who wear golden bracelets and diamonds? They never trouble the idol! They pass by the threshold of the shrine into the immense area—What to do? In one corner there is a large bale of Manchester handkerchiefs, next to them a vast quantity of goods from London, then bales of Indian cloths, where people are making decided bargains; and this is what leads the middle classes to such a festival. We will leave these crowds and go into the streets—the Brahminical streets. The high priest of that temple was a friend of mine; and, what is more, his eldest son and heir-apparent, eighteen years of age, was my head scholar in Trichinopoly! The father is a type of the

conservative Hindu. Here approaches a young man. Six years ago his father said: 'It is no use bringing our lad up here; the old thing is going down, there is no prospect before him if he stays here; we must send him to Madras.' He has been to Madras, and has learned the English language; he has gone on reading till he has passed a matriculation examination, and has got his 'B.A.' He has come home, and looks on his own father and mother with wonder. With easy conversational gossip he passes among the crowds of people busy trading, but there is a slight dash of contempt for the villagers as he marches about in his neat adaptation of European dress.

"First, there are the poor villagers—the last disciples of idolatry pure and simple; but it only takes an occasional burst. When some famine or pestilence rages there is a cry of agony which rends the air and terrifies the listener, and then all is silent again. They are waiting for instruction. Then, as to the middle classes of India, these are the people who a hundred years ago paid for the temples and the salaries of the priests. They were the stay of the fabric and the system. Having gone through the length and breadth of the land, I can say you will not find five out of a hundred who would lift up their voices for an idol."

Speaking of the temple at Madura, he said:

"Eight hundred years ago there emanated from its threshold a power that changed the creed of Southern India. It was the rise of South Indian Pantheism. From that college had gone forth year by year scholars able and powerful, who had penetrated as far North as the Ganges, and changed the thoughts of 30,000,000 of people. You would not wonder at my looking on

that temple with reverence. Eighteen months ago, finding the door open, I walked in. On the walls were portraits of the predecessors of the present head of the college. Pointing to a little representation of a lady on a pillar, with a crown upon her head, I asked the Brahmin who it was—‘Queen Victoria, Empress of Hindustan.’ I turned to a figure in a well-known posture, with his arms folded, and wearing a cocked hat. The Brahmin could not remember who he was, and called a boy, who said it was Julius Cæsar, but afterwards remembered that it was Napoleon Buonoparte. Another was pointed out as Alexander the Great. I asked how it was that these figures were there? and the Brahmin said, ‘You see times are changed, and unless I had these little things, people would not come into the building.’ ‘Have you no disciples?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Is there anybody but you in this vast building?’ ‘Yes, there is my cook.’ So it had come to that: the temple which had dictated a creed to 30,000,000 of people was left in the possession of a few bits of plaster of Paris, a priest, and the cook who prepared his meals.”

Here followed an amusing account of a railway journey, in which Mr. Simpson had for a fellow-traveller “the head trustee of Ramisweram temple.” The “major-domo” of this “stout old party” commenced a conversation with the missionary on Hinduism and Chistianity, but the master kept on interjecting unseasonable questions. “Is it well to drink beer?” “Is sherry good?” “What is best for a sore toe?” At last, as Mr. Simpson was leaving the train, the great man exclaimed, with changed face and clenched fist: “Sir, there is only this difference between us and

you: you hold your religion fast, and we are letting ours go."

"These are sufficient proofs that the men who a hundred years ago got around them in quiet temple-courts the rising intellects of India—who put their fingers upon the young, and the young would not resist the call, but took upon themselves the vows of asceticism and celibacy—who chanted the rhythmic music of the Sanscrit tongue, and whose commentaries were listened to by thousands: that those men have forsaken the seats of their authority, have flung away the reins, and said, 'We can no longer guide the mind of the people that are round about us.' Give us help! We have heard a voice like that which sounded in the ears of Philip, 'Go, join thyself to this chariot.' Help us, and we will take those reins; and ere many years have come, we will gather up the various controlling forces, and the guiding power of India shall be the Testament of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The speech deals, lastly, with "young India:"—

"Ask an educated Hindu youth to do a hard sum in arithmetic, he does it; to solve a difficult problem in Colenso, he does it; to paraphrase an obscure bit from Milton, he does it. Ask him, 'What is the state of your mind?' he has no answer. Of course, he is not a Christian, but neither is he an atheist. No, no; after a considerable knowledge of these young men, I repudiate that slur. They are not atheists. They are like one of those marine creatures which our naturalists call sea-urchins, by some rising flood carried away from its old anchorage, and tossed on from wave to wave, with all its antennæ stretched out, waiting for some new resting-place in which it may anchor and be

safe . . . So far from being atheistic and apathetic, they are really crying to us for help; . . . and, while I have been in England, again and again have the faces I have seen in India appeared to me as I have sat in my study in smoky Manchester: a cry has come over to me, and I have seemed to listen to the pathetic music of our own Poet-Laureate:—

“ ‘ An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry :’

and I have thought that there were divinity, and authority, and responsibility when there came a vision from Macedonia, and the cry went up, ‘ Come over and help us!’ It was a wise, and a true, and a loyal thing when the evangelists gathered that the Lord had surely called them to go over and help them. Oh, let us listen with reverent hearts! The Lord has surely called us to go over and help those Hindus, and let us do it.

“ I have seen one of your steamers lying in the Madras Roads, when a cyclone has come on, and she has rocked and pulled at her anchor. By and bye, the order has been given, ‘ Put on power,’ and she has put on just enough power to bide her time; and when her letters and her cargo have been brought on board, they have run up the other signal, ‘ Put to sea;’ and when she has slipped her anchor, with the foam about her prow, and the phosphorescent light about her wake, she has moved off to carry her wealth and news to other lands.

“ The good old ship built by our fathers, fitted and sent out with many a gay colour and noble signal, is in the surf. We are running past the first debt, and you are crying, ‘ We must pay for it.’ Yes, you must,

and you must put on power. How much? Just enough to lift her over the surf, and leave her there, shaking, shaking, shaking, but afraid to go out to sea? No; but power to lift her out, and let her go! Why, at Manchester we unfurled the signal, and at Liverpool we got it half-mast high: why should we not raise it to the top at Exeter Hall to-day? Let it go up to the mast-head, and out to sea once more. Out to sea! and then the good old ship will shake herself; those who have the management of her will be ready to seize the helm again, and she will cleave the waters, carrying the wealth of the goodness of God, and the news of the Gospel of Christ to distant lands. God bless the good old ship!"

This beautiful and touching speech produced a profound impression, but a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred during its delivery. Referring to the Bill passed by the Legislature in 1864, "which severed for ever the connection of the British Government with idolatry," Mr. Simpson observed that when that Bill was introduced, a large meeting of "the Conservative party" in Madras unanimously opposed it, "because if it passed their temples would fall into ruins." It was a time of great political and electioneering excitement, and the use of the word "Conservative" in this depreciatory sense evoked peal after peal of laughter. He told the audience he had been so long in India that he had forgotten European politics; but all was in vain. As often as the word was mentioned, the laugh was instantly renewed. "Well," said he, with that nimble wit that was rarely known to fail him, "if you will not accept the word Conservative, you shall have its equivalent in Tamil;" and, being thus cleverly out-

manœuvred, their merriment subsided into admiring amusement.

Here is his own laconic account of that meeting:—

“*April 30th.* Exeter Hall meeting very crowded. Kilner gave a very able speech. I had liberty on phases of Hindu thought.”

By the close of the connexional year, Mr. Simpson’s jaded energies were deemed sufficiently repaired to justify his reappointment to India. This must have been much less the result of rest than of change of air, scenery, society, and occupations; for he kept on working like a galley-slave, save for the delight with which he did it. It appears that his own mind had received a spur from his friend, the Rev. Robert Stephenson, whom he had left in India:—

“*May 14th,* 1866. Received a long letter from Stephenson, which produced a deep impression on my mind, and also on that of my dear wife. It will probably lead to my leaving England in 1867 instead of 1868.

“*July 14th.* Received an application from Dr. Hoole for my immediate return to India. I decided to go, provided all should be right at Leeds.

“*16th.* Went to Leeds; no prospect of providing for the children there.

“*August 22nd.* Willie and Tom left for Nottingham this morning: a sad parting—though, on their part, a blessed and cheerful ignorance.”

Mr. Simpson’s three older children had now been placed at school, and the Conference had given him the desire of his heart by appointing him to the Madras North Circuit. All arrangements were completed. Himself, with Mrs. Simpson and the younger children,

were to go by the Overland Route, and their heavy luggage had already been sent on by way of the Cape; but, at the last moment, Mrs. Simpson broke down, unequal to the strain upon her. Her long residence in India had seriously undermined her health; the prospect of a separation from her older children, protracted for years, with all its grave uncertainties, was a terrible trial to the true and affectionate mother; her youngest child, an infant, was ill, causing her much anxiety and loss of rest. Taxed with duties above her strength, worn down with weariness and sorrow, Mrs. Simpson's health utterly gave way, and it was impossible for her to leave England.

The result was as disappointing as it was mournful. It seemed a formidable blow to the Mission cause in India; but as that was God's cause, and the blow came from Himself, it could only be regarded as one more of the inscrutable methods by which He is bringing about "That one far-off Divine event to which the whole creation moves." To the Missionary Committee it was a deep-felt disappointment; but though deprived of his further services in the high places of the field, they quickly found ample compensation in his potent advocacy at home. To Mr. Simpson himself the disappointment was very great, for he wished "to lay his bones in India." Such, however, was his faith in God and in God's providential guidance, so completely was his will subdued to the obedience of Christ, that to know His will was to secure immediate and whole-hearted acquiescence; and but for the dark shadow which had fallen upon his home-life, he would doubtless have been equally happy in almost any other sphere of labour.

Mrs. Simpson's share in the general disappointment must not be overlooked. Animated from her girlhood by "a burning missionary zeal, and that for India"—having shown herself for years the true missionary's wife, the depository of his secrets, and plans, and counsels—having no wish but to aid him in the prosecution of his special calling—she was suddenly doomed to inactivity. Verily, of all the parties concerned, the wife was the meekest object for sympathy and pity. Very bravely did she struggle to brace herself and keep up. Very bravely she broke down—if there can be any breaking down in an absolutely childlike concurrence in our Father's will. Very brave were the words she spoke to her husband when he announced his changed destiny: "William, you cannot go to India now; but God will say, 'Thou didst well in that it was in thine heart.'"

There was no help for it, no alternative course: he must remain in England. His heart was with his former fellow-labourers and their dusky charge, but the hand of God was here, and he submitted. He rarely referred to Mrs. Simpson's affliction, but to the Rev. Henry R. Burton, his brother-in-law, who naturally shared his trouble more than others, he said: "It is always present with me. I am thankful that for family reasons, I need to be incessantly employed; but I love God's work, and getting about and throwing my whole soul into it helps to divert me often from painful reflections." He did not doubt that, in permitting this calamity, God had some high purpose in regard to himself and his family, and set both himself and them to look out for the full unfolding of His will. Thus meekly did he bow his head before the

storm, manfully pressing forward, upheld by a cheery hope that it would presently blow over.

Who but his most intimate acquaintances ever heard him allude to his private difficulties and sorrows? One of these relates that he once sat up with him till long after midnight discussing our Church polity, and discovered at breakfast that he had left his bed at four o'clock. "I could not sleep," said he, "and was compelled to get up and work to drive thought away." At the house of another where he was a frequent guest, having chatted pleasantly till about twelve at night, he took out his watch, looked at it a few moments in silence, and then broke down in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. To the questions of his frightened friend he could only gasp, "Excuse me: it is Polly's birthday." The friend last referred to certifies that the above occasion was the only one on which he ever heard Mr. Simpson spontaneously refer to his wife's affliction, except when he had good news to tell—when he thought there was fair prospect of her full recovery.

This was necessarily a broken year. He was more at home with full heart and hands. Nevertheless, he rendered much most acceptable and efficient help to various connexional institutions, particularly to our Foreign Missions.

This year he was again called up to the great Metropolitan Anniversary, to preach before the Society in the City Road Chapel, and to speak in Exeter Hall. The Lord Mayor of London was in the chair; and among the speakers were the President, William Arthur, Peter M'Owan, Charles Garrett, Robert Spence Hardy, Dr. M'Cosh, and William Morley Punshon.

Nothing could exceed the interest and enthusiasm awakened by Mr. Simpson's speech, but in the only report of it to hand (in the *Missionary Notices*) it is cut down to less than an octavo page. Of what is given, the greater part is fragmentary, and exhibits little of the marvellous genius which lighted up and gave charm to the whole oration. The conclusion, however, is in his best style :—

“ There is a story of a certain giant in Ceylon, who sent to Brahma to ask for a gift,—which I should have been glad of during the last twenty-eight days, because I have not had nearly enough of it,—the gift of sleep. Brahma gave it to him, and he slept so soundly that nothing could awake him. Then Ceylon was attacked by one of the gods, and they wanted to awake the giant. They fired rockets in his ear, but he only groaned and went to sleep again. They poked him with swords and spears, but he only scratched himself and went to sleep again. But, strange to say, there passed a maiden of the palace, and as she passed she laid her hand upon him, and the giant woke, and looked for his arms.

“ So it is with the great mind of India. It lay slumbering from the Himalayas to the southern extremity for centuries of years. They came and punctured it with Mohammedan scimitars, but the giant only scratched himself, and returned to his sleep. Then came the roar of British artillery, but the giant only snored a little, and went to sleep again. But then there came a maiden—only a maiden—not a disciple of the Lord Jesus, but a maiden of His palace and of His work, and she laid her hand on the sleeping giant ; and Western Thought touched that

Eastern mind with her fingers, and lo! the giant arose. It is for you to guide those eyes to Christ, and those hands to the cross of the Lord Jesus."

So excellent a judge of style as the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A., says: "the peroration" of that speech "was one of the most chaste and exquisite passages of eloquence to which even an Exeter Hall audience had ever listened."

X.

HACKNEY.

1867-1869.

AT the Conference of 1867, there being no prospect of his wife's early recovery, the appointment to Madras was cancelled, and Mr. Simpson was stationed at Hackney, where he passed three active and useful years under the superintendency of the able, genial, and gentle Richard Smetham. His association with Mr. Smetham he regarded as in various ways a blessing to himself, and it laid the foundation of a warm friendship—suspended, but not terminated, by the too early death of that excellent minister.

The following quotation from the Diary reveals a condition of mind singularly paradoxical: disturbed, yet settled; sad, yet cheerful; depressed, yet buoyant; fearing, yet resolved, and by God's grace sufficient:—

“*September 23rd, 1867.* The sad mystery of the past twelve months has reached a halting-place. I have now been settled in my new Circuit three weeks. At first my feelings were depressed—succeeding a man like Mr. Jenkins; nor does the contrast between the southern people and Manchester tend to cheer one. The former cause of depression has almost passed away; the latter in some measure remains. I have felt at

home at Clapton, but not till yesterday at Richmond Road. I am afraid that during the sore trial and crushing disappointment of the past year, some of my elasticity has slipped from me; I am more sober, perhaps more sad. . . . The travelling of this week has thrown me back: weakness, sinfulness, despondency; yet I have this morning recovered some of my power. I see no way of bearing up but by much prayer and absorbing devotedness to my work. I say to my soul, Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him."

It would have taken most ministers a longer time than "three weeks" to be quite easy in following "a man like" the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., and to feel at home in the chief chapels of a first-class London Circuit; but Mr. Simpson was a man *sui generis*. He could not be long depressed by considerations often felt to be insupportable by weaker men. As to the "southern people," though perhaps in fuller sympathy with the more emotional people of the North, he soon came to like them, and he did not leave them until the rules of the Connexion rendered it imperative. To a man of his buoyant spirits these "causes of depression" were merely ephemeral; but for wise reasons, his Heavenly Father had given him another which, though he commonly held it under domination, he was unable wholly to shake off. This, he was not slow to discover, could only be successfully encountered by "much prayer and absorbing devotedness" to his work. Accordingly, into his work he plunged, and gave himself to prayer. Great service was rendered by him to innumerable distant places, whilst doing the full ordinary work of a Circuit minister. Moreover, during the three years he spent in the Hackney

Circuit, where he was placed in special charge of the Clapton congregation, he conducted weekly a Society Class, a very successful Teachers' Preparation Class, and an interesting and encouraging Children's Meeting on Saturday afternoons.

At this time, of course, his family cares were particularly pressing. He had happily succeeded in securing as female head of his household Miss Jane Burton, a near relative of Mrs. Simpson, who retained that position with exemplary fidelity, gentleness, and discretion; but his mind was inevitably exercised much more than in former times with the care of his children. "For several years he was both father and mother to them; and in this respect was he not made like unto our Heavenly Father?" So truly remarks Mr. Bush—in a way which belongs to himself, referring us to the Scriptures, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Well grounded in his childhood in Christian morals, and animated from his youth by the highest principles of probity and honour, all through life he detested meanness, shuffling, and deception. He now sought by incessant prayer and pains to make his children lovers of whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, or of good report; and it is well known that, by God's blessing on his efforts, they did contribute much to the brightness of their father's life. May the good seed, thus diligently sown in their youth, bring forth its excellent fruits even to old age!

On one occasion an old college friend, who was stationed near London while Mr. Simpson was at Clapton, had two or three of the children down for a

fortnight's change, and thus had opportunity for observing the success with which they were being trained. Chips they were of the old block. They were full of spirits, of energy, and fun, and enjoyment of life; and there was among them no weak compliance with the whims and wishes of one another or of the other children, without first weighing claims and getting to know all about it. There was, however, little or no self-will. They were almost comically open to reason; and above all, there was no deception, no concealment. Right or wrong, their eyes went straight into yours, and you saw that the truth was in them. In the garden was an apricot tree from which fruit had been surreptitiously taken. The children belonging to the house were called together, and all asserted their innocence. Up came one of Mr. Simpson's boys, quite a little fellow: "Did you take the apricots, my lad?" asked one of the others. "No," said the minister, "*he* would not take them." "But I did," said the lad. "You did?" "Yes, I did; and nobody helped me. I thought they would be nice. Did you want them? I'm very sorry." And very sorry he was, for he wept so that it was difficult to comfort him. When Mr. Simpson came to fetch his children home, he also wept, but for joy, saying, "That story pleases me better than the gift of a £20 note would have done. He will never steal apricots again."

During that visit a child of the host was just coming out of a dangerous illness, whom Mr. Simpson baptized in private. The service was conducted with great tenderness and solemnity; but while the child was lying in his arms, "Here," said he, addressing the boy above referred to, "come and kiss the baby. May you

live to be better men than your fathers, and always be friends as true!"

The same friend had several opportunities for observing Mr. Simpson's exemplary methods with his children at their own home. Especially noteworthy was the care he took to lead them to observe distinguishing points in objects worthy of observation, and to understand and appreciate subjects deserving their attention. The two friends, with the elder children, went to see a celebrated Fine Arts' Exhibition. Whatever was most admirable, or seemed to himself most striking, Mr. Simpson pointed out and explained to the young people. A mark, or some key-word or observation, was pencilled on the margin of the catalogue over against the more remarkable objects; and at home in the evening that document was patiently gone through by all the company together, each contributing what he could to recall what he had seen to the full mental gaze, with a view to fix it permanently in the memory. This was an expenditure of time as wise and profitable as it was kind and fatherly. The "faculty of observation" in our children requires cultivation. Without this, except in instances of rare natural gifts, having eyes, they will not see; having ears, they will not hear. Whatever they may look at, whatever they may listen to, will leave little more impression than the looking-glass retains of the bride who has left her chamber.

Being so frequently away from home, and sometimes for so long a period, it might seem strange that Mr. Simpson could find time for such entertainment and instruction of his family. The explanation lies in the fulness and the readiness of his resources. Thugh

preferring and often longing for more privacy, he could prepare for his public work almost anywhere—on the coach, on the rail, in the steamboat; and many a minister, who is rarely or never called away from his local duties, finds himself possessed of less real leisure than this happy and hard-worked servant of all the churches.

As to religion, after his death one of his children said to their uncle, Mr. Burton: "He did not talk much to us about it, but his Christlike life was a constant sermon to us. His prayers too! How he used to take everything to God in such striking ways as impressed us and brought blessing to us."

A few quotations from the Journal will somewhat illustrate Mr Simpson's life at Clapton:—

"*January 4th, 1868.* Met the children's class, then my own: both good.

"*5th.* Clapton in the morning, a good time. Afternoon, covenant service. Richmond Road, evening: had power.

"*7th.* At Clapton on Heb. xii. 1: exposition of first part superficial.

"*20th.* Thank God! our family circle is once more complete.

"*23rd.* Mr. Smetham told me that the Clapton people were complaining about pastoral visitation, and that they were 'crusty' about some one who had given up 'sittings.'

"*24th.* Up early. Out at half-past twelve, and again at half-past three in visitation. This is my cross, to be taken up daily.

"*February 19th.* Children's meeting at the Mission house. Venerable Thomas Jackson in the chair. Dr.

Osborn creeping about the room, sent up the men. Missionaries were the chief speakers—Calvert, myself, Robinson, and Sanderson. Bleby and Waddy made capital speeches.

“22nd. Had a large number at the children’s class—at my own, a very good time. Next time I shall say a few words to them on some point of Christian experience from Goulbourn.

“*March 22nd.* At Clapton twice: one of my happiest days, entirely owing to the long periods of retirement I was able to secure.

“23rd. Addressed mothers’ meeting at Homerton on some Hindu customs.

“*June 2nd.* Went to the horse show—then sermonized—then preached at Clapton. Mr. V——spoke afterwards of the Circuit as being ‘at a loose end.’

“29th. Our Quarterly Meeting. Finances not very hopeful: £20 debt for the quarter, £80 for the year. A very solemn and earnest conversation on the state of the work of God. I was under much feeling, and could scarcely speak; but in the few sentences I got out, I referred to the absence of a spirit of propagandism in families and friendships.

“*August 31st.* On re-commencing the visitation of classes, I sit down to review the principal incidents in my religious history during the past quarter. My morning devotions have usually been seasons of grace: evening, irregular. Novelty, change of circumstances, travelling, have been unfriendly to constancy and power. I have had one painful trial, but it has been a source of benefit which will bear fruit I trust in my future life. Have had deep and painful insights into

my own heart. My great home trial has been lightened: dear Mary is much better; and, recollecting the weary months of anxiety and tears, I desire to remember this instance of the Divine goodness with thankfulness. Visitation, the most irksome part of my ministerial work, has been attended to with more regularity, and I am determined to pay special attention to it during the quarter. In this, as in other respects, I will take up my cross daily.

"*January 3rd*, 1869. At Richmond Road in the morning. Clapton in the evening; also in the afternoon: covenant service. With a temperament so emotional as mine, everything depends upon the soul being in right tune. Imagination and language work readily in response to a cheerful heart.

"*11th*. Had only moderate times yesterday at Clapton and Richmond Road. Darkness fell upon me on Saturday evening, which marred my power on the Sabbath also. I must be very much upon my guard against roughness of temper and impatience.

"*16th*. Up early every day in the week. Still find myself puzzled about evening devotions: must have them, except a collect or so, before going out to my work.

"*September 6th*. In looking over the past work I am humbled and ashamed. . . . I most grieve because I notice that, apart from the higher religious question of tone and influence, my intellectual power depends upon my state. The head waits upon the heart. The power of invention, adaptation, illustration, nay, even of utterance, depends upon the state within. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Had a happy time with some simple people at Copper Mill Lane.

“19th. Homerton twice. I prayed and preached for immediate conversions. A very good prayer-meeting, and one inquirer stayed behind. But in reference to all our congregations in this Circuit, it seems to me that the only way of securing the result of our ministry is by preachers and leaders selecting those who are under emotion and seeing them personally during the week.”

In a letter published in the *Methodist Recorder*, June 16, 1880, Mr. William Nicholls speaks of his recollections of “certain clear, eloquent, straight-hitting sermons” Mr. Simpson had preached “in the Hackney Circuit some years ago.” Here is a fragment of one such sermon delivered at Clapton, October 25, 1867. The text was, “Keep thy heart with all diligence” (Prov. iv. 23). Thus spake the preacher:—

“Watch your conversation. I am no cynic. I would not, if I could help it, have a house without drawing-room, the sound of music and of song, the merriment of youth and the play of wit; but these are to be guarded. Fun, and repartee, and humour, may degenerate into vehement loquacity about things neither solid nor profitable. Vain things: the mind is thrown off its guard, and permits itself to sympathize with and enjoy pleasant chatter about things at which chaste piety droops its eyelids and calm religion frowns. Things profane: one such conversation, one such indulgence is pernicious, but the habit of it is fatal. It will increase unto more ungodliness. It takes off the edge and vigour of the mind from things serious, and makes it no easy matter to bring the heart into a serious frame. On the other hand, it leaves in the heart smouldering sparks of evil which gather force

in solitude, burst out under temptation, and consume the promise of fruitfulness."

The above extract illustrates the firm hold he kept on his own heart in varying moods and circumstances: particularly in the midst of free, cheerful, and even jovial talk. Few men have been freer and happier in conversation; but with him pleasant talk was only a means subserving a higher end, and no one better knew when to put his foot down on it, and to follow his approving "hitherto" with his inexorable "no farther."

That such discourses were listened to and esteemed by large audiences in the Hackney Circuit was honourable alike to them and the preacher. But happily for scores of thousands of Methodists, after his return from India Mr. Simpson was never merely the minister of any Circuit, but of the whole Connexion. On week-days, at least, he ministered more frequently to them that were afar off, than to them that were nigh. He was appreciated and loved by the innumerable recipients of his gratuitous and voluntary services; and many surviving friends and admirers rejoice in their recollections of his going out and coming in among them.

As at Richmond College, so generally through life, in matters deemed by himself optional or indifferent, he was a law unto himself, and accepted dictation from no one. Remonstrated with, as he sometimes was, about trifles affecting his personal freedom, he would say jocosely: "I am not careful to answer thee, O king, in this matter;" or more gruffly: "Your good sense was given for your guidance—follow it, but let me follow mine;" and then he would start some other topic. Never was any man more innocent of dis-

guises. What he was he seemed to be, and he seemed to be what he was. What he honestly thought, he fearlessly avowed—occasion requiring it, regardless of place or company; and what he deemed right and was inclined to do, he did with absolute indifference to hostile criticism. He held that the character of every one should always be in harmony with itself; that no single individual should play the *rôle* of two; that to change your line of action to suit the caprice of ignorant and prejudiced people, was to sacrifice principle on the altar of ignorance and prejudice; and that it is manlier, more Christian, and better for the healthy condition of society, to seem to be what you are, to do what you judge to be right, and take all consequences.

In agreement with these principles, he visited his friends in distant Circuits—not like John the Baptist, not like some lean hermit of the woods, not as having designed his visits for times of fasting and self-denial. Like his Master, he “came eating and drinking.” Strong, healthy, active, “in labours more abundant,” his appetite was good. He enjoyed a hearty meal, and thought he had a right to it: eating and drinking what was set before him, and asking no questions for conscience sake; a right which, it is pleasant to know, is rarely questioned by such Methodist families as “take in” the preachers. When comparatively poor people gave him gladly of their best, he was profuse in his praise of their humble but hearty hospitality; but when once a rich man, who thought it wrong to cook a potato, yet right to boil a kettle on the Sabbath, set before him nothing during a heavy day but tough beef-steak cooked on Saturday, bread, water, and weak

tea, his report respecting his entertainer was certainly not flattering.

These secondary matters are referred to because they have so much to do in the composition of that aggregate, a human life—particularly the life of an active and laborious preacher of the Gospel, who needs to be kept up to his work by generous living; and because it is thought Mr. Simpson can scarcely be faithfully portrayed without some allusion to them. In his later years, his views as to his personal liberty relating to certain usages of society underwent considerable modification. Like most young and sanguine Christians, when they get older, he thought less of what might be “lawful,” and more of what was “expedient;” and at Bradford he openly identified himself with the great temperance movement. The reason he gave for taking this step was worthy both of his good sense and his Christianity: “I find that it enables me to do more good.” This was sufficient for Mr. Simpson, as it must ever suffice for any right-minded Christian who has arrived at the same conclusion.

His sermons, speeches, and lectures delivered about the country on special occasions, were distinguished by remarkable force and freshness, edifying the well-read and thoughtful, and charming the common people. In and through all, over and above all, he was a faithful ambassador for Christ. However humorous and playful he might be, he never lost his seriousness, his earnest purpose to do good. Mr. John Wesley Lewis, of Nottingham, observes: “In the pulpit he repressed the humorous and the comic, which on the platform appeared to be irrepressible. As a missionary

advocate I considered him to be unsurpassed. With a fund of information gathered from the Mission field, where nothing seems to have escaped his observation, his note-book, or his memory, he would, from the simplest style of narrative and address, warm into eloquent description and prediction and irresistible appeal."

In the pulpit his excellences were manifold, but pre-eminent among them were his critical analysis and lucid exposition of Holy Scripture. We have seen how thoroughly he studied the Bible, how conscientiously he set himself to read at least a portion of the Greek Testament every day—a custom kept up to the end of his life, how faithfully he sought by prayer the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and with what avidity he laid his hand upon everything he read or heard or saw that could help him to open and apply the Scriptures. No wonder that his expositions were so full and clear and forceful, so copiously enriched with apposite illustrations; often Oriental, often scientific or historical, often taken from current topics of the day, from things observed on his journeys, from simple scenes and facts in home-life.

Occasionally, it must be admitted, he was not generally understood, especially in country places; but, strange as it may sound, he did not seem to be the less admired on that account. Some few might like him all the better for it, like the countryman who exclaimed, after hearing the Rev. Newman Hall: "Call *him* a great preacher? Why, I understood every word he said, and he is a poor tool that cannot get beyond *my* depth." Mr. Simpson's more elaborate treatment of certain favourite but somewhat complex

passages in the Epistles, was far above the illiterate many who could not, and the indolent more who would not, read and think for themselves. They looked at him, and seemed to hang upon his lips, but they were only like wrens and sparrows, vainly imping their awkward wings to follow the lark to the heavens. But though unable to grasp his argument and appreciate his nice distinctions, all appeared to be interested, and the devout got blessing. To follow the train of thought, to watch the play of fancy, to contemplate its marvellous creations, was the delightful employment of many; to see him confidently grapple with his text, as with an enemy to be overcome, warming to his work and dismissing head after head as things settled once for all, to mark the inflexions of his voice—always clear as a bell—usually a little quavery as if touched by some occult emotion, to observe the changing expression of that eloquent countenance, offered continual entertainment to all.

His addresses, both from pulpit and platform, were frequently marked by the choicest, chastest, most effective adornments of style; shining, burning, thrilling by turns with passages of almost inimitable point and power, tenderness and beauty. A careful and minute observer, he was accurate and graphic in description; endowed with an exuberant imagination—not suffered, at least in the pulpit, to override his excellent taste and judgment—he was never at a loss for some striking illustration. Thoroughly human in his sensibilities, keenly alive to whatever exercises the mind and heart in the sorrows and joys of home-life, and thus enabled to fling himself into sympathy with his hearers, his public deliverances abounded

with touches of nature unexpectedly interjected, which frequently moved one to smiles and frequently to tears.

In his tenderer sentiments and descriptions—as, for instance, on the death-scene of brave Sammy Hick, where the theme was in itself pathetic—where his own emotion was profound—where his audience was in perceptible sympathy with him—his voice was strangely, sweetly, sadly soft and low, like the cooing of a dove, or the refrain of that plaintive Hindu lullaby which some of us have heard him sing. Monotonous it might have been accounted in another speaker, but all felt that it was part of W. O. Simpson, and well became him. The effect was overpowering, as was proved by the solemn hush, the silently flowing tears, and the soft but irresistible sobs of inarticulate emotion in all parts of the assembly. At other times, he resembled mostly an admired and trusted general, fearlessly going forth to battle, fighting manfully, though hard beset, beating down enemy after enemy, returning always “more than conqueror.” You could see the banners and hear the trumpets; and, at all events, you must have observed how hard large numbers found it to refrain, if they did refrain, from taking part in the acclamations.

In regard to his style, and attitudes, and oratory, no one yet appears to have made a guess as to any man from whom he could have borrowed them; and it would be equally difficult to discover one who has succeeded in making them his own. Mr. Simpson was no borrower of other people’s excellences, and he despised the practice. The above characteristics, together with those strange movements of his hairless

face, the shrug of the shoulders, and the toss of the hand, whereby he was wont to economize words on the platform, were as much parts of himself as his hands and feet, and were not imitable. Perhaps the only things about him that were capable of successful imitation were the little bounce in his gait, which disappeared as he got older, and a slight whine or drawl, "Whose murmur invited to sleep," when preaching on a sultry mid-summer afternoon in a close village chapel. Some of our great men, without intending or knowing it, have much to answer for. Vain and foolish beginners *will* imitate them—not their graces, not their higher gifts, not their literary attainments, not always what is excellent at all; but imitate they will, in the hope no doubt of achieving an equal fame. Of our popular Richard Roberts we have many miniatures; but there is no surviving W. O. Simpson, large or little.

In his public efforts, even on occasions deemed most trying to the nervous system, Mr. Simpson was distinguished by a calm collectedness and self-possession which rarely if ever forsook him. To one who was painfully subject to timidity and self-distrust at such times, he playfully remarked: "I never imagine that I am going to fail. I set to work with the feeling that I am about to achieve a grand success." This was strongly worded with a view to rally his desponding friend, yet he only said what was generally true of himself. He was conscious of inherent power; he had improved by close and continuous study his great natural gifts; as opportunity served, he did his best to prepare himself for anything he had to do; above all, he had faith in God and the promised help of the

Holy Spirit: and hence he was "not in trouble as other men." Accustomed to succeed—knowing what he could do by what he had done, he counted upon success, and succeeded accordingly. In all this there was no more personal vanity than in St. Paul's description of himself as an "able minister," or in Samson's consciousness of his great strength.

Yet while as innocent of egotism as a babe, he desired and loved to be appreciated. He did not like his "points" to pass unnoticed, as was often betrayed by quick glances at his familiar friends, as if to see whether or not they were catching them. This, however, though certainly characteristic of him, was scarcely peculiar to him. Who does not love an appreciative hearer? No man fires into a covey of birds without pausing to see if the shot has taken effect. At the same time, Mr. Simpson's sense of humour was often tickled by the obtuseness or the slowness of other people's wits. Rarely was his risibility—never far to fetch, subjected to so severe a test as when some tardy listener cried "Hear, hear," half a minute too late, or broke out into a laugh at some touch of humour, like a sudden growl of thunder when the lightning-flash is forgotten.

Company suiting, his cheeriest hours usually succeeded his hardest. After a heavy day, or some service of an exhaustive nature, he gave himself up to relaxation and enjoyment. Always an agreeable companion, during the hours between sermon, meeting, or lecture and a late bedtime, he was sure to be at his best. At the table and by the fireside he exhibited that joyousness which is ever an adorning to true piety, and he failed not to make such seasons

profitable as well as pleasantly "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." Though never morbidly anxious about success, and not disturbed by much timidity in appearing before vast congregations, there was far more nervous excitability about him than was generally supposed; and his great physical and mental efforts taxed him more than he was willing to admit. Proof there was of this in his subsequent wakefulness, in his futile solicitations of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," till the tedious night tapered off into the morning. This wakefulness amounted to a disease, and was probably the first loosening of the pins of a strongly-built tabernacle. To retire early was to consign himself to sleepless hours, when his private thoughts had no defence against themselves, and when these were mostly of a saddening nature. It was therefore small joy to him to be entertained by unsympathetic strangers, strict observers of orthodox hours, who must have all lights extinguished by half-past ten at the latest. He delighted to make his inn and take his rest with some old ministerial acquaintance, or some newer but proved lay friend who was like-minded; and of such he had not a few.

When from home, Mr. Simpson was not an early riser of the John Wesley type. If his long journeys required it, he was sure to be up with the bird; but at other times, if he felt sufficiently at home where he was staying, he would ask not to be disturbed till nine o'clock in the morning. After a "good time" the previous evening, and a good night, his cheery voice at breakfast proclaimed that the giant was refreshed and about again. It was a genial and a gentle giant.

Then, if ever, he opened his heart to you. Then, if ever, he became acquainted with the deepest secrets of your own heart and home, not to be forgotten, but remembered for your good. Then it was that his prayers in the family—never long, were especially comprehensive, minute, and tender. His frequent prayers in the home-circle of one of his oldest friends can never be forgotten; how he took in and touched upon the peculiarities of special cases in the household in a few wise and winsome words, which brought a present blessing; and with what delicacy and tenderness he referred to his own family, pleading earnestly with faltering voice for “the mother with the children.”

XI.

ISLINGTON.

1870—1872.

HAVING completed his three years at Hackney, after the Conference of 1870, Mr. Simpson removed to the adjoining Circuit of Islington, where also he spent three good and profitable years—Dalston being his special charge. The appointments to Islington that year were remarkable, numbering, besides John W. Greeves, a trio of veteran Indian missionaries—John Walton, Arminius Burgess, and William O. Simpson.

In this station, as at Clapton, Mr. Simpson met weekly a Society class and a Bible class, and held a children's meeting on Saturday afternoons. His pastorate at Dalston was distinguished by the erection there of day and Sabbath Schools, in which he took so deep and active an interest, that the friends judged it meet to request him to lay the foundation-stone. This honour, usually conferred upon gentlemen or ladies with long purses, he highly appreciated; and to show himself, though but a poor Methodist preacher, not unworthy of it as viewed from the financial standpoint, he deposited £100 upon the stone, contributed chiefly by generous friends in distant parts

of the Connexion. The silver trowel has been sacredly preserved with a view to its transmission "from heir to heir."

During the few busy years which now remained to him, we can scarcely wonder, however much we may regret it, that his Journals show wide gaps, or that the entries are comparatively brief. He introduces, nevertheless, a new element, or rather returns to a habit of his youth, by inserting occasional reflections on Scripture passages met with in his devotional reading, many of which are very striking—thoughtful, terse, and beautiful.

"*January 11th, 1871.* I read Genesis xvii.: God's gracious appearances to His ancient people. My privileges more precious, more spiritual than theirs. Theirs for the eye, and fleeting: mine for the soul, perpetual and enduring. So, then, I need not envy Abraham at the door of his tent. . . . In these exciting days, the newspaper asserts invincible attraction, but an hour out of one's morning is too serious a loss to be endured."

The next quotation reveals one of W. O. Simpson's most striking characteristics—his unconquerable propensity to good-humoured joke and banter. Though, perhaps, less mighty—probably, at times, less faithful—than some others in administering rebuke, he possessed a power which many have not: he found it easy to expose a foible or to impale a hobby by means of a playful remark or witticism. The gift is valuable, but not unattended with danger, as he appears to have discovered.

"*24th.* I must mind what I am about in 'chaffing'. Miss P——, though she is so very trying a type of

Christian : so good, yet so limited in intelligence : so sincerely desirous of doing good, yet so formal in her test of goodness.

“*February 15th.* Up late. Preached at Hornsey Road twice, and addressed the Sunday School. Got on pretty well, but was sad in the evening. On reflection : (1) I must have more time on Sunday mornings ; (2) I must read and think over my subjects well on Saturday ; (3) I must have more time during the day, wherever I am staying.”

Will some of the kind friends who “take in” their minister on a Sunday make a note of the above extract ? From mistaken notions of courtesy, many of these never leave him alone, but feel themselves called upon to keep up a continual conversation by way of “entertaining” him. Some of them, indeed, if they have a particularly talkative neighbour, are accustomed to solicit his help in this unnecessary work. The result, too commonly, is much weariness to the preacher, and an impaired evening service. Possibly there may be exceptions, but certainly, as a rule, the minister, having meat and drink, quietude and comfort, is “therewith content.”

“*16th.* Walked up to Miss S——’s funeral. Signs of poverty as well as grief. Her father is very peculiar. He told me he had ‘pitched the coffin, screwed her down and made her comfortable last night.’

“*17th.* Read Exodus vii. : The simulation of a Divine work : ‘The magicians of Egypt did so with their enchantments.’ Let me have real work done by my ministry ; for there is a danger of natural ability and emotion producing a result resembling a

real work of the Spirit ; but alas ! how unlike it in depth and permanence. . . . A good day : no newspaper till after dinner.

“ 22nd. I found it well this week to give the hour from twelve to one to visitation, as uncertain of myself in the afternoon.

“ 24th. Exodus xxix. 7 : The oil made the priest ; the unction makes the preacher. Ver. 21, Blood and oil upon the priest ; the saving benefits of the Atonement and the influences of the Spirit upon the preacher.

“ *March 6th*. Leviticus xxiv. : Beaten oil for the lamp : beautiful symbol of patience in prayer. Fine flour for the cakes : daily thought and duty spread before the Lord, with frankincense of gratitude.

“ 9th. Numbers vi. : The old Nazarite vow involved such separate seasons as the ‘Retreats’ of the Romanists, as special days of devotion in the arrangements of every Christian. . . . Day-school committee at night, at which there was a little sharp temper : G——, ardent ; W——, touchy ; M——, irrelevant and impertinent ; myself, too easily led into discussion inappropriate to my position.

“ 13th. To do my work I ought to have five hours daily—thirty a week, but last week I only secured sixteen and a half : where have I lost it ? Principally in morning engagements. When these occur, I must make up for it in the latter part of the day.

“ 15th. Hymn 279, verses 5-7 : God’s ‘tender love’ is a constant and ‘sure refreshment.’ The eye of Christ searches the soul. Upon ‘the yearning pity for mankind’ my mind is most humbled ; duty, eagerness for successful work—these are my strongest

motives. Personal interest in my people, as men redeemed yet dying, how little has it influenced me!

“*April 10th.* Joshua x.: The defeat of the men of Israel before Ai, and Joshua’s consequent humiliation. It was a small defeat, but it was a novelty, startling the hitherto victorious commander, and it brought him to his knees. As to the Christian Church to-day, it seems to me that a chronic weakness is on it. We get accustomed to defeats: they cause no self-examination, no tears. May God grant me such cheering success in the state of the Church both spiritual and financial that I may be pained by the least reverse, and reckon upon success as a customary thing! Israel’s sins have to do with Israel’s failures.

“*11th.* Down to Worthing, where I preached on Hagar’s Well and Abel’s Sacrifice. Tone of feeling below par. I am humbled at my own weakness: that this wandering kind of life seems to be no more under control than when I first fell into it.

“*28th.* A week of dissipating travel. . . . Mr. L——’s case is painful and unprincipled. He overtook me. I could only hint a censure: I ought to have spoken more strongly. He spoke of having a conscience clear of stain. Well, I do not understand it, save on the principle that the conscience, instead of being like a brightly silvered mirror, is like a pawnbroker’s window—light enough to conduct business, half-darkened to conceal it. . . . These journeys are growing more distasteful to me. If I could secure time, and had strength of mind enough for reading, quietness, and reflection, much of their danger would be remedied: much greater blessing would attend them, both for myself and others. But even supposing this

achieved, there is the interruption of my studies—no writing, no reading, no sermonizing, a great break upon visitation; and, most important of all, an interruption of sympathy with Circuit work, and in some cases a revulsion from it.”

This year, 1871, though resident in London, Mr. Simpson's services were again required in behalf of the missionary cause at the great May meeting in Exeter Hall as collection speaker. It is matter for regret that, excepting the first, all his Exeter Hall speeches, popular, masterly, and triumphant, as in succession they were, are inadequately reported in the monthly *Missionary Notices*. Possibly the reporters themselves partook so deeply of the general enthusiasm produced by his orations as to be disqualified for their work. They did well enough till the speaker got fairly warmed with his theme; but when the humour woke, and the wit sparkled, and the pathos thrilled, and the electricity had way, their right hands appear to have lost their cunning. We give the following extracts:—

“An Indian missionary has nerves of emotion, sensation, and sympathy—nerves which lie along every pathway of Christian effort, nerves which travel to the very extremity of the world; and because his heart is so sound and sympathizing, those nerves carry for him a quicker sensation and cause his heart to throb with a stronger sympathy than is given to ordinary men. It is your missionary all the world over that is brother to the missionary, and in the person of one such man the East and the West may meet together. We do, indeed, plead for our separate fields, but we love them all; and I may illustrate this by my own sympathy with the startling fact mentioned

in the report this morning, that after so long waiting we have at last a Mission in the city of Rome. I cannot hear this stated to-day without saying how different are the work of God and the work of men."

Here follows a specimen of the ridicule Mr. Simpson delighted to pour upon all kinds of "tall talk:"

"When a man sees convulsions going on, when he hears of revolutions, the fall of thrones, and all that kind of thing, 'Now,' he says, 'something is going to happen—now we shall have a Mission in Rome.' Indeed, people are so much in this way of thinking, that you may almost write a recipe for the future from the anticipations of the last thirty years. For instance, take two parts of the crash of empires and one of the fall of thrones, mix them together, put in as much as you like of any particular kind of politics in which you are particularly interested, bake them before a hot fire, and you will have the result you wish for!

"This is not exactly the way in which God carries on His work. We have had, indeed, during the last year crash and conflict, and while we must lament the ruin of a neighbouring nation, we must lament more that widows and little children are gathering up the fragments and crumbs of family interests amidst tears and sorrow. We have had crash and conflict, but it has been far away from Italy; and while we were thinking about Germany and France, God was thinking about Italy and Rome; and very unexpectedly we heard that the temporal power of the Pope was destroyed, and that the city of the yellow Tiber was open to the feet of a Methodist missionary.

"This event recalls a circumstance in the biography

of Peter. You know how he was asleep, bound with chains between two keepers, and the prison doors firmly secured. You know how he was awakened by an angelic touch, how the chains fell off, how the doors opened of their own accord, and how Peter went out and said, 'Now I know that God hath sent His angel.' That is what we may say of the Truth of the Gospel in the city of Rome. It has slept a drugged and unnatural sleep, it has been bound with more than twice twenty chains, it has been guarded by the great and powerful in that city. The bars have been drawn against it; but in these last days it has come forth with a step so light, and with so little of noise and uproar, that Truth, standing in the streets of Rome, may say, 'Now I know that God hath sent His angel and delivered me out of prison.' And I say to-day, re-echoing the words of Paul, 'The word of God is not bound.' "

An Indian missionary, he next alleges, has an equal interest in his own country :—

"We have had many references to-day to the state of religious thought and opinion in this country. We have seen great clouds gathered over familiar thoughts. We have seen the flash of intellectual lightning playing around familiar way-marks, around the monuments of the past—fabrics reared at the price of the blood and brain of the best men that England has ever had. We have seen all this going on, and what then? Why, my friends, what a good thing it is to get to the top of Mount Zion, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the city of the living God; to get nearer to Christ, the Mediator of the better covenant, and to God the Judge of all. Everything looks so different when looked at from above."

Then comes one of his beautiful and marvellous illustrations :

“ I remember once sitting on the mountains yonder in India, 8000 feet above the plains, and I saw a thunderstorm beneath me. It was worth going a long way to see. I saw, thousands of feet beneath me, a great purple cloud spreading over the city of Madura, forty miles away, spreading over the green rice fields, and over the great and beautiful river which carried fertility for many a mile. There I sat with bright sunlight around me, and with scarcely wind enough to stir the curls of my own little one upon my knees ; and I heard the roar of the thunder beneath my feet, and saw a flash of roseate lightning through the cloud, and saw the rain showering down. It marched past me like a battalion, and after a while arose the towers in the distance glittering in the sunlight, and after a while the beautiful green rice fields glittered with pure emerald beneath me, and after a while the river, enriched by the very storm that had swept over it, swept along with greater fulness on its journey of mercy, and all was bright, and beautiful, and blest. But I saw it from above ; and it is only when we stand upon Zion in the light of God and the Lamb, in the light of the crystal throne and the glass—it is only when we look from above that we can look and not tremble. The old familiar fabric will stand in the sunlight again, and the temples of our Protestant land—our different churches, will be beautiful again, and, after a temporary interruption it may be, the full tide of Protestant English feeling will flow on for many a year to come.”

But still, after all, and above all, he is the Indian missionary :

“ ‘Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also,’ and the treasure of the best years of my life is 6000 miles away, beneath the palm groves of India. My ‘Resolution’ refers to the missionaries and native teachers in that wide empire. Now, of all these, my European brethren and my native brethren—for it has been my pleasure to meet, and work, and travel, and sleep with European and dark brethren for many years, I can say this,—you will never find in them any concealment of character. And I say it, because amongst Oriental people much of disturbance, much of popular riot, of popular revenge, has resulted from the assumption of a character that was not real and the concealment of a character that was. In other words, there is a very great tendency in the presence of a foreign people, a people of great prejudices and strong antipathies, to go as near as you can to the narrow line of compromise, and appear to be as little as possible what you are and as much as possible what you are not. Now it is a great mercy, and it ought to be matter of thankfulness, that a Methodist preacher, black or white, never does that kind of thing.”

A few more noticeable notes from the Journal:—

“*July 9th, 1871.* Preached on Acts i. 4 at Dalston; but alas! felt little of the ‘power’ about which I preached.

“*21st.* To Conference as ‘Own Correspondent’ to the *Methodist Recorder*.

“*23rd.* In the Theological Institution Committee, Dr. Osborn said, ‘Extempore preaching is vital to Methodism: he who has it not, is not a preacher.’

“*24th.* In the Chapel Committee, Dr. Osborn exclaimed in reply to some one, ‘No Lovefeasts, and nobody to speak in them? God help you!’

“*August 22nd.* Am much encouraged by the promise of restoration to dear Mary, and will give myself more resolutely to prayer in her behalf.

“*October 9th.* At —— I stayed with Mr.——. He is very deaf, wife very talkative; two sons very quiet; one daughter flighty and explosive, the other quiet.

“*December 4th.* First volume of the *Life of Dickens*. The old story over again. If a man would make music to which the world will listen, he must play upon his own heart-strings. What a suffering youth! As Shelley says of poets,

“ ‘ They learn in suffering what they teach in song.’ ”

“*January 2nd, 1872.* Out all the afternoon visiting, and enjoyed it much.

“*June 19th.* Preached at Redruth in the afternoon, and lectured on early Methodist preachers at night; a very good time. Got too talky after supper: five minutes in my bedroom before supper would have prevented this.”

At the Conference of 1872, Mr. Simpson had the high honour of being elected into the Legal Hundred, on his first nomination, at the comparatively early ministerial age of nineteen. The nomination was made in graceful terms by the late Dr. Gervase Smith, who said, after referring to work done in India:

“There is scarcely a pulpit or platform in England that has not felt the power of Mr. Simpson’s eloquence. He gives great attention to our young friends; and further, I venture to say there is scarcely a Superintendent here this morning who has not at one time or another had the advantage of Mr. Simpson’s eloquence

and power. I ask that a large vote be given him. Such a vote will be a solace to him in moments of heavy anxiety; and, I have no doubt, it will be an inducement to a yet higher consecration of himself to the work in which he is engaged."

Returning thanks for this distinguished honour, Mr. Simpson said, with marked modesty,—

"I cannot acknowledge this vote without very deep thankfulness to Almighty God. In 1854 I sat where I now sit to be received into this ministry by the imposition of hands. For years I was out of view and out of notice, in places bearing such unknown names as Trichinopoly, Manārgudi, and Negapatam. I returned to this country, as I thought, only for a time; and, if I could have had my own will, I should not have been here to-day. The greatest sorrow of my life is that I am here, kept from the work which I most love. I have endeavoured to serve my God, my Church, and my generation according to the will of God. I take this vote of yours in the greatest humility of mind, and trust I shall be spared to prove that I have not been unworthy of it."

Three or four more quotations will exhaust what remains to be given from the Journal:—

"*August 20th.* Very much struck with the necessity of looking and waiting for answers to prayer. I have been seeking of God a power to turn my heart; has my arrow hit the mark? I will be on the look-out for the answer. As to redeeming the time, I have been asking wisdom and self-control: have I hit the mark?"

"*November 7th.* In all day with 'William Dawson.' Delivered the lecture in the evening in a crowded chapel.

Very much cheered. Felt the influence of prayer through the day and into the night. My mind is much relieved in getting the lecture finished."

The above shows conclusively the spiritual impetus and aim of Mr. Simpson in the capacity of lecturer. Amusing he could be, eloquent, interesting, instructive he always was; but, above all, he sought those higher results which should ever mark a teacher sent by God. Hence, "through the day and into the night" he was under the influence of prayer—restraining, animating, elevating, hallowing, and making of a popular lecture a new thing under the sun—a remarkable means of grace. A multitude of listeners felt what Mr. John Wesley Lewis so well expresses: "The verse he quoted in his lecture on William Dawson—I think I hear it now as he used to give it in plaintive song—was as applicable to the lecturer as to the subject of the lecture:

“ ‘ Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,
Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,
The deed, the time, the manner choose,
Let all my fruit be found of Thee ;
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,
By Thee to full perfection brought.’ ”

XII.

EASTBROOK.

1873—1875.

MR. SIMPSON'S next appointment was entirely unexpected. Having spent six years in London—three at Hackney and three at Islington, he had promised—Conference agreeing—to return in 1873 to his first love, the Irwell Street Circuit, Manchester, feeling that his old friends there had a special claim upon him because of the abrupt termination of his former ministry among them. In the first draft of the “Stations,” however, he was put down for the Eastbrook Circuit, Bradford, Yorkshire. This was so satisfactory to the Eastbrook friends that they besought the Conference to confirm the appointment thus provisionally made. Irwell Street displayed much energy in enforcing its prior claim, and much consideration was given to the “*pros* and *cons*” of the rival applicants, but at last it was resolved that Mr. Simpson should make his new home at Bradford.

This being his first Superintendency, he entered upon it with a degree of anxiety and trepidation previously unknown to him; for, while having confidence in his ability to give general satisfaction as a preacher and

public speaker, he under-estimated his business qualifications. Moreover, at that time the Eastbrook friends had reasons for solicitude as to the future of their grand old chapel—situated in the centre of the town—when the rage among the *elite* of the congregation for genteel suburban residences had fairly set in. Very sanguine expectations were entertained that Mr. Simpson, by his great activity and popular gifts, would restrain such of them as were ready to take wing, establish the hesitating, recover some that were gone, attract a large number of outsiders, and so again secure for their venerable sanctuary a degree of material and spiritual prosperity worthy of its traditions.

Had he been appointed as second or third minister, he would doubtless have shared their confidence, but to be placed in chief charge of so important a station—to have the oversight and direction of its manifold interests and activities, to be continually occupied with matters of business, often grave, often trivial and vexatious, for which he felt he had no taste or call or qualifications—was another thing. This was to lift him out of his proper sphere, to clip his wings, to fetter and restrain the gifts with which he was endowed for other purposes. So he thought. The solicitude of the friends increased his own, and the very history of the place burdened him. He never was more mistaken. Yet, at the same time, his talents for business not having been subjected to adequate test, many curious eyes in the high places of the Connexion were directed towards him, to see how he would acquit himself in his new position.

The result quickly declared itself; for forthwith he developed gifts astonishing to his warmest friends, and

by himself acknowledged with modest surprise and gratitude. His first Superintendency was a marked success; and even his popularity took greater weight—greater breadth, length, strength of wing—from the influence thus obtained. Very presently he was quite at home. A hearty Yorkshireman himself, the Bradford Methodists were men after his own heart.

“How are you doing among those blunt folks at Bradford?” asked an old acquaintance, whose Circuit he visited shortly after Conference.

“They haven’t a fault,” said he promptly. “They are the best people that I know. I have not yet met with one difficulty. All they want is to get on; and, as that is all I want, we find nothing to disagree about.”

“But if you do not happen to ‘get on,’ so as to satisfy them, what then?”

“We *shall* get on. In fact, prosperity has set in, and nothing can keep it back.”

Mr. Simpson was never happier than at Eastbrook, and an appointment was probably never made by the Conference more entirely satisfactory to all the parties concerned.

At the first great meeting of the Societies after his arrival, held by way of recognising and welcoming their new Superintendent, he won the hearts of the people by the happy use he made of a verse in our 510th Hymn, which was sung during the service. He said: “I know not who has chosen the hymns for this meeting, but it is strange that he has selected a marriage hymn.” After an interesting account of the circumstances in which the composition had its origin,

he exclaimed, "Just think of Charles Wesley writing on his wedding-day, and, in relation to his bride,—

" ' Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place ?
And why together brought
To see each other's face ? ' "

as if they had not been in each other's arms, and no kiss had passed between them, and they had never met before ! Our facing each other to-night is more astonishing. I was booked for Manchester ; and had I landed at the Cape, or the Mysore, or Shetland, my surprise could scarcely have been greater. However, here we all are, and we are clearly in for a wedding." Then, in the words of the marriage service, he took his new Circuit "for better for worse, for richer for poorer," till death, or what was equally inevitable, the three years' rule of the Connexion, should come in and part them.

The Rev. Robert Posnett, his only colleague during his first Eastbrook year, says that at the same meeting "a representative from New Leeds" described the leaders and office-bearers there as "slaving away" under much discouragement. Struck with the expression, Mr. Simpson answered, "The 'member for New Leeds' has spoken of their 'slaving away.' Well, he is in good company, and in the right succession, for the great Apostle speaks of himself as 'the slave of Jesus Christ.'"

During his time at Eastbrook the friends observed the jubilee of their chapel, in the celebration of which he took earnest and delighted part. At the commemorative meeting the vast edifice was densely crowded, and a number of ministers formerly stationed in the Circuit were there to speak. Mr. Posnett says: "When the Rev. Henry Fish, M.A., a man of great age, and

very feeble, was called upon to speak, Mr. Simpson, who presided, said, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man;' and all the congregation at once rose to their feet, and remained standing during Mr. Fish's address." In connection with this movement some £1500 was spent in improving the chapel, towards which Mr. Simpson and his family contributed £50.

He was actively concerned in the building of the Otley Road Chapel and Schools—a scheme which had been previously set on foot, involving an outlay of £9300, towards which £3000 had been raised by means of a bazaar almost simultaneously with his coming on the ground. This great object he forwarded to the full extent of his abilities, among other things delivering some of his most popular lectures in its behalf; and, when the chapel was opened, he gave God thanks and praise. The liquidation of a heavy debt on the chapel in Prospect Place was another good work that engaged his best attention.

The Eastbrook Circuit "Lay Mission" was commenced by him, which soon became, and still remains, a flourishing organization, distributing a thousand tracts every Sunday, as well as sending out many bands of exhorters into neglected neighbourhoods. Annual collections were made and public meetings were held in the chapels in behalf of this important movement. "The object of the Mission," says Mr. Posnett, "was the more special care of the most neglected parts of the town that lay within the Circuit boundaries, by means of cottage prayer-meetings, tract distribution, the payment both of a Bible-woman and a lay missionary to assist the ministers in the visitation from house to

house of those absenting themselves from public worship. The Mission has been very serviceable in calling out the energies of many young men. Its annual meeting has often proved deeply interesting and highly enthusiastic. It has made many people acquainted with some important facts in the habits of the people who live close to their doors, of which they would have remained in ignorance. It has stirred sympathy, and helped to keep the religious needs of the town before the people; and in many ways it has tended to strengthen and foster the religious life of the Circuit."

Mr. Simpson had also a large share in originating and upholding the District Sustentation Fund, by means of which the stipends of married ministers in the poorer Circuits of the Halifax and Bradford District, some of which had been pitifully low, were raised to £150. To this Fund he gave a yearly subscription of £5; and for his earnest and successful advocacy of its claims, he received the warm thanks of several struggling parents of large families whose burdens he had thus helped to lighten.

During his three years at Eastbrook there were two or three series of special religious services among the Wesleyans of the town, in which he took an active and leading part. In connection with one of these, sermons were preached in St. George's Hall on Sunday afternoons by himself and the Rev. Joseph H. Hopkins alternately. Another series of such services was conducted in March 1875 in four of the largest Wesleyan chapels in Bradford. "Into that Mission," says Mr. Posnett, "he threw all his energy and strength, giving up, under a strong sense of duty, many engagements that he had made, that he might devote himself

to that special work. When the first meeting of ministers and laymen was held to take the proposal into consideration, he earnestly pleaded for it, and advised most strongly that it should be sectional, and that we should work on our own lines, as we best understood our own methods. In one or another of the chapels he preached every night in furtherance of the Mission, which was crowned by the ingathering of many hundreds into the Church of Christ. At a Saturday night Lovefeast, conducted by himself, in Eastbrook Chapel, 3000 biscuits had been provided for those attending, and yet we fell short of the number wanted."

"He greatly enjoyed his ministry in Bradford. To him it was a rare pleasure to deliver his message to the great congregations that listened to him in that town. These were largely composed of operatives from the mills, who greatly enjoyed the clear incisiveness and the rich beauty of his ministry, every word of which went home to both head and heart. One of the most marked features of his preaching, when I heard him, was his great power in investing all his subjects with rare interest and fascination. It was often an intense pleasure to listen to him, as he unfolded the meaning of the Bible. Eastern imagery of all kinds was perpetually at his command to point the truth he was seeking to elucidate, and over and over again, through some happy metaphor, light would stream upon the text. He was a hard student of the Bible. Bible history and Bible teaching were woven into the texture of his prayers; and it was by his close study of the Bible that he became a scribe well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven."

As a Superintendent, he showed himself equal to any emergency. Though out of the Circuit a great deal, and often far away on the Master's business, he never lost sight of what was doing in it. One of the Circuit stewards says that few things surprised him more than "the heartiness with which Mr. Simpson threw himself into movements which had been set on foot while he was away. On one occasion, after a somewhat lengthened absence, he returned just in time to take part in a large meeting for young people. He was informed about it on his return, and immediately flung himself cordially into it, assumed the command, and delivered such an address that any one might have supposed he had been thinking of nothing else for a week."

He held full control over all important movements in the Circuit, and moreover, he had the happy art of keeping everybody in good temper. The Quarterly Meetings, of which he had stood most in fear, were managed by him with such excellent tact and judgment that they were really pleasant and enjoyable gatherings, pervaded often with hallowing influences. "Every one felt," says Mr. Posnett, "that a master's hand was on the meeting. He always saw the sunny side of things, and helped others to look cheerfully upon all that concerned the Circuit's welfare."

In the class meeting, the prayer-meeting, the Band meeting, the Lovefeast, the Society meeting, the covenant service, the administration of the sacraments, he was singularly happy. His pulpit efforts won the approval and admiration of all classes of hearers, and he held a strong position in the affections of the young, both in the Sunday Schools and in the congregations.

Mr. Edward Schofield says : " I never knew him fail on a Sunday evening to pray for the children gathered about the fire at home, who were prevented by their years from attending that service. They looked upon him as a special friend. The fact is, he won their hearts by giving them his own." All the manifold Circuit interests prospered under his care. His whole three years' service resembled a steady yet triumphant march. By God's blessing on the labours of himself, his colleagues, and their numerous co-workers on the spot, 358, besides the number required to fill up vacancies caused by backsliding, removals, and death, were added to the Societies in the Circuit—an instance of prosperity rarely equalled. No one more humbly and truly than himself would say, " To God be all the glory ! "

The Bradford, and particularly the Eastbrook Wesleyans, had other reasons for their satisfaction with their gifted representative. His efficiency and popularity as an advocate made his services desired and sought for all over the neighbourhood, and by other Churches as well as his own, while in all great religious and philanthropic movements of an undenominational character he was always set in the forefront.

During his three years at Eastbrook, besides the special services held in the town of Bradford previously spoken of, a very successful Revival Mission was conducted throughout the Halifax and Bradford District, in which Mr. Simpson took a very active part, the majority of the Circuits being importunate for his assistance. All these services were greatly honoured with the Divine presence, and signalized by

large accessions to the Church ; but where so many devoted persons were engaged, and where the labours of all were blessed, it might seem invidious to give special commendation to any. It may suffice to say that Mr. Simpson worked as hard as any one, and that he was not one whit behind the chiefest of the Revivalists in bringing sinners to the Saviour.

On the 5th of April 1875, Mr. Simpson started for a trip to Italy, together with his friends the Rev. Joseph Whiteside, Mr. John Gibbs, and Mr. James P. Walton. His brief notes relating to this adventure, written hurriedly from day to day—chiefly with a lead pencil, and without vowels, are much faded, and for the most part illegible or unintelligible. From the little that can be made out, they appear to contain bits of description, shrewd thoughts, gushes of vivacity and humour, such as might be expected from him. Thus :—

“ *Tuesday, April 6th.* Reached Calais about one in the morning. A good repast, and then on, having a compartment entirely to ourselves. Not much sleep. Walton on the floor, Whiteside restless, Gibbs calmed by the voyage, myself a mosquito to the rest. Reached Paris through a very flat country—bogs, turf, water, at half-past seven.

“ *Thursday 8th.* Left Turin, a town as large as Leeds : sky clear blue : buildings stand out with startling distinctness. Level plains : Alps quite close. Clouds resting upon the hills : are they not Nature's incense, rising from her great altars to her God ? ”

After leaving Turin, our travellers visited Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pisa, and Genoa, with other historic places and scenes of interest lying

within easy distance of one another of these centres. At Venice they spent a Sunday, and held a religious service by themselves in a bedroom: "The Lessons for the day, free prayer, free Bible—free for all."

In Naples Mr. Simpson preached for Mr. Jones; and while there, he and his companions attempted to "do" Mount Vesuvius. Riding as far as horses and carts could take them, when these failed, they ascended with the help of sticks; but having climbed about three-fourths of the elevation, Mr. Simpson was taken with a fainting fit, which made it necessary for his friends to descend with him, and from the effects of which he did not quite recover for some days.

Returning by way of Paris, he reached home late on Friday night, April 30th, and had only Saturday to think out missionary sermons for Sunday, and a speech for the great Exeter Hall meeting on Monday morning. That speech shows how well he had used his eyes and ears during his brief stay in Italy, and makes it somewhat less regrettable that his notes of that interesting tour are not more available for use in this biography.

Being perhaps more extensively known as a missionary advocate than even as a preacher or a lecturer, it is deemed desirable to give, as far as practicable, the substance of his Exeter Hall addresses as examples of his best and happiest efforts in this way. This, it is thought, will render him fuller justice and be more satisfactory to readers than any description of his matter and style, however elaborate that might be. For such reports as we possess, we are dependent mainly upon the *Missionary Notices*, to which, therefore, we owe our gratitude—a debt which

would have had greater gravity had the reports been more complete.

Concerning this particular speech the *Notices* say: "We are compelled by want of space to leave out a large portion of the eloquent and ingenious speech of this most acceptable speaker. The leading thought, well illustrated, was the similarity of Italian and Hindu idolatry; which might serve as a supplement to Middleton's *Comparison of the Idolatry of Ancient and Modern Rome*. We give the conclusion as a specimen."

Having apparently spoken about Romish saint-worship, Mr. Simpson proceeded thus:—

"What is all this but the bringing back in a Christian form and under a Christian name the worship of the Rishis, which takes its shape and makes its appearance in the Vedas; the worship of the sages and poets who, having been first deified, are now worshipped by the popular faith of Southern India?"

"Now we go a step lower, and come to that most terrible form of idolatry, the worship of images; and I never saw it so direct, so decided, so multiform in India as I saw it in the twenty-five days of my sojourn in Italy. I seem to see the glitter of St. Peter's toe; I seem to see the people come in one after another and kiss it. The careful way in which they polish up that toe, and then kiss it, and then polish it again, showed me at least that there is some hope of a sanitary resurrection in Southern Italy. The people come in and kiss the toe of a bronze image, and then bow down before it in adoration. They may call it what they like, but it is just what

the people of India used to do to Siva, to Vishnu, to Krishna, and to Dhoorga.

“At Naples we strolled out of a very busy street into a large cathedral, and caught the priests in the very act of undressing an idol . . . a bronze bust of St. Januarius. He had on his night-clothes—a very common sort of red tippet and a common sort of cap. They lit about twenty candles; two little boys began to tinkle a bell; then quite a number of grave and learned men got up and began bowing; then from behind the altar came somebody with a grand embroidered scarlet cloak, another with a magnificent jewelled mitre, and with great care the ordinary clothes of the bust were removed, the robes were put upon its shoulders, and the mitre on its head; and then these venerable men and a crowd of people knelt and touched their foreheads on the earth before the bronze image of a man. Is not that idolatry? . . . I say, after having seen the god Krishna properly washed every morning, and his teeth properly cleaned, having seen his goatherd’s dress put properly around him, having heard him told to go and look after his sheep and his cows, I say that the baby is wonderfully like the grandfather.

“At Rome we entered the Church of *Ala Coeli*. . . There was a side chapel which was shut up, but over it was written, ‘The Manger of the Lord.’ We could not see it because it was not Christmas. Having gone round the church, we met a monk—an extraordinary being, who appeared to have repudiated cleanliness because it would be an indulgence of the flesh. ‘Can we see the Bambino?’ that is, the little baby. ‘O certainly.’”

So said another and another, yet the door remained unopened, till a gratuity from one of the party removed all difficulties.

“The monk put something over his shoulders and began doing two things—twirling a handle and twirling a prayer. A great deal of the worship of the Romish Church is like that. After a time the doors flew open, and inside there were very large representations of Joseph and the Virgin Mary looking down upon a little box. By and bye the box was drawn out, when it opened with a spring, and at the top of it were seen some long-clothes. These were quietly swept away, as not being needed for the occasion; and then, by and bye, the Bambino appeared—a wooden baby. I felt it, and it was wood, and it was painted—very badly painted too, with a florid complexion as if it had scarlet fever. It was covered with a fine silk robe, swathed round and round, and it had a golden crown on its head, it had elaborate jewels upon its dress, and there were some poor Roman Catholic people there who, the moment they saw it, bent down and kissed their hands in the most profound and painful adoration.

“Once a year that two feet of wood—let us keep to the proper designation of an idol, shaped by the carpenter’s chisel, painted by the hand of a painter—is carried round that large church, followed by bands of music. It is then borne to the front door, and exalted on the arms of a priest, while the steps below are crowded with worshippers, and then that two-foot piece of wood is lifted up, and the mighty multitude of upturned faces bend themselves in reverence, and worship the idol which their hands have set up.

“ Perhaps you say, ‘ There is nothing like that in the cathedral at Westminster or at Moorfields. That, surely, is not the kind of thing that Roman Catholics will defend in this country.’ Once upon a time a countryman of mine came to London, and got into a very quiet prayer-meeting, where the people were very decorous, and never said Amen. He had a good time, and made a great noise, and the people looked at him. ‘ Ah,’ said he, ‘ you do not know me. You think, perhaps, I am not what I seem to be ; but if you will go to my house and ask my wife, you will find it all right.’ So when I see Roman Catholic symbolism advocated in this country by such men as Cardinal Manning, Monsignor Capel, and Monsignor Talbot, who say, ‘ We do not do that kind of thing here,’ I say, ‘ Go home to Italy.’ If you want to know what the Roman Catholic religion really is, I tell you it is as bad as the worship of Siva or of Vishnu : it is the worship of an idol, which is ‘ nothing in the world.’

“ Of course these clever Monsignors could defend this system : they will defend anything ; there is a fact or two in the history of their Church which tells us they will defend a lie ; but my old friends the Brahmins in India defended idolatry in the same way.”

Mr. Simpson here drew a homely but expressive illustration from the dilution and adulteration of milk, and many will be reminded of the merriment made in the meeting by the mention of his own name as the Cockney synonym for water.

“ I can believe that the Cardinal and Monsignors have a little lactometer of their own. They will say

to us, with those metaphysical, crystalline minds of theirs, 'Dear friends, it is good milk. We have put our lactometer in, and there is not the slightest shadow of anything mischievous—only a little too much *Simpson*.' And so will say my old friends the Brahmins. When I used to preach against their idols, they would say, 'The idol is only a symbol, only the reverent worship of a great name: it is only necessary for the vulgar, and it is not mischievous; the milk is really all right—a little watered.'

"I say that the milk is not only watered, it is adulterated; and it is not only adulterated, it is poisoned; and if we sell it or allow it to be distributed, we are poisoning souls, and laying up death for immortal beings. No, no! Whether it be to Brahmins or Jesuits, to the priests of Mary or of Vishnu, I say to every one of them (here Mr. Simpson held forth a copy of the Bible), 'Make room: give us the pure milk of the word!'"

XIII.

WORK OUTSIDE METHODISM.

HAVING spent three years at Eastbrook, Mr. Simpson had made himself so widely known and respected, and was so generally recognised as a power in the town, that—for the continued exercise of the influence he had won—there was a deep-felt and earnestly outspoken desire that he should not be removed from Bradford. He had been, moreover, so signally successful in his work, and so perfectly content and happy with his warm-hearted Yorkshire friends, that his own ardent wishes were in harmony with theirs. It was even in his heart to live and die with them. Conference concurring in these views as to the inexpediency of his removal, he was appointed to Great Horton ; and—after three more years spent there, the same reasons still existing in full force—to Ilkley : making altogether a period of about eight years in which he laboured at Bradford and in its immediate neighbourhood.

The work done by him of an undenominational nature, to which allusion has been made, and work not of a directly religious character done in Bradford, ran through all this period ; but because it had its com-

mencement during his Eastbrook days, and because, in some sense, Eastbrook might still be regarded as his head-centre, this is deemed the fittest place for some notice of these outside services. For lack of authentic information, a bare mention must suffice for some of them ; while, for want of space, others can only have cursory notice.

To the Benevolent and Strangers' Friend Society he rendered valuable service in various ways, advocating its claims, preaching in its behalf, and making collections for its funds. He co-operated earnestly with the Bradford Town Mission, a movement supported by the different denominations : among other ways, by taking turns with various ministers in conducting evangelistic services in the Mechanics' Institute on Sunday afternoons. In the trying winter of 1878-79, he took earnest part in getting up and administering a local Relief Fund. He was an active member of the Managing Committee, and with his coadjutors had pleasing payment in the blessing of many that were ready to perish. His name stood also at the head of a list of the best-known citizens of Bradford, subscribed to a requisition calling upon the Mayor of the borough to convene a public meeting to denounce the notorious Slave Circular.

On occasion of the meeting at Bradford of the Congregational Union of England and Wales in October 1876, Mr. Simpson was deputed with others to visit and address that assembly, expressing the fraternal greetings of all the other bodies of orthodox Dissenters in the town. His speech, as reported in the *Bradford Observer* of the day, is well worthy of reproduction. Though this particular kind of work was strange to

him, and though before an audience deemed somewhat hypercritical, it was very masterly ; thoughtful, chaste, eloquent, forcible, eminently evangelical, and in all ways honourable to his mind and heart :—

“The Rev. W. O. Simpson, who was very warmly received, said he did not occupy that position from his own choice, but by the pleasure and confidence of the Wesleyans of the West Riding. It was not necessary for him to commend these bodies to their brethren of the Congregational Union, because he was convinced the time had come when one Christian body might well leave its representation to another, and he would only say he felt himself very unworthy to represent the Wesleyans of the West Riding.

“He did not want them to regard his appearance there as part of a nicely arranged melodrama—a *tableau* prepared for the occasion. No ; it was, he was glad to say, only a part of the life that the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the other Free Churches of Bradford had been living for many years. In the personal kindness that had passed from one to another, in the business transactions in which they were often jointly engaged, in the Quarterly Ministers’ Meetings, in the yearly exchange of pulpits and the United Communion Service, they had endeavoured to cultivate union in the bond of peace. Nothing ever left so strong an impression upon him as those United Communion Services, at which there were present from 1000 to 1800 brethren who formed one body in the Lord and were members one of another. He trusted that one result of that meeting, and one result of the blessing which he was sure would come in answer to their prayers, would be that each and all would be

stirred up afresh to stand fast in one mind and one spirit, in the hope of the Gospel, and in nothing being terrified by their adversaries.

“ Mr. Simpson next alluded in touching language to the losses the Union had sustained during the year by the deaths of Dr. Halley, the Rev. James Gregory, and the Rev. William Kingsland. He then proceeded to say he desired to express the indebtedness which all Free Churches owed to the Congregationalists for the persevering watchfulness and unwearying care they had exhibited in guarding the privilege of the liberty of worship, the cause for which their fathers had suffered so much. The library shelves of Methodist ministers—not overstocked, he could assure them, especially in the cases of those who had to go from one place to another, and who were consequently desirous of carrying as little *impedimenta* as possible—their library shelves, their note-books, and their brains, testified to the obligations Methodists were under to members of the Congregationalist body for their numerous and valuable contributions to the periodical and standing religious literature of our country. In that department of Gospel work the Wesleyan Methodists were partakers of their grace.

“ They might believe him when he said, too, that Methodists watched with sympathy and with prayer the efforts made by the Congregationalists in both the home and the foreign missionary fields; in their planting of country stations by the wealthier churches; in their establishing of Mission stations in large towns; in their careful and intelligent guidance of Sunday School instruction; in their missionary labours in India, Africa, and especially

Madagascar. In such works as these they were all brethren, and they prayed that God would cause the work to prosper.

“He could not close without saying a word or two on behalf of the ‘old body,’ as they were sometimes called—about a question which occupied the Congregationalists so much—the question of the relation of the Church to the State. They must not expect from him a manifesto. He did not believe in manifestoes, except in one—the earnest proclamation of salvation through the Lamb of God. But, mixing as he did somewhat intimately with the leading minds of the body to which he belonged, he might be able to describe their position in regard to this question. He would not propound any theory he himself might hold, but would tell them what he believed was the exact position held by the ‘old body’ in reference to this question.

“Old historical associations were not easily worn out by the wavelets of time. The footprints of history had an awkward habit of petrifying and becoming hardened into rock, and the ebb and flow of public opinion did not easily disintegrate the granite and wipe out the old footprints. But he would tell them what would do it—the constant abrasion of unfriendly circumstances. He would tell them what would do it—the reiteration of repeated and undeserved attack; this would disintegrate the granite and wipe out the footprints. He spoke now from the ground of personal observation—and he thought he knew something of Methodist feeling—and he would tell them that pettifogging disputes and quarrels that disturbed the quiet which should reign in a graveyard; the prostitution of

Protestant places of worship to the service of the priest, the mass, and the confessional; the supercilious and haughty contempt of a hierarchy towards all ministers who were not of their tabernacle and their priesthood; the lust of influence, and power, and wealth, that had been exhibited in the administration of the Education Act of 1870; and especially the worst and most detestable form in which that had been shown, in the retrograde step of last session: these things put together were doing what nothing else could have done—they were disintegrating the granite and wiping out the footprints of historical associations.

“He made no pretensions to be a prophet—that was a dangerous business—but he did not mind prophesying for once; and he would say, with the conviction arising from minute observation, that when the tug came—if things went on as they had been doing for the last twenty years—the Established Church of England would look round in her desperate struggle for existence for the best friends and allies she had ever had, and miss them. This he would say, bearing in mind the fact that no Methodist preacher is pledged to the theory of Disestablishment, yet they would break with all their old historical associations, and the Church of England would look in vain for her old allies, ‘The people who are called Methodists.’

“If Methodists had not said as much about what they did as some people desired, still he believed they had done a great work. Their body was but of yesterday, compared with the Congregational body; while, compared with the Church to which he had referred, both Congregationalism and Methodism were in their infancy. And yet in a century and a quarter they had,

by the hand of God, grasped every longitude east and west of Greenwich, and every latitude north and south of the equator; and they had, at any rate, reared up by the side of Congregationalism a system which proved conclusively that in all parts of the world a Church needed no crutches—for Methodism was no cripple, that a Church was healthiest when it was free; and in a century and a quarter—a mere babyhood in the history of a Church—Methodism had proved that it was the freest movement that made the most rapid pace.

“In conclusion, Mr. Simpson said, in behalf not only of the Wesleyans, but of the other Methodist bodies who had deputed him to speak for them,—And this we pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, and that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ.”

The address in the *Observer* is set off with exuberant expressions of approval on the part of those who heard it: particularly, as might be supposed, the part which speaks of the changing feeling of the “old body” towards the Established Church. *Then*, we are told, there was “loud and enthusiastic cheering which lasted a considerable time.” Mr. Simpson was ever slow to take sides on questions of this nature, and it is certain that, on such an occasion, only a profound conviction could induce him thus to cry aloud and spare not. The general appreciation of his observations, and the marked effect produced, may be gathered from the closing remarks of Dr. Aveling, Chairman of the Union, who expressed his belief that “The speech of Mr. Simpson, coming from a minister occupying so prominent a position among the Methodists, would ring through the length and breadth of the land, and would

give heart to those who had felt faint, and new strength even to those who had felt strong."

At a meeting of prominent townsmen of Bradford, convened to devise liberal things for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian famine in 1877, Mr. Simpson offered some remarks which were considered so appropriate and impressive, that he was pressed to deliver an address on the subject in St. George's Hall on a Sunday afternoon, and make a collection for the Relief Fund. To this he assented, and the service was duly arranged for and announced; but long before the hour appointed, the immense hall was crowded in every part, and hundreds had to go away, unable to find standing-room. With scant time for preparation, but with head stored with facts and heart full of his moving theme, he held the people, as if spellbound, for an hour. The collection amounted to £105.

Not till towards the end of the year 1876 did Mr. Simpson give in his formal adhesion to the Temperance movement. Many a time, and perforce, it had been brought under his notice, but usually in ways which failed to commend it to his judgment. For example, he could not be, and he never was, brought to believe that a moderate drinker is worse than a drunkard, or that there can be any sin in doing what the bulk of good men have done since time began. Finding, moreover, that teetotalism was in numerous instances substituted for the Gospel, he regarded it as a peril; and perceiving, from his observation of too many of its advocates, that the movement itself appeared to be of an offensively obtrusive, dictatorial, intolerant, and even of a persecuting character, he judged it better to stand aloof. A "Temperance-Man" he always was, as all

true Christians ever have been. So early as his voyage to India he came to the conclusion that "ale," as far as he was concerned, had "done its work;" but he did not discontinue the occasional use of other stimulants—especially after exhausting work, and he was content to stand in his lot with the "moderate drinkers," and deemed it no deep dishonour to be denounced as such from many a temperance platform. At Bradford he re-considered his position, came out from amongst them, and "took the pledge" about the time above indicated. To some it may be interesting to know that a perusal of Dr. Richardson's work on *Alcohol* was the principal means of effecting his "conversion."

The services rendered by him from this time to the Temperance cause were manifold, and marked by equal zeal, discretion, and constancy. He was especially enthusiastic in his support of the Bradford Band of Hope Union. His annual address to the children and young people connected with that association, at its great "Demonstration" in St. George's Hall, which was sure to be crowded in every part, was regarded as one of the notable events of the local year. The subjects of these addresses were characteristic: *e.g.* "Hindu Proverbs, as illustrating the Drinking Usages of English Society;" "Blazing your Way;" "Ladders;" "Sample-Rooms and Samples."

"Blazing your Way," delivered in 1878, was reproduced during the following year in Exeter Hall, and was very popular. The reference of the title is to the familiar American mode of clearing a course with axe and fire through the primeval forests. Though the manuscript is very incomplete, enough can be made out to illustrate his method of addressing children:—

“Now, my young friends, the life that lies before you is like a tangled forest. You will have to make your own way through it; along that path you will have to pass and re-pass; year by year you will push it a little farther; and our hope is that when your last year, last day, last hour, last moment comes, you may find yourselves clear of the forest and on the plains of heaven—bright with eternal light. Now, one of the first necessities is to have waymarks, which carry at once the meaning, ‘Do not stop, pass by, go on.’ We must blaze our own way.

“The *weapon*. We must find a hatchet strong in handle, tough in blade, sharp at the edge. What is the handle? Resolution, determination. Now, wood that grows rapidly, breaks easily; but timber of slow growth wears well. So it is with determination. Resolutions easily formed are easily broken. Such are the resolutions to which the old proverb refers, ‘Promises are like pie-crusts, made to be broken.’ We must not make our hatchet-handle of pie-crust. Our resolution must begin in childhood, strengthen in youth, be close in grain and strong in fibre when manhood is reached. That is the reason for the existence of these Bands of Hope. That is the sort of resolution that will grow up in the young recruits of the Temperance movement, and that is the sort of resolution of which we must make the handle of our axe.

“The *blade*. What material must we make it of? Reason and conscience. Both these are found in the pledge of every Temperance child.

“The *edge*. Sharpen the hatchet with the Word of God. There is no book in the language which abounds so much in short, sharp, authoritative sentences, fitted

to do good work and answer to a resolute stroke for God and the right.

“Now let us go forth and mark our path. We have not gone far before we find use for the hatchet.

“The *public-house*. Light streams from the upper half of what appear to be shop windows: the lower half is carefully screened from observation. The man who keeps this shop is unlike the butcher, the baker, the draper. Good legs of mutton, good loaves of bread, good rolls of silk or calico, ask no screen. What do they sell here? Come closer—read: ‘Wines—Spirits.’ Clutch your hatchet, friend; you will want it. Let us watch the customers. Here comes the mechanic from the forge, broad-shouldered, open-eyed, a man to do an honest day’s work for an honest day’s wages—with music on his lips, and music in his pocket—good coin that jingles as he moves. Wait long enough, and he comes out—head drooped, gait unsteady, words uncertain. Instead of a song, he can’t tell you his name. He thrusts his hands into the place where the musical-box ought to be, and the music is gone! Grasp your hatchet, you will want it. Stop a bit. Look here—a woman! her shawl wrapped so close round her that you know her shoulders are bare and bony. She shivers through every limb. Her naked feet slop through the cold slush of the melted snow, a wild fire flashes in her eyes, bold, bad words compose a jest which she throws at the watchful policeman. By and bye a shriek: the innkeeper hurls into the street something which appears like a bundle of rags! It is a human heart once clad in fair human flesh, once pouring out its innocent joy on a mother’s breast. It has come to this through the traffic over

there! Clutch your hatchet, friend; you will need it by and bye.

“Stay a little, and let us see if there is any other reason why we should ‘blaze’ this tree. A cluster of boys—cadgers, street arabs, merchants in rags, whose wares consist of matches, fusees, newspapers, *Brear’s Diaries*. They club together their gains, too small to catch the eye of an income-tax collector, but enough to work ruin by that which is behind the blind there. A bottle is produced—a diplomatist creeps in: mother wants it, father wants it, somebody else wants it: and in a moment or two the ragged fraternity are taking it in turns to drink down undiluted fire. Shall we strike? Shall we leave our mark upon this foul growth of modern life, whose sap is poison, its fruits death, amid its branches the stench of the brewery and distillery, around its roots the skeletons of forms which have rotted there, and in its shade the ghosts of the murdered, the murderer, and the suicide? Strike? yes, blaze away. Leave your mark upon it. ‘If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.’ ‘Turn from them and pass away.’

“Where next? The *grocer’s licence*. Describe the scene. Bacon, candles, sugar, currants. But it is a literary sort of place: Bass, Alsopp, Brunswick Bitters, Gilbey & Co. . . . ‘In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.’

“Where next? The *Music Hall*. Light: sound of vocal music, then of instrumental, then a great shout: out they come! It is like Bradford-Beck and river Aire and Irwell rushing through one flood-gate. . . . Seek the music of the fireside. . . . We must

strike. 'I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?'

"Many other things there are upon which the young should leave their mark of caution, but these are appropriate to our present gathering, and enough for our present time. The forest is before you. Look fairly at everything you pass. Turn upon it the light of reason, conscience, and religion. If it will not bear the light, 'blaze away.'

"So push on year by year, and as you near the end of the forest, echoes will come back to you from these doings of your youth. When you are grown deaf, and inattentive to the talk of what happened yesterday or of what will be to-morrow, your memory will be sensitive to the things of your youth. The echoes of our songs to-night will sound sweet and clear, to be lost in the sweeter music of the skies. But if you become unfaithful to these early hopes and youthful habits, if you will not blaze your way, but get entangled in the forest, and spend your years in indulgence and wrong-doing; then, when you drop exhausted as the night of death falls upon the withered leaves of broken resolutions and amid the tangled briers of evil habits, these echoes will come back to you, and startle 'the dull cold ear of death' like the melancholy whistling of winter winds and the shriek of night-birds."

In the Annual Report of the Union published next after Mr. Simpson's death, appears a note which shows how highly his services were esteemed by his co-workers in this hopeful field of labour:—

"The Committee deeply regret to have to record the sudden decease of this gentleman. He was a

Vice-President of the Union, and for five years had given the annual address at the St. George's Hall Demonstration. He had also most heartily co-operated in all kinds of philanthropic work. At the funeral, the President, Treasurer, Secretary, Agent, and several members of the Committee represented the Union, and joined with the immense numbers who were present in showing respect to his worth, piety, and general disinterestedness. The Committee thank God for his manly, upright, and Christian character, and feel that 'a Prince has fallen in Israel?'

But probably the work outside Methodism by which Mr. Simpson was best known, and will be best remembered in Bradford, was the service held about the close of each year, in St. George's Hall, in behalf of the Medical Charities of the borough, or, as it is popularly called, "The Joint-Hospital Fund." These services for some years had been in the able hands of the Rev. J. P. Chown, the eminent Baptist minister; but on the removal of that gentleman to London, Mr. Simpson was requested by the authorities to take his place. Ready for every good word and work, and being earnestly urged thereto by Mr. Chown himself, he assented, taking charge of the service for six consecutive seasons; and, notwithstanding the high character and remarkable gifts of his predecessor, it is satisfactory to know that those important charities did not suffer by the change.

On these occasions he founded his remarks upon some passage of Scripture, but they were almost entirely directed to a review of the events of the year, local, national, and general. "With rare skill," says the Rev. Robert Posnett, "he would gather up the

main incidents. He would condemn in withering language, its social wrongs and national sins ; he would further remind his hearers in touching words of those who had been removed by death ; he would plead with young men to make their town glorious by its goodness ; and with telling power he would seek to apply the lessons of the past for the good of the future."

The address or sermon delivered in 1878 is happily preserved, and its substance will doubtless be acceptable for its intrinsic worth, and also as illustrating the character of these popular deliverances. It is singularly charming—beautiful, ingenious, practical, and useful ; and, at the same time, simple and free-handed. The text is, " Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not " (Hosea vii. 9).

" It is no pleasant thing to have the first gray hairs announced, although loving eyes make the discovery, and loving lips declare it. The melancholy thing about the gray hairs is not that they come, but that they are not regarded. I have read of a philosopher, who once got so angry with an unseen person, that he muttered to himself and repeatedly struck his thigh. One of his disciples made bold to ask whom he was chiding. ' An old fool,' said he, ' who is getting older without getting wiser.' Then they knew it was himself."

Referring to the death-roll of the year, his first note is beautiful and touching, and rings with the genuine loyalty which has ever distinguished all true Methodists :—

" My first duty is to ask your sympathy and prayers for one to whom this Christmas-time comes in sorrow—our Queen, now on the verge of sixty. It may well

be supposed that the head that wears a crown will show gray hairs earlier than ordinary mortals. Sad it is when on widowhood and on years deep grief falls, but to our Queen affliction is no new thing, and we have heard so much about the atmosphere of her home, that we are certain this great sorrow does not find her unprepared. A Queen for forty years, she is now all woman, mother, widow, in her true humanity—yearning for comfort with the same hunger as a peasant's wife weeping over the pale face of her dead babe. The God of all consolation comfort her Himself! . . . Side by side with our own Princess Alice we may place the girl-Queen of Spain—so early called from crown to coffin, from the palace to the tomb."

Then come the Pope of Rome and Cardinal Cullen. The remarks about the former are full alike of fidelity and Christian charity :—

"One gray head which has long occupied a prominent position in the gallery of living celebrities has fallen, and we will not think of it now as made arrogant in lifting up to the highest point the worship of the Virgin Mary, made foolish in its headship of the Œcumenical Council, made impious in its assumption of personal infallibility, made ridiculous by an old man's sport with lightnings that would not blast, with thunderbolts that would not burn. We will think of Pius IX. as stripped of his triple crown, and pillowing his silvered head upon this truth held among many errors, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Victor Emmanuel and Earl Russell follow. This of the former :—

"Another gray head! Black as the wing of the

raven once, it grew white in making a notable chapter in history and re-modelling the map of Europe: King of Sardinia in 1849—King of Italy without a capital—now at Milan, then at Naples, he lived long enough to see Italy a nation, and died where a king of Italy ought to die—at Rome, the heart of his kingdom.”

Reference is then made to two local celebrities—Mr. Joseph Farrer, who “served our town when it was little among the cities of Judah, and did much to guide it to that position of honour, influence, and corporate vigour which he witnessed in his old age;” and Mr. Henry Brown, “whose gray hairs were indeed a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness; whose success in life was exceeded by his worth of character, his influence tempered by his modesty, his wealth sanctified by his charity.” Mention is also made of two Wesleyan ministers well known in Bradford, the Rev. Henry J. Staley—“pathetic, earnest, scrupulous;” and the Rev. Henry H. Chettle—“whose long and laborious life was fitly terminated with the prayer, ‘Let me go; rest, rest!’”

The notable accidents of the year are then reviewed:—

“Gray hairs of sorrow! . . . The ocean has become a vast treasury of the dead in four great calamities—the loss of the *Eurydice*, the *Grosser Kurfürst*, the *Pomerania*, and the *Princess Alice*. The fire, rushing through the dark passages of inner earth, has consumed its scores of victims in the Abercarn and other collieries. The railway, that Juggernaut of modern civilization, has crushed out many human lives beneath its wheels. I cannot view such circumstances in the light which

Materialism sheds. It is no comfort to me to be told that we are all subject to physical law—that we must all bend to it, or be broken by it. Such philosophy is akin to fatalism. Instead of bread, it gives a stone to such as hunger for comfort. In the presence of such calamities, silence before God our Father gives greater solace. In our silence there is the deepest feeling: we have learned from Jesus to weep with them that weep. In our silence there germinate the seeds of remedial activity. The death of Christ for man has made all human life so precious that it must not be wasted without inquiry—not even the life of a convict in his cell, a pauper in a work-house, a street arab in a gutter.”

Proceeding to what he called “the public application of the text,” he observes that it first referred to the kingdom of Israel—“whose territory was curtailed, her cities captured, her commerce dwarfed, her religion a hollow formalism;” and goes on:—

“Enemies—foreigners and natives, are busy with the capacious skull of Old England, and are crying out, ‘Gray hairs, gray hairs!’ . . . Counting gray hairs is a morbid employment: it is more wholesome to consider their significance. If there be decay, what is the cause of it? Is the remedy within our reach?”

He speaks of trade “suffering sorely from depression.” Past success, some fruits of which remained, was not to be forgotten. According to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the realized wealth of this country had increased in the last decade £2,400,000,000; or at the rate of £240,000,000 a year:—

“We have evidence of this all around us. Compare

your homes with what they were ten years ago. Examine your habits as to food, clothing, amusements, gratifications, indulgences. . . . Do not in the gloom of the present forget the past. Trade is bad, but food and fuel are cheap. We have no riotous crowds parading the streets—making them ring with melancholy notes, hoisting a loaf of bread for their standard as the type of a blessing which they want but cannot get. We have no children with shivering feet begging a plateful of coals for an empty grate. All things needed for the sustenance of the body can be procured at a low rate; and though producers, merchants, and employers may be tempted to chant a dirge at the gates of their factories and warehouses, they should sing a doxology as they draw to the table or gather round the hearth.

“There is a marked distinction between the life of nations and the life of men. Nothing cures old age; but in a nation the sources of its weakness may be detected and removed, and its youth may be renewed as the eagle’s.”

The public spirit of the leading men of Bradford is commended because, perceiving that their manufactures were surpassed in some respects—design, colour, finish, by foreign competitors, they had contributed large sums of money “to found and foster a Technical School,” resolved to stand second to none; and are encouraged to look for satisfactory results “because the diligent hand has been made skilful by the cultured mind.” In the erection of the Jewish tabernacle “the craftsmen’s skill” is spoken of as an “inspiration—an outcome of mind under its highest and purest impulses.” It will be well if Bradford “reaches under the weav-

ing-shed the standard aimed at under the oaks of the wilderness—the power of mind over method and matter.”

We next hear of “gray hairs in integrity—weakness in morality,” and it is almost affirmed that the pulpit has been transferred from the sanctuary to the judicial Bench :—

“The legal intellect has cut its way through tricks of trade, contrivances of finance, white lies and perjured evidence, and laid all bare. Month after month have such operations been reported in the papers. We mourn over the facts; we rejoice in the fidelity which has laid them open.”

How forcible are the right words that follow—how just and true and Scriptural !—

“Sirs! luxury, like the luscious south wind, has led us to unclasp the stern integrity of the plain men who threaded their way from the hill-sides with their cloth-pieces on their shoulders, and to throw away the home-spun industry which made their word their bond. In the storm of the biting north-east wind, when men hold their breath and feel their heart-beatings, that which is rotten goes first. Some strong, fine tree fully exposed to the blast, may indeed snap, and leave its trunk in the earth; but the men who know how to deny themselves—whose roots lay fast hold of the right and the true—will stand if any stand. Already our markets and exchanges are like the wind-swept forest, strewn with rotten branches, ghastly with trunks rent asunder—rotten in the midst. ‘Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her root by the river,

and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.' ”

Now he turns to the pulpit, and treats it with no gloved hand :—

“Gray hairs in sermons! The men to whom these facts refer have been season-ticket holders in Church or Chapel. What do these gray hairs in morality mean, but that there must have been decay and weakness in the pulpit? There may have been the long locks of wordy rhetoric, delicate partings of systematic theology, the nice results of the curling-irons of culture, but tufts of gray hairs upon the forehead of practical godliness. The result has been an *ism* instead of religion, and licence instead of law.

“One cause of trade depression is the war fever, either in the cold collapse of its suspense, or the throbbing pulse of its activity. As the year opened our eyes were fixed upon the northern provinces of Turkey and the roads that lead to Constantinople. They then with feverish haste glanced at the Bosphorus, with an English fleet anchored there. They reverted to Berlin, and back to Cyprus and Syria; and now they stretch away to the snow-clad heights of Afghanistan. Across the stage thus traversed by the eye, we have seen armies sweep with thunder, slaughter, and fire. We have seen dark faces on the war-path in the West, and now we see white faces on the same track in the East. This is not the time to speak of the political significance of such excitement, but only of its effect upon our life. It saps industry, presses hard with taxation, barricades progress by doubt. The charge of a cannon is a month's wages: a great

battle is a millionaire's income. There is no paralysis like the fear of war. Ah! those old Athenians were wise in their choice between the two divinities who claimed to protect their city: they passed by Mars, with his helmet, shield, and spear, and chose Pallas with the olive branch."

The Temperance movement has warm and eloquent notice. The commercial crisis "might possibly have been prevented if the men of England had been equal to their machines," had not "money, skill, power been wasted upon intemperance; and the suffering of to-day would have had fewer victims but for the same plague." He rejoices over the passing of the Irish Sunday-closing Bill, and hopes that before long in England "the Sabbath will dawn and darken when no ale-house door will be open to decoy its victims." He notes the success of the Central Coffee Palace, opened a year before, which had already "dotted with its hostels all the main thoroughfares" of Bradford. As to intemperance—

"The matter is too stale for remark: the plague is too common to awaken abhorrence: lecture, speech, and sermon fail to destroy the apathy of public feeling. Twice before when I have occupied this place, a criminal has been awaiting trial for murder committed under drink, or in connection with its indulgence. A third year the shadow is on us! The details of the case I need not repeat: the sunken, degraded woman, the exasperated husband, the fierce crime, the fractured reason—all are present. Have we no courage to face the task? The damned stain of murder cannot be washed out: the blood crieth against us from every town in the kingdom. Can we

not turn resolutely to the task of chaining the fiend that stirs the pulse throbbing in the hand that does the deed ?”

After this we get a fuller look at the Churches :—

“ Gray hairs in Church-life ! The atmosphere of depression which has filled the market and the exchange cannot be excluded from the sanctuary. Men who have been worried, distressed, and anxious from Monday morning to Saturday night, cannot be expected to brighten up at the stroke of half-past ten on Sunday morning. We need not be surprised to find depression—not to say apathy, in the religious feeling of our churches. Such a state of things throws increased responsibility upon the men who occupy the pulpit, that they may have sympathy with the men before them so as to avoid the imperative and the dictatorial : should have such high-souled spirituality and such grasp of Divine thought, as to guide, comfort, and elevate ; that men shall grow better while they listen, and return to their weary task with fresh heart and hope.”

As to outward signs of Church-life, comparing the year with former ones, the preacher finds no gray hairs :—

“ Let me begin with that familiar evidence of activity which is not overdone with dignity, that product of refined civilization—the bazaar. They have averaged about one a month ! Whilst at this Christmastide there is quite a forest of that peculiar form of Church-horticulture, the Christmas tree—a plant of renown which bears all manner of fruits, and fears neither frost nor thaw.”

Special features in the life of the different local

churches are duly noted; and as one of the chief events of the year, mention is made of the third Wesleyan Conference held in Bradford—the first ever held when ministers and laymen met and spoke and voted together: “I personally rejoice that on the page of history that event will be linked with the name of Bradford.”

Referring to “public beneficence,” he speaks with pride of £10,000 as having been contributed in Bradford to the Indian Famine Fund: “binding our Indian fellow-subjects to us by sympathy and gratitude—bonds, permit me to say, stronger than military successes or ‘scientific frontiers.’” Nearly £1000 raised on Hospital Saturday was also praiseworthy. “I may doubt, however, whether in the more regular demands on public generosity a few gray hairs may not be detected in our benevolence. Let it not be so *now*. Surely everything must suffer restriction before we stint our giving for God and humanity. Indulgence, luxury, needless expenditure have limited our means, and should feel the shears, which only at the last extremity must be applied to clip the wings of the angel of charity.”

The discourse closes with a description of the eloquent advocate’s “clients,” and a spirit-stirring appeal in their behalf:—

“My clients! . . . An average of ninety-four in the wards of our Infirmary. . . . Unhappy victims of vice or violence, of wasting sickness, of the accidents of mill, or mine, or forge. . . . They have gathered round the door of the house of healing during the year to the number of 6000. Follow the medical men to the homes of the poor: in connection with

this institution they have paid 18,000 visits to 2000 patients in one year. . . . My clients ! children with nature's treble deepened into hoarseness by disease, and the fair cheek painted vermilion. . . . My clients ! shading eyes which are tortured by the light ; turning dull ears to catch the rhythmic march of the daughters of music.

“ An old German used to say, ‘ He who is amongst the boys, is amongst the angels, who are their guardians.’ We must say more than that. He who is amongst the sufferers, is never far away from Jesus, the Man of Sorrows. Lines of sympathy pass from Him to them through us, from us through them to Him. By such lines His appeal reaches us : by such lines our tears, and gifts, and labours travel back to Him, only to awaken the response it is a priceless reward to hear—‘ Ye have done it unto Me ! ’ ”

From this sample it is clear that in these addresses Mr. Simpson gave the people of his best. It is not wonderful that they were popular. On each of the six occasions St. George's Hall was literally packed, scores and hundreds being unable to find accommodation ; and the six collections amounted to the handsome sum of £720.

XIV.

LITERARY WORK.

THE services which Mr. Simpson rendered to the literature of Methodism were too numerous to be passed over in silence, albeit space fails for any adequate notice of his productions. To use his pen required no effort and was no mere by-play.

“ It was his nature, as it is a tree’s
To leaf itself in April.”

Had he possessed greater leisure, he would, doubtless, have written more, and more that would have been of permanent interest and value. As it was, his eminent gifts in this direction, as in most others, were devoted chiefly to “his own generation.”

His boyish effusions at Leeds were voluminous, and gave good promise of future excellence, as did also his contributions to the *Students’ Portfolio* at Richmond. On his voyage to India we found him writing a Tamil Lexicon, and during his stay in that country he wrote a *Succinct Church History*, which one who is well able to judge pronounces “an admirable digest.” Subsequently, on several occasions, he expressed his belief that an ecclesiastical history for the young,

written on certain lines, was a *desideratum* in the English book-market, and confessed not only that one of the dreams of his life had been to produce such a work, but that he still hoped to do so.

What first attracted public notice in this department of useful labour, was a succession of articles entitled "Village Life in India," which appeared in the *City Road Magazine* for 1869. These papers thrill, and glow, and ripple with all the life, and grace, and fancy of his most popular addresses, and would make an attractive little volume.

A sermon preached by Mr. Simpson in behalf of the Wesleyan Sunday School at Dalston, in 1872, entitled "A Teacher come from God," was afterwards published as a *New Year's Address to Sunday School Teachers*. Explaining the reasons of its publication he says:—

"Since my return to this country, my interest in the work of the Sunday School has only been second to that which I naturally feel in our Foreign Missions, if, indeed, it has not equalled it. This interest has during the last two years grown up into something like anxiety, from causes which have been felt also by others interested in Sunday Schools. I refer to recent and probable legislation on the subject of primary education in this country."

Referring to the exclusively secular instruction expected to be given in the new Board Schools, he quotes the late Dr. Miller of Greenwich:—"Everything points to our Sunday School teachers, and says, 'Up, and be doing; you have had a great work to do hitherto, and you have, if possible, a greater work to do now.'" The little book is marked by the best qualities of the writer, and shows how deeply he had

drunk in the spirit and sentiments of the venerable Samuel Jackson. If every Methodist teacher would get it and master its contents, it would bring great gain to the whole Connexion. As long as Sunday Schools are necessary, such passages as the following will be timely :—

“Be patient. Nicodemus was guilty of fear—fear of danger or of shame, but Jesus takes no notice of this painful feature in his character: no reproof is on His lips. Herein He is an example to every ‘teacher come from God.’ Children are not quite as plastic as clay in the hands of the potter. There is a play of individuality about them, especially boys, which is very trying. The comic boy will be busy with his mimicry, the mischievous boy with his tricks. The indolent boy will contrive a position in which to loll, the absent boy will fall off into a ‘brown-study.’ In dealing with this individuality, beware of censure, fault-finding, sarcasm. ‘The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.’

“You have the advantage of reiteration. Count no darkness so dense that the light cannot dissipate it. If it flee not by the first burst of light, as in the tropics, it will give way, as in these northern climes, before the gradual advances of the morn. A question three times asked brought Peter to his passionate denial: a question three times asked brought forth the passionate expression of his love.”

Illustrative teaching. “Feathers for arrows are scattered everywhere. . . . Depend upon it the arrow will keep a steadier course, have a swifter flight, strike with more incisive force, if it be skilfully feathered.”

“Joseph in prison: the pupil may sit with wide-open eyes as the teacher paints the youth interpreting the dreams of his fellow-prisoners, yet be not one whit nearer the godliness, the devout trust in Providence, which made Joseph what he was. Christ on the Cross: the scene so minutely described by the Evangelists may be so painted as to awaken emotion even to tears, yet the soul be not one jot nearer its true significance—‘He suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.’”

“The literature of the Sunday School has so increased as to claim a distinct department in the art and authorship of the nation. The means of preparation for a month’s lessons may be purchased for a penny, and a perfect ‘wonder-horn’ of anecdotes for a shilling. The Sunday School has created her own Mozarts and Mendelssohns, as worthy in their way as their predecessors, doing for ‘these little ones’ what those did for the ‘elders;’ giving to the school what those gave to the cathedral and the mass-house, suitable music and plenty of it. Every step which a child takes from its mother’s knees to the ‘pearly gates,’ may be taken to the sound of music. Yet management, literature, instruction, hymnology, and music are but machinery. There has been wonderful improvement in the tools, but the main element in the calculation is still the workman. Nothing can make up for the lack of worth and power in the teacher.”

“There are teachers who *must* teach for bread and cheese. Such men are sometimes great in the letter; they can repeat whole pages from their master’s works, but they never touch his *mind*: men marvellous for manuals, famous at formula, sharp at synopsis, each a

cornucopia of cram. What of their scholars? Having gained their grade, they unload their cargo as soon as possible, and then run along the line of life as 'empties.' "

For three or four years Mr. Simpson wrote Conference sketches for the *Methodist Recorder*—airy, gossipy, free-and-easy descriptions and accounts of committees and prominent persons—their sayings and doings at Conference time, with hints and surmises as to what might be forthcoming shortly. They were bright and sprightly, perfectly innocent in intention, and exceedingly popular; nevertheless some of them aroused resentment. Appreciating wit, relishing humour himself, he apparently forgot that there are people who possess as little of these qualities as do bricks and mortar; and that some who can enjoy a joke at the expense of another, instantly curl up like the leaves of a sensitive plant and show their prickly sides when the joke is directed against themselves. Perhaps he did not sufficiently recollect that while an oral joke or pleasantry may produce the smile intended, the same committed to writing, or disseminated in letter-press, may be taken as a serious matter. Certain it is that some of these effusions caused some prejudice against him; for though the papers were anonymous, the imitated hair of Esau was not enough to disguise the well-known voice of Jacob. Mr. Simpson never dreamt of this. Meaning only to provoke a smile, when he found himself producing a frown, he discontinued the occasion of offence, and in his later years he expressed regret that he wrote those papers. We think, however, it is not fair to make any man an offender for a word.

The letters he wrote as "Our Own Correspondent"

show the shrewdness of his faculties as an observer, the soundness of his judgment as to matters worthy of general attention, and are usually marked by most of his higher and finer qualities. The following quotations will be acceptable—some for their historic interest, some for their intrinsic weight and beauty, all for their vivid but unconscious self-depicturing of a man well worth knowing and remembering. The culling is confined to contributions sent up from the Camborne Conference of 1874.

Dr. Osborn. "The old familiar *dicta* of Wesleyan orthodoxy fell from him on Monday like small balls of fire, and found ammunition enough in the hearts of the ministers and laymen who listened: hence, much clapping, many exclamations, and some tears. 'Chapels should be good places to hear in, and to preach in.' 'People are not converted by organs, chanting, processions, but by preaching.' 'If the pulpit goes down, everything else will go down.' So much for *Osborniana*."

Dr. T. B. Stephenson. "A noble lesson on the worth of individuality in Christian toil. A man—not a committee—inaugurated a movement which in five short years has become an honour to Methodism; a benevolence which is doing noble work on two continents, and sowing seeds of good living in hearts which would otherwise have been the home of the briar and the thorn."

E. E. Jenkins, M.A. "He gave us an admirable specimen of his mosaic rhetoric—every piece perfect, every piece polished, every piece neatly fitted, and the whole pattern of warm colour and tone."

Dr. Punshon and Dr. Gervase Smith. "Not often

does schoolboy friendship last through the meridian of life to the sloping west of mature manhood; and it was a sight to be kept in memory, and spoken of to our boys, when that lad from Yorkshire and that lad from Derbyshire, once schoolfellows, stood together as President and Secretary of the Conference of 1874."

Thomas Jackson. "The conversation on the State of the Work of God among us was one of the best we have had for years. . . . The venerable Thomas Jackson once told me that early in this century he heard an 'early Methodist preacher,' in a similar conversation, attribute religious depression in the Societies to the worldliness of the ministers in using the modern appliances of 'braces.'"

Candidates for the Ministry. "Several candidates 'declined' by the July Committee, were saved by the intervention of a Conference vote. It is a phenomenon worthy of note, that when a majority of ministers suspect a department of over-exerting its authority, they assert their independence with a self-will almost reckless. . . . Amos, among the herdsmen of Derby or Lincoln, will surely give signs that he is no common Hodge long before his nomination will take place. If he does not know how to spell, though he may know how to speak; if he does not know the difference between an article and an artichoke, though he may have 'power,' it would be well to place the incipient prophet at school."

The New Supernumeraries. "It is a pensive thing to see an old man putting off the armour. But gray hair, furrowed face, shrunken form, thin voice tell their own tale, and we help the old soldier to unbuckle his accoutrements, not without sighs. But the sorrow is

poignant when the strong man must fall to the rear, wounded by unexpected calamity. Then tears bedew our service, as we guide them from the ranks and enter them upon the retired list. . . . May God 'hear their affliction,' and comfort them Himself!"

A Sudden Death. "A tear can spoil a landscape, a sudden grief can shroud the sun at noon. So it happened to the party of whom I formed one on Saturday. Five ministers, one lay gentleman, and four ladies formed a pilgrimage of pleasure to Pentewan Bay. Captain Furze, a fine old sea-captain, was to meet us from Mevagissey, over the cliffs. The cheery old man came, after time, with his little grand-daughter—to use his own phrase—'in tow.' He was 'out of his reckonings,' had missed his way, and so was late. About two o'clock he eyed the blue sky, and the white tablecloth upon the rocks, and exclaimed to me, 'It is time for eight bells (dinner), the sun stands over the yard-arm (past meridian).' He went to a cottage to summon help for kindling a fire, etc. On his return, he fell in a moment. A sudden cry from the men-servants brought us to the spot. The daughters wept aloud. Hope soon died out, and by the time we had removed our dear friend to the shelter of a cottage, he had assumed the colourless calmness of death. . . . From the moment he fell, that scene has been present to me, nor is it likely to pale its lines for many a year to come. . . . His face was turned to the waters which had been his home so long, to the sky whose sun and stars had been his guide. . . . He was well prepared for his voyage across 'the dark waters.'"

The Temperance Debate. "The process of thrashing out the question was of the most vigorous kind. The

threshers were men of strength on both sides; the flails were well handled; the floor resounded with their strokes; there was much dust, much warmth, some sparks; not a little chaff was set flying, and when the flails ceased, a little wheat was gathered up. . . . At last the Conference almost unanimously resolved: 'That any Connexional organization which may be attempted shall rest upon a basis which shall admit of the hearty co-operation of all, whether abstainers or otherwise.' A witticism wound up the conflict. Mr. Olver moved a mixed Committee, and hoped it would be approved by the brethren, as it was 'half-and-half.'

In 1875, Mr. Simpson published an elegant three-penny booklet on *Dreams*, being the substance of a sermon delivered to the boys of Woodhouse Grove School, on the words: "And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed" (Gen. xlii. 9). It was published by request of the Committee, but "altered so far as to make it serviceable in a wider sphere—to the boys of Christian families, and to senior classes in Sunday Schools." It is marked by rare skill and power, tenderness and beauty, as a few citations will suffice to show:—

"Surely it is an instance of Divine benevolence that children have this habit of looking into the future: the benevolence of Him who gives flowers as well as herbs to the earth, song as well as plumage to the birds. For what a joy is this instinct while childhood lasts, considered altogether apart from its bearing on future life. The captive exile mourneth, and in his cell has but one comforter—Imagination. She brings back to him, and paints in detail, the landscape of his dear,

dear country ; the house where he was born : he sees the faces of his loved ones, and the silent cell rings with the voices of children, wife, and friends. Cruel would he be who would, if he could, destroy that solace of imagination, and leave the exile nothing but the hard reality of wall and cell. Even so of childhood : take away the prolific power of imagination in making the future populous and busy ; reduce the dreamer down to the simple realities of sleeping, dressing, learning, and eating, and where is childhood then ? Gone. You have left us no children, but shrivelled men, and amongst them selfishness, rancour, despair, and insanity. No ; God gave the joy, and we are God-like when we step into the roseate light of the anticipations of youth, and try to find some meaning in the wondering and fascinated eyes that gaze through that light."

"The mere chronology of Joseph's early manhood is startling. He was about seventeen when his dreams were finished. He was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh. He was at least seven-and-thirty when he remembered his dreams. Approximately, this period of twenty years was thus portioned out—nine years of toil in the house of Potiphar, four years of imprisonment in the dungeon, seven years of labour, not the less arduous because it was dignified, and had to do with vast concerns. Suffering, servitude, captivity, toil were the chapters that followed the chapter on dreams."

"The memory of Joseph's dreams would again and again come back to him. . . . I see him crouched against one of the heavy pillars of Potiphar's house. His fellow-slaves are busy with sport and music and dance : he is thinking of the golden sheaves I see

him leaning against his prison wall: the lamp whose lurid flame lights up the corridor, lets light upon his handsome, thoughtful face, and casts his shadow on the wall. What are you thinking about now, Joseph? The sun, the moon, and the stars. But hark! the voice of the prison governor. All dreaminess passes from the countenance; the loose muslin is quickly girt about the loins, and the dreamer is gone to active, patient work. Yes, the dreams for the most part are left in the past, or if they do send forward some of their lustre, it is to ease labour by anticipation, to soothe captivity by hope."

"We have seen the glory of the dreamer's boyhood, the circumstances of his after life; now let us look at his *character*. Take these features: honesty, that won for a slave the confidence of the chamberlain of a royal palace; a chaste and courageous virtue, that resisted the reiterated solicitations of secret passion; courtesy, that stepped from the palace to the prison, and won affection there; humility, serene and calm in the first exciting burst of returning prosperity; generosity, that would allow no bitter memories to mar the sweetness of a brother's kiss. The dreamer of seventeen has turned out a glorious man."

The Methodist people, with all their excellences, are not famous for appreciating and encouraging their own writers, or this admirable little book would have sold by tens of thousands.

In the year 1875, Mr. Simpson began to write the "Notes on the New Testament Lessons" for our Sunday Schools, which "Notes" were published monthly in the *Sunday School Magazine*, and he continued to write them for five years. "Their value to our young

people," says the Editor-in-chief, "is incalculable. They are as lively and interesting as they are sound and deep." This was perhaps his chief literary achievement. The work was congenial to his tastes, and he usually gave to it his best attention; but, considering his other exacting and simultaneous labours, it is wonderful that he succeeded in producing work so copious and so excellent. It is known that many of the lessons were very hastily done—sometimes in company, sometimes on a journey, sometimes in the dim light of a railway carriage at midnight, when he was both tired and sleepy. It was scarcely surprising if a few of them were accounted "dry."

"Hindu Fables altered and applied for English Readers" is the title of a series of captivating stories commenced in *Our Boys and Girls*, in January 1877, and continued monthly through that and the next two years. There are in all six and thirty fables—about giants, dwarfs, all sorts of talking beasts, birds, fishes, and creeping things. They are full of instructive marvels, each having its moral teaching carefully pointed out and applied. Here, for a specimen, is one of the shortest:—

"*The Brahmin and his Rice-pot.* Once upon a time there was a Brahmin who went about a-begging; and, having had a quantity of rice given to him, he boiled a portion, sat down to supper, and ate till he was satisfied. At the close of his meal he had as much rice left over as would have served for next morning's breakfast, if it had not been for an accident which happened in the night.

"The Brahmin placed the boiled rice left over from his supper in a little earthenware pot, and hung it on

a nail in the wall a little above the floor. Then he stretched out his mat, placed his pillow, laid himself down, and fell asleep.

“Sleeping, he dreamed; and dreaming, he saw his rice-pot and the rice in it; and in his dreams that rice appeared a much larger quantity than it really was. Dreaming, he said to himself, ‘To-morrow I shall sell some of that rice, and buy a goat. Then, and then, and then, the goat will have two kids. Then I shall sell the goat and two kids and buy a cow.’

“Then the Brahmin sunk into yet deeper sleep, and the dream went on. ‘Then the cow will have a calf. And by that time I shall have a large herd of goats and kids, and I shall sell some of them and the calf, and buy some horses.’

“He forgot in his dream that he had already sold the goat and her kids. Yet the Brahmin slept, and the dream went on, and in a dream time passes quickly. ‘Then, and by that time,’ dreamed the Brahmin, ‘I shall have a large house, with ranges of outbuildings for my cows and horses. Then a rich man will ask me to marry his daughter, and I shall agree. I shall marry her, and receive with her a large dowry. Then I shall be a large proprietor. I shall have flocks of goats, herds of cattle, and quite a number of horses and foals.

“The Brahmin slept on, and the dream proceeded. ‘One day I shall be reading near the horses, with my wife and little boy near me. The boy will go near one of the horses, which will strike out, and nearly kick him. I shall naturally be very angry with my wife. ‘Why don’t you look after the child?’ I shall cry out, and give her a kick.

“The Brahmin did cry out, and did give a kick—a kick so vigorous, that he struck his rice-pot, and awoke, to find himself covered with grains of rice and pieces of broken earthenware. ‘There,’ said he, ‘this comes of dreaming of goats, cows, horses, and a rich man’s daughter! My dreams have left me poorer than ever, and I must recommence my wanderings, a beggar indeed.’

“*Moral.* Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

“Remember also that wide-awake dreams of the future must not affect the duty of to-day.

“Use present opportunity rather than trust to great expectations.”

Published separately, these strange tales would make an admirable and attractive book for children. Mr. Simpson himself intended so to publish them; and seeing that each fable is set off with a full-page illustration—all striking, if not all very beautiful—the cost of reproduction would be but small. It seems wonderful that our enterprising Sunday School Union has not long ago made this little venture.

The articles on Chatauqua Lectures and Lecturers, in the *Magazine* for 1880, have been referred to already. In them readers are introduced to a number of the most eminent American preachers and lecturers whom Mr. Simpson saw and heard at Chatauqua, and furnished with vivid conceptions of the ways in which they handled their respective subjects. All his happiest characteristics have full play in these pleasing papers—all his tenderness, fancy, beauty, strength, terseness, wit, and humour. They, too, would make up a very attractive volume, such as are most in demand by

young men and women in connection with school libraries.

In the *Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati), for 1880, appeared a periodical "Letter from England," subscribed by the well-known initials, "W. O. S." A few passages therefrom will show somewhat further what manner of man he was.

"The interests of the Thanksgiving Fund have brought me to Blackburn. . . . The town's motto is an outgrowth of its history, and an utterance of the spirit of its citizens, '*arte et labore.*' Skill and labour have been the making of the place, though if ignorance, passion, and violence could have had their way, trade and prosperity would have been driven from the land. Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Crompton, the inventors, were all natives of this neighbourhood, and all received rough usage from the enraged peasants, whose 'craft' was in danger, and were 'expelled from their coasts.' . . . Mills were wrecked and machinery broken to atoms. But skill conquered, and labour returned to her allegiance. . . . What is the good of having old countries at all, except for the treasuring of experience for the benefit of younger nations? What is the good of a nation having a 'mother country,' if she will not listen to the old lady's experience? It is to be hoped that in your history these old strifes between skill and labour will never be revived. 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

"I have attended many Sunday School centenary celebrations, and have picked up many curious illustrations of the state of education in old times, and of the rude life through which the Sunday School movement had to work its way. Here is one. My

informant is a minister in our own Church, whose early life was spent in an obscure village in the East Riding of Yorkshire. His Sunday School teacher was a very plain, but a very devout farmer's man. In the course of the lessons they came to the word 'Artaxerxes,' which caused some difficulty. One boy managed to pronounce it correctly, but his solution did not satisfy the teacher, who would be content with nothing short of 'Ar-tax-a-rex-us;' so at that it remained. The other teachers were of a similar rank in life. 'But,' said my informant, 'their appeals to us were often powerful, and they were mighty upon their knees.' Three eminent ministers, by two of whom the chair of the Conference has been thrice filled, came from that little village. I am sometimes afraid that, with all our vast advances, we are losing sight of the great central fact upon which these villagers had so strong a hold, that the children are with us that we may compass their salvation."

"I heard the other day a very good story touching the New Testament Revision, now very near completion. It refers to the words, 'No man putteth new wine into old bottles.' It having been proposed that 'skins' should be substituted for 'bottles,' a reviser suggested that it might occasion irreverent witticism, seeing that many men do put new wine—more than is good for them—into old skins! We must wait to see what the revisers have done with their 'bottles.'"

"The Rev. Richard Reece was one of the most stately and most able of the second generation of Methodist preachers. He was solemn and monosyllabic in his utterance. Dr. Waddy, a younger man—beloved to the last for his genial and brilliant wit,

once told him he could not find time for his work. Mr. Reece, who knew his friend to be a late sitter-up, but not an early riser, said, 'You-should-get-up-ear-ly-in-a-morn-ing. It-will-great-ly-add-to-the-length-of-your-days.' 'Yes,' replied the junior, 'but it will greatly shorten my nights.' Dr. Waddy's humour was always brilliant, never cruel; like the flash of a diamond, bright, but not burning."

"Dr. Osborn stepped in among us at our Financial District Meeting, and gave us an admirable address on his reminiscences of Methodist history. Methodism, he said, had always been in a 'crisis,' and had always come well out of it. Its type was the bush in the wilderness, always burning, never consumed."

One of the opening sentences in the "Address of the Conference to the Methodist Societies, 1880," betrays Mr. Simpson's facile, graceful, and thoughtful pen:—

"We have been called during the year to mourn the removal by death of thirty brethren in our ministry, some in the freshness of youth, others in a ripe old age. Some sleep in the quiet resting-places of their native land; others in foreign countries, beneath the shadows of heathen shrines. Their graves mark the line of our advance. They proclaim our duty and our purpose. We build a sepulchre, and claim the land."

Wonderful as are those annual addresses, as repositories of faithful and affectionate pastoral wisdom, it is not too much to say the address for that year is worthy of its companionship with all that went before it.

Many other productions of Mr. Simpson's pen may

be found in various Methodist newspapers and magazines. Some of the most characteristic of all he ever wrote are in different numbers of *Early Days*—delightful sermonettes and descriptive pieces, suited to the capacities of children. They are amongst the most admirable of his compositions. Here are a few brief extracts :—

“ Jesus is the ‘tender Shepherd’ of little children, and He does not turn away His smiles from them when they are at play.”

“ The little heart of a little child is a little kingdom, which he cannot govern himself. It needs a strong King within it, who can bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ.”

“ Very good sort of birds, these storks, are they not? so pretty, yet not conceited; so strong, yet so loving; so fitted for travel, and yet so fond of home. . . . Do you not think the stork would make a pretty parson, with his white surplice fringed with black, and with that sharp little eye that would catch any one asleep during sermon? See Jeremiah viii. 7, which shows that the stork has something to say to us. This is what he says, translated out of bird-language into child-language: ‘I know my appointed time to fly from storm and frost and snow to clear skies, sunlight, and warmth. You ought to know your time to fly from sin and sorrow and temptation to the presence of your Heavenly Father, with whom are light and love and peace.’ Will my readers listen to what the stork says from his pulpit in ‘the fir-tree?’ ”

“ When you want the best thing, or the best place, think of Jesus with the towel and the basin. When

you have a duty to perform toward father or mother, brother or sister, which does not please you, think of Jesus with the towel and the basin. When a dull boy asks for a little help in his lessons, or a friend wishes you to leave your own amusement and join him, think of Jesus with the towel and the basin. All the world would be ever so much happier than it is, if people would copy the example of Jesus when He washed the disciples' feet."

The following, forming the conclusion of a paper in *Early Days* for May 1881, the month in which he died, on "The Israelites making Bricks in Egypt," is probably the last sentence written by Mr. Simpson for the press:—

"Happy is the workman who puts his trust in God. God will give help in toil, comfort in sorrow, and then deliverance into the holy rest of the heavenly Canaan."

It would seem matter for real regret that, with such gifts for literary work, he did not write much more. This, however, he could not do without leaving something undone; and what is there in all he did that could be spared? What sermon, what lecture, what address, what attendance at Committee Meetings, what long journey that he took, could have been omitted without detriment to some important Methodist interest?

XV.

GREAT HORTON.

1876-1878.

BY a law which changeth not, Mr. Simpson could not remain at Eastbrook after the Conference of 1876, and though in Bradford proper there were three other Circuits—Kirkgate, Manningham, and Greenhill, there was no suitable vacancy among them for him to fill. There were, however, also the suburban and semi-rural stations of Low Moor, Great Horton, and Shipley—all at that time more or less feeble, which had been considerably elevated to the dignity of Bradford Circuits, by way of conferring such strength as comes of prestige or status—Bradford being acknowledged as a pre-eminently Methodist centre. Great Horton was losing its Superintendent, and spread wide its arms to Mr. Simpson, elated by the hope of securing so popular and so successful a minister; and though his residence would be two miles from his old friends, and the appointment was in most respects inferior, his heart inclined him to accept the offer.

Locally, all his friends said Yea; but among his older and distant acquaintances were some who knew a little about the neighbourhood, and who as earnestly said Nay. They felt the force of the argument founded

on the vantage-ground he had already won, but doubted the expediency of suffering it to interfere too far with the Connexional principle. They reminded him, moreover, that his strength, though great, was limited; that the walking would be considerable; and the preaching heavy both on Sundays and week-days; that there were Yorkshiremen *and* Yorkshiremen; and, while admitting that Great Horton Methodism had no lack of wealth, they queried whether or not it had distinguished itself by internal harmony, Christian liberality, or evangelistic zeal. To all this he answered that his strength was only for use—he could do his work, and he wished plenty of it; all souls were God's, who could turn them as He pleased; he felt he could be so useful nowhere else. To Great Horton he desired to go, the Conference acquiesced, and to Great Horton he went. The purity of his motives cannot be impugned, but we may be allowed to hesitate, in the light of subsequent facts, before applying the same remark to the wisdom of his decision. It is believed that this appointment tended to shorten his valuable life.

His Superintendency of this Circuit appears to have been remarkable for his adroit management of a somewhat unmanageable people. The Rev. Joseph Dyson, one of his colleagues—a man of excellent judgment—says: “As Superintendent he was an able administrator, richly endowed with business qualifications. He seized great principles at once, and held them with a giant's grip; and in all matters of private working, he mastered the most elaborate and minute details with surprising readiness and ease. He was always ready to hear and answer objections to his own views, and manifested rare skill, Christian kindness, and often

great good humour in dealing with opposers in Circuit matters."

Opposition in Circuit matters was a novel experience to him in the capacity of Superintendent. Conversation, argument, earnest discussion, which may lead to the adoption, modification, or rejection of views on either side, is not opposition, but valuable assistance—clearing the way for salutary changes, and helping to settle them upon broad and satisfactory bases. Such discussion he desired, invited, and was used to ; but not such opposition as—regardless of reason—inexorably puts down its foot with a "This shall be," or a "That shall not be." This pained him. Of the Eastbrook Methodists we have heard him testifying that all they wanted was "to get on," and that as this was all he wanted, they had nothing to disagree about. Now, with the same desire and purpose to advance, he had come among a people some of whose leading spirits were content with things as they were. They would "let well alone ;" the "well," in this case, as in most others, when pronounced with like complacency, describing a condition of affairs by no means satisfactory.

Mr. Simpson's zeal for the Master prompted him to endeavour to lead these good people faster and farther than they were inclined to go. It appears to have been mainly in regard to evangelistic aggression that there was any difference between them. Encouraged by his Eastbrook experience, he inaugurated movements with a view to reach the masses, which had to be abandoned for lack of suitable support. There was no rent, no outward disagreement. The opposing friends kept up all their own peculiar marks of friendship, and

the minister bated not a jot of his usual courtesy. He was, however, much disappointed, and that as naturally as a fisherman who is wilfully prevented from taking large draughts of fishes. Speaking to an old friend anent these new ones, he gave them a good name. They treated him kindly, he had everything he wanted, he found much warm-hearted and zealous co-operation, congregations were overflowing, considerable good was being done! Yes; but had they known the day of their visitation, had their hearts been more in sympathy with Christ and His honoured servant, had they—as they were well able, produced the few pounds that were necessary for an adequate scheme of aggression—giving and working, and praying for the souls of the neglected multitudes around, the results might have been very different. In sending Mr. Simpson among them, God meant to bring them to honour; but now He kept them back from much of the promotion intended for them. They only “smote thrice” with the arrows, instead of “five or six times.” They missed that all-filling, all-overflowing blessing which only comes when the bringing of all the tithes into the storehouse has flung wide the windows of heaven.

The Great Horton Circuit includes a good many villages — some of them distant, which with his colleagues he visited in turn, usually preaching thrice, and walking both ways. Ultimately, finding the strain too much, he provided himself with a pony, which made the travelling lighter. Mr. Simpson found interest where men less sympathetic and less discerning would have failed to do so. He was resolved, too, that these poor people should not suffer by any fault of his, for the

accidents of their position and surroundings. Though few of them might appreciate "his chaste imagery and delicious humour, he preached to them," says the Rev. Henry T. Smart, "with as much care and earnestness as if he were addressing vast city auditories; and he delivered speeches in such little chapels as Shelf and Clayton not inferior to his best orations in Exeter Hall."

Born, constituted, fully qualified by patient pains and industry to move large bodies of people, he was naturally happiest when his rare gifts found scope for their full swing; but he was also happy in preaching the Gospel and advocating Christ's cause anywhere and everywhere. Interested in the people, they were interested in him. Talking to them, shaking hands with them, remembering their names, making kind inquiries about their families and their affairs, he won their love; and however they might fail to catch his "points," they gave him their best attention. Sometimes it was very amusing to attend a week-night service with him in one of these villages, where the congregation consisted almost entirely of factory work-people, male and female—for the most part sleepy after their day's labour, with a few superannuated persons of the same class; but the most attentive and interested person present was the man in the pulpit. Nothing escaped his observation. If you were stopping at his house, there was a treat for you when he came home to tell how Tommy Thackeray—a clearer thinker than most of them, had taken in the sermon; how Mattie Ackroyd, with much effort, had clutched a point or two; how old Nanny Crabtree, though she understood but little, had sat in a rapture all the time; how Dickey Parkinson suddenly brightened up from a

doze, at some emphatically uttered sentence, and then, having found refreshment in his nap, held his own to the end; and how poor Johnny Murgatroyd, whose head was not of much use to him though his heart was in the right place, kept on interjecting responses ridiculously out of season.

His ministry was much blessed—albeit in strange fashion, to these poor people; nevertheless, it seems a pity that he was ever sent where his magnificent gifts were comparatively wasted. There were scores of large but half-empty chapels in different parts of the Connexion which he would speedily have filled, to the great and permanent advantage of Methodism. Whereas all that was needed here, for three Sabbaths out of every four, was a minister of average good sense, with a kind heart, having adequate qualifications in leg and lung, and being covered with a cuticle rendering him impervious to the shafts of the so-called “plain speakers,” by whom are commonly meant persons distinguished chiefly by their ignorance, and disregard of the feelings of other people.

During these Horton years, school buildings were erected at Shelf and Clayton. The following letter, written in the third year, shows the deep interest Mr. Simpson took in these movements, and what uphill work he found them. It illustrates also his character as a “beggar,” and gives us another peep at his fatherly cares and encouragements.

“GREAT HORTON, *September 25th*, 1877.

“MY DEAR MR. GIBBS,—May I beg you to glance over the enclosed circular? You will see by it I am to have on Saturday a similar honour to that conferred

upon me whilst resident at Dalston; will you help me to bear it? The people in the village are operatives, the mills are running short time; wages, consequently, are diminished. We expected to get £50 from Mr.—, and he only sent £20. The good folks were so grieved by this disappointment that I felt constrained to come to the rescue. Friends have helped me in Bradford, though trade is bad, and my list now amounts to £65; I hope it will reach £100 by next Saturday noon. Many a good bank-note and yellow sovereign have I brought from the country to London; this is my first attempt to reverse the operation, and I am sure there would be no necessity for it in the ordinary way of things. My sermon is finished, all but the application—Will you help me?

“This Circuit is a great contrast to any in which I have previously travelled. We have a very fine chapel here; then we have six country places, some of them four miles away over hill and dale. Three times preaching on three Sundays out of every four. A small gig and a small pony assist me to get round the Circuit. Members, 1247. The people are rough (very), shrewd, energetic, lovers of the class and prayer meetings. I had my Quarterly Meeting yesterday—more than sixty present: finances sound, numbers up. There are 150 more members in the Circuit than there were three years ago.

“As for home matters, Willie has now been at business a year, has been two quarters on trial as a local preacher, and finds favour with the people. Tom and Eddie have both been carrying all before them at school. Our only anxiety now is about Mary. A fortnight ago she was attacked by scarlet fever, and Miss Rabett

sent her and a schoolfellow to the Fever Hospital—a very good move. We hear very good accounts of her, and Miss Burton will be coming up in a fortnight to bring her home. Cissie and Charlie flourish. Now I have scarcely left room to send love to Mrs. Gibbs and the family. An early answer will oblige, yours truly,

“W. O. SIMPSON.

“JOHN GIBBS, Esq.”

In reference to the above subject, it may suffice to add that Mr. Simpson obtained the coveted £100, laid the foundation-stone well and truly, and was presented with another silver trowel, to descend, with the Dalston trowel, to his heirs for ever.

At Clayton Heights was an old chapel settled on a very peculiar Deed, which gave absolute control over all monies to the trustees, and not even the Superintendent minister could claim the right of examining the accounts. Although so obviously open to abuse, this power was tenaciously clung to. On the tombstone of one of the trustees it was recorded to his honour that for twenty years he steadily resisted all interference with the Chapel Trust. When Mr. Simpson was in the Circuit, there were but three trustees surviving—the first, a man of no occupation and no religious persuasion; the second, a brewer who was a Churchman; and the third, the class leader at Clayton Heights. This gentleman came one day to Mr. Simpson's house, asking him to preach the Chapel Anniversary Sermons, and received his promise that he would do so. “But,” said Mr. Simpson, “when I announce the collection, I shall say to the congregation: ‘You are going to give your money to Mr.—, and Mr.—’

and to the class leader. No one has any right to control or even to look at the expenditure. They can spend the Trust monies upon themselves, or in pulling the chapel to pieces, and no one can say a word. Now, if you like to give your money to these men, you can do so.'” The leader was slow in his mental processes. When a new idea was presented to him, he required time to get right round it; and this idea was so extraordinary, that he turned away in silence, and went home to ponder over it. He came again next day, and asked in evident trepidation: “Yer won't do that what yer said, Mr. Simpson, will yer?” “If you will not alter that Deed, I certainly shall do as I said,” was the reply. So the brother began at once to take measures for the necessary alterations.

Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Simpson was always on excellent terms with his colleagues. The Rev. H. T. Smart says: “When he came home from Conference, from important Committees, May Meetings, and other great occasions, he would invite us to his house, and tell us all the news. He always sought to help us in winning the confidence of the people, and spoke of us to the friends with too much generosity. . . . In private, though full of good-nature and fun, he never overstepped the mark.”

“What impressed me very deeply,” says the Rev. Joseph Dyson, “was his goodness. This was revealed to me who saw him in private life, and enjoyed his intimate friendship, far more than it could be to one who only knew him as a public man; and it was to the excellence of his moral and religious character, to his genuine goodness, that much of his popularity and success as a minister was justly due.”

This witness is true. He rarely referred to his religious experience, and then only at meetings of the Societies, and in private conversations with intimate acquaintances, though he would sometimes relate the story of his conversion for the assistance of such persons as were feeling after God, if haply they might find Him. But the tone of his conversation, his spirit and behaviour, were of an improving and elevating character. He was never known, amid all his freedom and hilarity, to approach the verge of anything impure, or vulgar, or improper; and if others less careful condescended to introduce such matter, one look, one deprecating word or gesture stifled, it in its birth. You could not be long in his company without being instructed, or in some way bettered by it.

Very plainly, very strongly he could speak; so much so, that a stranger might deem him abrupt, and a sensitive person, who did not sufficiently know him, might be pained; but he never intentionally gave pain unless he believed it to be necessary. It was rather his method to turn reproof into a pleasant medicine, an excellent oil that broke no one's head. Folly he met with wisdom, false wit with ridicule, pomposity and self-importance with mocking banter, boisterous and unwelcome self-assertion with chuckling raillery or quiet sarcasm; but all was so adroitly managed that it produced nothing worse than a general laugh, in which the delinquent perforce must join. His severest remarks were addressed to persons whose praise of others was evidently designed to convey equal or greater blame. He would sometimes rein them up sharp and short at their first "but." Thus: "*But* he is human, which you are not;" or, "But he has not yet quite

conquered the old Adam, as you have ;” or, “ But, of course, he has not abilities like yours ;” or, “ Come, come ; tell us what good there is about the man. We all are human, so take the *ifs* and *buts* as granted.”

The “ ifs ” and the “ buts ” cannot, alas ! be entirely discarded, but it was an exemplary characteristic of W. O. Simpson that he was very sparing in the use of them. This was particularly observable in his references to brother ministers. He gave warm and ungrudging praise to the few who might be esteemed his rivals. Commendation equally cordial he gave to any one who deserved it on the ground of industry, perseverance, usefulness, or moral worth ; but indolence, emptiness, pomposity, sacerdotalism he regarded with aversion, and recked not who knew it.

Referring further to Mr. Simpson’s life at Great Horton, Mr. Dyson says again : “ He was a very hard worker, and possessed great powers of endurance. He was able far more than most men to bear the strain of continued mental effort, and he did not spare himself. The vast resources of strength which he possessed were often taxed to the uttermost, and, by constant application, he accomplished far more work than any ordinary man could possibly achieve.”

Mr. Bush, in the charming “ sketch ” before referred to, says : “ If, on entering a new Circuit, he found the work not sufficient, he made more. In one instance, at least, he materially added to the work of the Circuit ministers by increasing the number of appointments on the Circuit-plan.” We all know Mr. Bush’s qualifications and greed for work, and how weighty his words are ; but, really, was this wise ? Cases differ, and “ work not sufficient ” for a Hercules, may severely tax

the powers of "ordinary men." This remark is not made by way of discounting the praise intended. We have abundant evidence that Mr. Simpson was one with his colleagues—that he consulted them, and carried them along with him; so that, in the instance alluded to, their predecessors in that particular Circuit may possibly have had a little learned leisure. This, however, does not necessarily follow. The flesh is often too weak for what the spirit is willing enough to do; and Mr. Simpson's colleagues, fired by his enthusiasm, may gladly have undertaken exertions greater than was good for them.

With preaching, sacraments, weddings, funerals, ticket-renewals, pastoral visitation, multitudinous committees, and meetings of all sorts, and all the business-matters which come and cluster, and still come about the Methodist ministry, he is no ordinary man who has not "sufficient work." Abnormal gifts are of course for use, but only in ways abnormal; not to fasten upon the necks of ordinary men a yoke they are not able to bear. Let these remarks be accepted by way of caution by young and zealous Superintendents—admiring Mr. Simpson and emulous of his fame, lest they fall to increasing "the appointments on the Circuit-plan," and so dig the graves of themselves, their colleagues, and their successors to the third and fourth generations. We "ordinary men" have not many advocates and defenders; and as, after all, we do somehow, by God's blessing, accomplish the major part of His work in the world, we may be pardoned for speaking one word in our own behalf. The true policy is to encourage us to make the best use of our ordinary gifts; not to thrust Herculean clubs into our

hands, and summon us to feats for the performance of which the Head of the Church has withheld from us the requisite strength and endurance.

The mischiefs above indicated were not, alas! the only ill results of Mr. Simpson's excessive labours. His "vast strength," so often "taxed to the uttermost," was *over-taxed*. He knew it not. One whose love made him more discerning or more suspicious than the merely admiring crowd, told him that his health had deteriorated; mentioning his noisy and apparently laborious breathing, accompanied by unusual dilation of the nostrils, as an indication that the heart was being subjected to excessive and dangerous pressure. But, no; he had not observed it; never was more equal to his work, never so little inclined to shirk it! That was W. O. Simpson "to a tye."

One more incident connected with Great Horton remains to be told. His eldest son, now the Rev. W. B. Simpson, B.A., of Madras, says:

"One little thing on which my father always looked back with pleasure, was a 'house-warming' at Great Horton, where some additions had been made to the house. When these were completed, every workman and every lad who had been employed in the work was invited to a substantial tea-dinner, which consisted of two tremendous hunks of beef, and two equally large plum-puddings. After tea they adjourned from the kitchen to the parlour, where they had pipes, talk, and music. He used to refer with great glee to the talk and the votes of thanks which concluded a pleasant evening. This won the hearts of some of the men, who declared him 'a right sort of parson,' and began to attend the chapel."

The Conference of 1878 assembled in Bradford, and many of Mr. Simpson's friends deemed it a fit time to pay him honour, by making him Chairman of the Halifax and Bradford District. There was, however, another minister in the field of selection, who was well known to be one of our ablest Chairmen, and who now—though the voting ran somewhat close—proved too strong for his popular rival. After the declaration of the poll, Mr. Simpson ascended the platform, shook hands with his successful brother, and offered his "hearty congratulations," adding, "May the best man always win!"

That evening an old Richmond friend, who was Mr. Simpson's guest, said to him:

"I did not vote for you to-day, Simpson."

"What? Well, I did think that you of all men would not go against me. And pray, Mr. Iscariot, why did you not vote for me?"

"Because (1) I would not have you honoured by an injustice done to one as worthy as yourself. (2) Because the office would involve much additional care and labour, and keep you more in your own District, to the disadvantage of the Connexion generally. (3) Because I do not want you to die before your time. (4) Because you have already as many honours as can be good for an upstart like you."

"Ah, well; all your reasons are cogent, and might be separately sufficient, particularly *the last*. I confess, however, that the first is the only one that had much weight with me. I did not want the office, and it would have been painful to accept it at the price."

That Conference was remarkable as the first in the history of Wesleyan Methodism when ministers and

laymen met together for the transaction of business in equal numbers and on equal terms. It was deemed by some a serious innovation—almost a revolution. Some thought the admission of laymen into the Conference would be a wing to bear the Connexion up, and some a weight to drag it down. Some, in their gloomy apprehensions, were as restless and disconsolate as Cassandra predicting the fall of Troy; some hailed it as the precursor of perennial prosperity and peace, to be followed quickly by the latter day glory. But there was another and larger class, who regarded the proposed change with comparative indifference, who voted for it at last out of very weariness, assured that the lay friends who had chosen Wesleyan Methodism in preference to any other Church—who freely devoted to its maintenance and extension their talents and education, their wealth and influence—were not one whit behind the ministers in their attachment to its principles. These did not count upon any marked alteration as the outcome of the change, and subsequent events have justified their judgment. The troubled spirits of a very small proportion of the ministers, and of a vastly smaller proportion of the laity, appear to have been quieted. The ministers have been saddled with somewhat heavier financial responsibilities in regard to the Schools' Fund—a pressure rather keenly felt by men in the poorer Circuits; but besides this, “since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were.”

The peaceable way in which this change was brought about was certainly noteworthy, and Mr. Simpson chronicles it with his accustomed fancy and enthusiasm.

“What will the historian have to say of that Conference, when this great ecclesiastical development took place without collision, commotion, crack, or fissure? It took new form of enlarged capacity: then the rich life flowed into it, and consecrated it for evermore.”

He waxes yet more bold, his imagination seizing upon two affecting and solemn incidents to wing his silver arrows:

“Nor was this unity in the Church below without its representatives in the Church above. The great white horse and its rider twice halted at our doors, and dropped a summons which demanded instant obedience; and one minister and one layman carried to the Church above the tidings of this fresh answer to the unceasing prayer of the Great Intercessor: ‘I pray that they all might be one.’”

In the spring of the year following this Conference, Mr. Simpson was again brought up to London to preach before the Missionary Society at City Road, and to occupy his old position as collection-speaker in Exeter Hall. The speech is again cut down to one closely-printed page in the *Notices*—a much smaller space than was allotted to any other of the nine speakers. He adhered very closely to the resolution he had to second: “That this meeting, while sympathizing strongly with the embarrassed condition of the Society’s funds, ventures, in the name of the Methodist people, to affirm that that condition ought not to be relieved by retrenchment of the Society’s operations, but by adequate accession of income.”

Very bravely, very cheerily does he deal with the uninviting theme of the Society’s heavy debt. Pro-

bably no other speaker ever handled it so airily, and made it seem so small a matter to the Methodist people. The ardour of his nature, the brightness of his genius, his optimistic views of things, his strong faith in God, his indomitable fidelity to duty, did unquestionably exert a blessed influence upon the friends of Missions, infusing life and hope and strength when many hearts were well-nigh paralyzed with fear. As to the debt of £43,000, he flung a glamour over it that almost made it "a thing of beauty."

"Bad as the case is, it is not nearly as bad as it seems, for this year's accounts take over nearly three months of last year's expenditure. The brethren here, there, and everywhere, have drawn bills upon the Mission House. Hitherto, these bills have been reckoned in the expenditure of the year subsequent to that in which they were drawn; so that the Society was in the singular position of having spent the money in the Mission stations, and not having spent it in Bishopsgate Street. The Finance Committee have resolved to count that expenditure which has been expended, and so take in the bills due. This re-adjustment of the accounts adds about £13,000 to the debt, bringing it up to £35,000. That sum might very properly have been laid in the cradle of that Foundling Hospital, the Thanksgiving Fund; and should that movement go on as it is going on, I have great hope that there will be something provided to stop the cry of this new infant laid at our door.

"The actual debt of the year is about £8000; and not so bad, after all! The income has not been sustained, and, perhaps, this cannot be wondered at, considering the bad state of trade, and the fact that the appeal, so

nobly responded to, in behalf of the Thanksgiving Fund, has crossed the current of other appeals. But when every qualification has been made, the Treasurers have to meet their constituency with a debt of the good round sum of £43,000. And I am glad, for one, that the fact has been bravely and fully stated this morning; for it is a wholesome thing that the great Methodist Connexion should know the worst, and be made aware of the simple issue.

“The rhetoric of this resolution cannot be censured because it is obscure. Our unfortunate Committee are denied one of the three courses which are usually granted in any position of peculiar difficulty or moment, at least according to the example of a distinguished statesman. Only two: retrenchment, or—enough! O happy Chancellor, that can get out of his difficulties by a small increase on taxation, or by heavy drafts on futurity by the help of treasury bonds, to be paid sometime—no one knows when, by some one—no one knows how! O happy Boards of Education, that, like magicians, can by the scribble of a pen evoke school buildings in crowded alleys, and pay for them by loans of forty years' duration! But happier our Chancellor, who has not, and wishes not 'the power of the screw'—who has not, and wishes not the power of compulsion, of pledging posterity to meet the duties of the present. Happier man, who, speaking for the Society he represents, may borrow the language of an Apostle: 'Brethren, for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.' And surely there are many who, hearing this, will give themselves to prayer; and when prayers ascend, an angel is not far off. There is an angel with folded wings in every Christian heart—an

angel of high-principled benevolence. Prayer and grace will awaken him, and upon his touch these chains will fall off, and the messenger of Christ will be free of the air, of the sea, and of the wide earth for carrying the message of the Lord.

“It is only necessary for me to prove that from the Christian standpoint one course is impossible, to show that the other must be followed. This hall is large, but I must think of a wider space than this. This audience is vast, but I must have present in my mind’s eye the vaster army of the officers and the collectors of this Society, and the congregations from which our supplies are drawn. To them it must go forth, we cannot retrench: a voice from every Mission field—a voice from the responsible centre of organization—a voice which I hope will be echoed back from every village in the three kingdoms; as a bugle blast from the thin human lips spreads along the valley, and is given back by deep ravine and silent gorge. I have strong hope that ere twelve months are over, the signal of to-day will be given back from the four corners of our land: ‘Not one step backwards;’ but, in the stirring words already familiar to many of you: ‘The colours thirty paces forward!’ For what does retrenchment mean? It is paralysis of the work. I speak from heartfelt and sorrowful experience. One of our Secretaries will remember the time when retrenchment was a necessity. It meant Mission houses without tenants, schools closed against eager pupils, villages crossed off the plan, fields won with care, forsaken in despondency—all to be retraced when better times return. Against such waste of money, time, and life, the Methodist people will protest, and will respond by

the signal of this morning: 'Not one step backward!'

"Then what about advance? Africa, Europe, India, China, Japan—all this before us, and our Samson is bound! We have so rejoiced in the feats of his strength, in carrying away the gates of Gaza, in the slaughter of the Philistines with mean instrumentalities, that we cannot withhold from him our sympathy. And our sympathy has hope in it, for Samson has not lost his eyes, but can look on the bonds which restrain him, and measure their strength, and then, with some degree of life, look out with great longing eyes on the feats of power and victory that yet await him. Let these bonds be broken, and he will go forth conquering and to conquer."

This is a very unsatisfactory report, though well worth preserving, of a speech which was certainly characterized by uncommon genius, argumentative force, felicity of language and illustration, and much spiritual power. To some of us who were present it was redolent of Richmond in the "auld lang syne," when, having been elected by his brethren to address the Students' Missionary Meeting, in the College Chapel, he took for the groundwork of his remarks the Latin proverb: "*Vestigium nullum retrorsum.*" The Society at that time was in financial difficulties, and there was in divers quarters a loud outcry for retrenchment. To this policy the ardent tyro was as strenuously opposed as the Indian apostle. The address, it was acknowledged, displayed ability equal to its enthusiasm. It was prepared with extraordinary care, and first delivered to the wondering deer and wild ducks in a distant part of Richmond Park, the

occasion being regarded as one of exceptional importance. Each well-elaborated and impassioned paragraph was rounded off with the firmly enunciated motto, and at last he resumed his seat with "*Vestigium nullum retrorsum,*" most emphatically repeated, amidst the plaudits of a large audience, — whereto no orator, particularly in his adolescence, can be entirely indifferent.

In all this, it must be admitted, there was an air of pedantry, excusable enough in a youth whose daily employment was the study of languages, but in maturer years his good sense led him to avoid all needless parade of his learning; and the teaching of the classical proverb fell with its full force on the Exeter Hall assembly, when given in their own vernacular. It is too much to hope that the cry for retrenchment is finally silenced; but, when once more it makes itself heard, the Methodist public should hear his thrilling voice mingling with all the other voices he here invokes, and crying: "Not one step backward!"

XVI.

VISIT TO AMERICA.

EARLY in the year 1879, Mr. Simpson was invited by the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., to attend a large camp-meeting—a Sunday School gathering, by Lake Chatauqua, in the western part of the State of New York. He was desired to attend a somewhat formidable series of meetings, to deliver two or three lectures, and to make a speech or two; and as acknowledgment for such service, he was to have free passage and free board and lodging during the Chatauqua season. He had long wished to visit his American cousins, and, being in heartiest sympathy with the main object of the gathering, he cheerfully assented. Having resolved to take with him his second son, two of his friends in Birmingham proposed that two sons of their own should accompany them. Accordingly, July 10th, he embarked at Liverpool, having as his companions Thomas S. Simpson, John Barnsley, and Howard Jevons, all youths of some twenty summers.

Mr. Barnsley confesses that much as he desired to visit the States, to do so in company with a Methodist preacher did not square with his own views of the fitness of things. "I soon found," he says, "how much I was mistaken. Besides all manly virtues, Mr.

Simpson had a heart that could sympathize with young people to a marvellous degree. Standing on the deck at Liverpool, he compared our party to "four lads off for a holiday," and so it indeed turned out. Instead of restraining our happiness, he aided our projects, and even took part in our frolics."

Mr. Simpson enjoyed the voyage, and made good use of its leisure. In the day he sat much in the saloon, getting some writing done, and reading Dr. Dixon's book on his American tour: the evening he spent on deck, walking and talking.

"I shall never forget," says Mr. Barnsley, "the interest he took in the poorer class of our fellow-passengers, the emigrants, of whom there were 400. I have seen him leaning on the rail of the quarter-deck for hours, watching the poor creatures huddled up on the deck below. The little Italian and Norwegian children and their mothers were objects of his constant attention. On Sunday, after preaching in the saloon, he took my arm and led me down into the crowded and not very pleasant cabin of the emigrants, where he soon gathered a congregation around him; and to those who were leaving one home in search of another, he spoke of the brightest and best home in our Father's house. I mention this to show how his heart went out to the forlorn and the distressed."

At New York there was a telegram awaiting him from the Mission House in London, asking if he would return to India as Chairman of the Madras District. This proposal was sudden, and led to much thought and prayer. His love for India and the Mission work was hard to overcome; yet he was compelled to answer that on account of Mrs. Simpson's continued illness,

and for the sake of his children, he felt it to be his duty to remain in England.

Next day, Sunday, they went to Brooklyn and heard Henry Ward Beecher. A few days were spent in New York, making new acquaintances, and looking up some old ones—particularly two young men, one from Dalston and one from Bradford, and Mr. Simpson was delighted to be able to gratify their parents “at home” with his reports of their well-doing. They also did some sight-seeing: went to Manhattan Reach for a bathe in the Atlantic, saw the fine mansions, and spent some time in the beautiful cemetery on Long Island. Mr. Simpson was much moved by some simple inscriptions on the tombstones: “Our Fred,” “Our Johnnie,” and said to his son, “Suppose we had to put ‘Our Charlie,’ or ‘Our Mary,’ on a gravestone? I hope I shall not live to see the inscription over any child of mine.” He did not.

Travelling from New York to Chicago, they broke the journey of 900 miles at Altoona, at the foot of the Alleghany mountains, and at Cresson Springs on the summit, which they reached by “the wonderful railway that creeps up among the forests which clothe the mountain sides.” Here they resolved to penetrate the “primeval forest,” and found the ground “not solid to the tread, but a mass of reeking vegetable decay, rotten tree-trunks and fungous growths.” Proceeding in Indian file, the leader trod upon the rotten trunk of a fallen tree, and out of the hole his foot had made there issued an army of wasps, naturally indignant at this unexpected invasion of their head-quarters. Jevons, who did the mischief, sagaciously shot a-head; and young Simpson, who followed next, came in for

the enemy's best attentions. He got five stings in the face, while his trousers—covered with the insects, were all ablaze with gold. Mr. Simpson "bolted" in the opposite direction, and, in spite of his agility, caught his foot in the branch of a fallen tree and came to the ground, with a formidable rent in his trousers. Jevons being now far afore, what could be more natural than a game at hide-and-seek? The rest wandered farther off in different directions, hid themselves behind the trunks of trees, and then called out to him, cross-calls and cross-echoes which must have been sadly bewildering to the youth, rushing hither and thither "in the stifling heat," however amusing it all might be to the majority. The luggage, containing Mr. Simpson's wardrobe, had been forwarded to Chicago, and the gap in his nether garment was of such serious dimensions that he had to go to bed while a black waiter repaired the damage.

At Chicago they found some friends, chief among whom was Dr. Arthur Edwards. The doctor gentleman took great interest in them, and paid them much attention. He was taken during their stay with a dangerous fever, but even in his delirium he sent messages to them, saying, "Tell them that I love them." They saw the chief sights of the city, the wonderful fire brigade, the pig-killing and pork-curing establishments. They heard Dr. Collier in his own church; sought out the brother of a Bradford tradesman, and found "a thorough Yorkshireman developed into a pronounced Yankee."

"From Chicago," says Mr. T. S. Simpson, "we went to Buffalo, and thence to Chatauqua, the object of our journey. We had a beautiful moonlight sail to the

camp, which we reached early in the morning. My father's 'location' was in 'Noah's Ark,' where he had a little crib, one of several like stalls in a stable, which opened on a balcony. The bare, unplanned boards of his rooms were adorned with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes interwoven. At Chatauqua I observed particularly how readily he adapted himself to his circumstances. Everything was rough, though the greatest grandes came there. The bed was of hay or straw. I could not sleep on mine for some time, but he was perfectly at home and apparently comfortable. He made great friends with some of the negroes, of whom there were many as servants and waiters; especially with one philosophical old nigger, an *employé* of Dr. Martin, who delighted to 'shave' my father."

In the *Wesleyan Magazine* for 1880 is a series of nine interesting papers from Mr. Simpson's pen, entitled "Chatauqua Lectures and Lecturers." A few quotations will illustrate the scene, and show the object of his visit:—

"Lake Chatauqua is 700 feet higher than Lake Erie, seven miles distant from it. It is about twenty miles long, but the breadth varies greatly, the banks sometimes approaching within half-a-mile of each other, and then receding and enclosing a vast sheet of water, four or five miles across. . . . The salient points on either side are occupied by 'health-resorts,' where the citizens of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc., find a refuge from the tropical heat which beats down upon the 'avenues' and 'blocks' amidst which they pursue their avocations for the rest of the year.

“On one of the points where the sloping hills intrude upon the water, the American Methodist Church has located the camp-ground of its largest annual Sunday School Assembly—the ‘biggest’ thing religiously to be found on the Continent of prodigies. The plot of ground appropriated for this purpose comprises about 150 acres, well covered with wood. Lots of ground are let for the erection of cottages on long leases, in which stringent provision is made for the security of the religious character and good order of the Assembly for 100 years to come.

“Boards, beams, and shingles ; screws, nails, colours, and glue ; half-a-dozen carpenters and a couple of painters ; and in a month or so you have a cottage sufficiently picturesque to gratify the eye of an artist, and sufficiently commodious for a family during a six weeks’ holiday in the woods. Certain portions of the estate are set apart for tenting-grounds, upon which, during the days of the Assembly, scores of calico houses spring up like mushrooms in a night. The ‘great families’ of city churches here assume the character of evangelical gipsies, and content themselves with a simplicity of food and accommodation which would scarcely be deemed luxury by the tinkering and fortune-telling fraternity who frequent our English lanes and commons.

“Our Sunday School city has its public buildings—the Children’s Temple, the Parthenon, the Amphitheatre, etc. . . . The Amphitheatre is its grand glory. . . . A choir of 250 persons find room enough in the singing gallery which occupies one end. The speakers’ platform is in front of this, and is large enough to accommodate a great number of persons, and yet leave

space enough for the peripatetic elocution of a popular American lecturer. . . . Altogether, provision is made for an audience of 5000 people. The acoustic properties of the building are perfect, except when a strong wind prevails, an accident which cannot be avoided in a building which is open on all sides.

“Of what character is the population of this city in the woods? Two or three bishops, scores of doctors, hundreds of ministers, representatives of normal training institutions, newspaper editors, principals of colleges and high schools, authors interested in educational literature, and Sunday School workers generally. When it is remembered that these are gathered from every State in the Union, it will be seen that this Assembly is an important factor in the Church-life of the United States.

“The citizens of this ‘no mean city’ intend work, and do it. The programme of each day’s work is appalling. They commence at eight in the morning, and continue till half-past nine at night, with small leisure for meals. It is not to be supposed that everybody attempts everything in the day’s bill of fare. Each man makes his choice. . . . Boating, fishing, bathing, etc., fill up the vacant hours which any one may make for himself; but the prevailing spirit of the Assembly is that of earnest work.

“The Methodist Episcopal Church is not only the owner of the ground and the patron and guide of the Assembly, but through the trustees it is also responsible for its finances. Beyond this the Assembly is undenominational. Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, or members of any other sect are welcome. The theology of every school

has its spokesman. The ability of every Church is utilized."

Mr. Simpson speaks with great freedom, and mostly in terms of high appreciation, of the sermons, lectures, and addresses delivered at this interesting gathering; but, as was his wont, he omits all mention of anything done by himself. He spoke, however, at an Inaugural Meeting held in the auditorium—a meeting-place among the trees, quite open, with only a stage at the end for the speakers. At a "huge Sunday School in sections" held in the Amphitheatre, he gave the concluding address, summing up the lessons; and in the same place he delivered his lectures on "Village Life in India" and "William Dawson."

While duly attentive at Chatauqua to the object of his visit, he partook with his youthful companions of a reasonable amount of recreation and enjoyment—walking, bathing, boating. Special mention is made of "a very pleasant day spent with some learned American ladies, gathering water-lilies in a distant part of the lake, where there were thousands of them."

At Jamestown, a small place at the further end of the lake, they spent a Sunday with Mr. Broadhead, a woollen-manufacturer from Bradford, whom Mr. Simpson had met in England. Several Bradfordians were in the employment of this gentleman, and Mr. Simpson having preached in the church in the morning, all these Yorkshiremen came up to the house after dinner for a good talk with him about "home" and the "old country." It scarcely need be said that they had an agreeable and profitable afternoon together.

That night, at Mr. Broadhead's, Mr. T. S. Simpson was taken suddenly and seriously unwell, though the illness was not of long continuance. His account of his father's discreet and tender attentions to him recalls the remark of Mr. Bush, that from his peculiar domestic experience, Mr. Simpson was father and mother in one. It is as truthful as a good photograph. "My father nursed me like the best of mothers. His hand was so gentle as he raised my head, and his voice so kind as he cheered me, 'Ah, my boy! I wish I could bear this for you.' And when night came on, and he lay down beside me, he made no long-winded prayer over me, but simply said, 'May the good Lord give us a good night!'"

From Chatauqua they went to Detroit, thence to Buffalo, and thence to Niagara, where they stayed three days "wandering about the mighty Falls." His son tells us, though it might well go without saying, with what keen interest and enjoyment his father contemplated the scene, "taking it in, as he always took in nature and natural beauty." The following incident illustrates "nature" under another of its phases. "We went under the 'Cave of the Winds' behind the small central Fall, for which purpose we donned a thick woollen garb. We descended from upper air by a 'lift,' and then went a somewhat perilous journey on a small platform pathway from rock to rock along the front of the Fall, and round to the back of it. Here Barnsley, having recovered breath, cried, 'What *would* my mother say if she saw me here?' This innocent exclamation drew from my father a burst of laughter which was heard above the roar of the waters." To remember

his mother in such a situation would be creditable to any youth, yet it is scarcely surprising that this touch of nature, making itself regarded above her most majestic voices, overcame Mr. Simpson's gravity.

At Hamilton, they called at the Branch of our Children's Home which is established there. At Toronto, the two Simpsons were the guests of the venerable Dr. Ryerson, who, sitting with them in his garden in the summer Sunday evening, delighted them with reminiscences of his wonderful career. Mr. Simpson preached in the "cathedral" founded by Dr. Punshon during his residence in Canada. From Toronto they proceeded to "The Thousand Isles" in "the middle of the blue St. Lawrence." Here their home was on "a little island, the exclusive domain of another camp-meeting," to which Mr. Simpson had been invited by a Canadian at Chataqua. Having to call and preach at another camp-meeting by the way, Mr. Simpson preceded his companions to Montreal, and when they arrived, they found him suffering much internal disorder, through drinking the water of the place. "This affliction he bore with a very humorous pathos, tragically warning us 'off the water.'"

From Montreal they returned to the States, down Lakes George and Champion to Fort William, and thence by coach to Eden Falls. At Saratoga they dined "in one of the tremendous halls which hold 1000 at a feast." Albany they found "swarming with niggers," and attended one of their services; "were amused at their gay attire, and their evident enjoyment of themselves." A collection was made for the brethren in New Orleans, who had appealed for funds to enable them to escape from an epidemic of

yellow fever. The black preacher himself commenced the giving. "Well," said he, "I guess we all are Methodists, and understand this sort of business." He then put something on a plate, after diving for it into a deep pocket, and the rest did likewise. Mr. Simpson, whispering to the collector, put in a five-dollar piece, which was forthwith announced: "Here is a good brother who has come all the way from England to give us five dollars, and he says if we call at his hotel to-morrow, he will give five more!" They did not forget to call.

By the time they reached Boston, Mr. Simpson and his youthful party had become sufficiently demoralized to fall into the American custom of interviewing distinguished men. In this way they filched a quarter of an hour from the poet Longfellow, and probably spoiled a sonnet. "He chatted with us pleasantly, and gave us each an autograph." From Boston they returned to Albany, and proceeded thence down the river Hudson to New York. There Mr. Simpson's solicitude for his son, much to the regret of both, prevented their anticipated visit to the city of Washington. They spent a pleasant night with Dr. Vincent at his residence in New Jersey State. They also visited one more camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, near New York, where they had "a grand bathe in the breakers of the Atlantic." They had to walk down to the water in their bathing dresses through a numerous assemblage of people about the sands, and Mr. Simpson's stalwart form appears to have elicited much remark and admiration.

On the 20th of September, they set sail homewards, and had an agreeable voyage. One of their

fellow-passengers was "a mysterious old gentleman, sceptical and scoffing," whom their united wits entirely failed to make out; but who, before they separated at Liverpool, handed one of them his card, which declared him "The Rev. R—— N——," of Her Majesty's Horse Guards.

The following letter, written by Dr. Vincent after Mr. Simpson's death, will fitly close this chapter:—

"NEW HAVEN, CONN., *June 9th*, 1881.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I learned with surprise and deep sorrow of your bereavement. It is very hard for me to realize the fact that your strong, vivacious, earnest, useful father is no more in this world.

"Why should I attempt to say anything to you by way of consolation? You understand the depths of your affliction, and you have faith in your father's God.

"Your father won many warm friends at Chatauqua. His frankness, fearlessness, intensity, humour, and sound sense, secured for him universal admiration.

"The Rev. Dr. Vail, for years our teacher of Hebrew, and Professor W. H. Perrine, the enthusiast in the Geography of Palestine, have both departed this life since our last meeting. It is our purpose at Chatauqua, during the meetings this summer, to hold a Memorial Service for these three distinguished men.

"Will you do me the favour, immediately, to forward some paper or magazine article by which I may secure the principal facts in your father's life, and especially the circumstances of his death. Any expressions of his concerning our work at Chatauqua will be also welcome.

“May you, my dear young friend, as I have no doubt you will, prove worthy of your noble father. May his mantle rest upon you. May the light of his life make your life bright; and may the Lord, whom he served so faithfully, be your defence.—I remain, sincerely yours,

J. H. VINCENT.

“MR. THOMAS S. SIMPSON.”

XVII.

ILKLEY.

1879, 1880.

AT the Conference of 1879, Mr. Simpson's term of service at Great Horton being complete, the doors of several first-class Circuits were opened to him, and he was beset with earnest requests to enter them. Bradford, however, still clung to him, and he to Bradford. His influence in that important centre was greater than ever — more deeply rooted and more generally felt, and he desired to preserve and strengthen it in preference to removing to any distant station, where he would have again to begin at the beginning. But as Great Horton was Methodistically part of Bradford, and as no Wesleyan minister can remain more than three years in one Circuit, or more than six in the same town, out he must go; and he elected to go to Ilkley, the truly rural, fashionable, fascinating, and, with Harrogate, favourite health-resort of the West Riding.

This some deemed a more suitable appointment for a man of less masculine power and mettle; but there was hard work to be done at Ilkley, in filling the new and commodious chapel. It offered also several coveted advantages. It was so near to his old

Bradford friends that a very brief railway run would bring him to their side. He was somewhat overdone by hard and incessant labour, and the Ilkley air was delightfully pure and bracing. The work was much lighter than at Great Horton, and he wanted more leisure for the exercise of his pen; to one or two friends he confessed that this consideration had much to do in determining his choice of Ilkley.

He entered upon his new commission with a good hope, which was shared by all his friends, that the change would be of permanent advantage to his health. He went, notwithstanding, under the glamour of several flagrant miscalculations, which had their treacherous foundation in his strange ignorance of himself; and, in fact, it almost seems that he did his best to frustrate the fulfilment of his own dreams. Of what avail are lighter duties to one who, if he does not find work ready to his hands, is resolved to make it? of an invigorating atmosphere, when every breath of it is accepted as prepayment for some commensurate effort? of literary leisure to him who persistently forgets his inability to withstand the multiplying appeals for help which reach him daily from afar?

Bradford relaxed not its hold upon him — still demanding and obtaining much of his time and energies, and he was here, there, and everywhere about the Connexion as aforetime; whilst, in his Circuit, he undertook from the beginning a larger amount of service than had been rendered by his predecessors. The new Circuit-plan had been made and published before his arrival, and his thoughtful colleague, the Rev. John Thackray, B.A., who had been on the ground a year, had not appointed him to

Beamsley in the afternoons of the Sabbaths when he was at Addingham, morning and evening. Observing that Mr. Thackray had invariably associated the two places in his own appointments, Mr. Simpson pointed out the discrepancy, and put in his claim for equal toil. It was useless to remonstrate that Mr. Thackray resided at Addingham, thus saving one half the distance; what his colleague did, he would do; and every third Sunday he preached three times, and walked twelve miles—a performance which, however honourable to his zeal, it would be hard to reconcile, on any principle, with right reason and good sense. The gain to the handful of people at Beamsley was not enough to compensate for the loss sustained by the large evening congregation at Addingham, through the diminished vigour of the preacher. Very tired, very stiff in the joints, and footsore, he reached home at night. It was a “willing,” but not a “reasonable service.” Under the foolish fiction of bettering his health in a salubrious climate, he was squandering his time and wasting his strength upon empty lanes, and almost bootlessly frittering away those extraordinary gifts which, with wiser management, might long have served the highest interests of the Church.

Knowing his great popularity, and how widespread were the demands upon his services, the friends in the country places of the Ilkley Circuit had been led to apprehend that they would rarely see and hear him; and their surprise and delight were great when they found him in their midst with unwonted frequency. If called away on any Sabbath when appointed to give them an afternoon sermon, he always arranged to make up for this by going to them on the Sunday before or

the Sunday after. He missed no village missionary meeting, no anniversary tea-meeting, no occasion that was of importance to any of these inconsiderable local interests; and, however few might be present, he gave them of his best, and was the life and soul of all. "In all the places he was a favourite with the children. To Langbar, nearly three miles away, he went in the depth of winter to distribute among the children the commemorative medals of the Centenary of Sunday Schools; and, though not more than forty persons were present, he gave them one of his best and most interesting addresses on children in India."

While in London, on the Master's business, in the spring of 1880, when he was the guest of his friend, Mr. David W. Bell, Mr. Simpson was seized with a fit of some kind, probably like that which took him while making the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, and was discovered lying helpless and unconscious on the floor of his apartment. To this attack, grave as it was in appearance, the doctors did not seem to attach much importance, though the patient was ordered home, without accomplishing his errand.

Shortly afterwards, visiting the Circuit of an old friend, he said it was his belief that the fit arose from some trivial cause; that he had been carefully examined by skilful physicians, who declared that all his vital organs were uncommonly sound, and that there was nothing about him to make him afraid. His friend expressed a fear that there might be in him some latent tendency to apoplexy, and, by way of enforcing caution, reminded him of his father's sudden death, of his mother's frequent lapses into unconsciousness, and of his own experience in Italy as well as in London.

He replied with unusual emotion that, as to himself, he had made it his business to be ready always for all God's will; but that, as things were, it would be a serious matter for his family were he to die. He declared, however, that he felt quite strong and well, and said he would "keep a sharp look out" for changing symptoms, so that, should danger threaten, he might "pull himself up in time." He spoke very seriously, and no doubt intended to do as he said; but he was much less apt at observing symptoms, much less able to "pull himself up" than he gave himself credit for. Though usually wide awake to "signs of the times" in general, these were ever a sealed book to him as indicating duty in the husbandry of his own resources, and the preservation of his health and life. Wherever God's work opened before him, all thoughts of self-preservation escaped at the back door. He was prodigal of his powers, and had little more control over his will in such cases than over the wind which bloweth where it listeth.

He was now sufficiently impressed with the need of a measure of caution to pay due heed to his medical advisers, at least in one particular: that he should be more in the open air, and indulge more freely in walking exercise. But even this became a snare to him. Like everything else that he was called unto, he did it with his might. The prescribed "one mile" was sure to become "twain." The orthodox "hour" ran on to half a day. Advised to walk, he must needs run; and, though verging on fifty years, and weighing over fifteen stones, run he did sometimes, like a cricketer to catch the ball or to reach the wicket.

"One day," says his eldest son, "I was walking

with him by Coniston Lake. As our course lay, we had to round both the upper and the lower end of the lake, which made it about thirteen miles. When we had gone about six miles, we discovered that there was only an hour before the gondola would start that was to take us back. To miss this would involve the same walk over again, and our arrival at our lodgings very tired, and at a late hour; so he gave me his coat to carry, and together we set off at a steady jog-trot which was well sustained. We reached the landing-stage with some minutes to spare."

By the Conference of 1880, Mr. Simpson was appointed one of the General Secretaries of the Thanksgiving Fund, which amounts at last to the magnificent sum of over £300,000. To the raising of this Fund, besides his services on the Executive, he devoted his most able advocacy without stint or grudging. His whole-hearted Methodism, his acquaintance with the history of its early preachers, his anecdotal information respecting its establishment and growth in different localities, knowledge gathered less from books than from garrulous but trustworthy grandames and grandsires met with in his visits, his fire and force, his wit and humour, his sympathy and passion, his roseate prophesying and never-failing brightness, made him a special favourite at central gatherings in Districts and in Circuits.

He had, moreover, much to tell of his personal observation and experience. Here, for instance, is a fact of his own, which will be remembered as having been narrated by him with great effect on several occasions.

While away on one of his special errands, two

peasants waited upon him, telling him they had come from a distant village, where they had built a Methodist chapel, and asking if he would kindly give them a day for the opening sermons. He inquired, in well-known Wesleyan phraseology: "Is it a regular case?" and they knew not what he meant. "Have you obtained the consent of the Manchester Committee?" and they were unaware of the existence of such a body. "Have you a list of subscriptions?" "Yes, sir," said one of them, taking the list from his pocket; "and here it is." "I see the first name is put down for £10, who is he?" "That's me, sir." "Who and what are you?" "Shepherd, sir." "What are your wages?" "Thirteen shillin' a week." "And house rent?" "No, sir." "Bacon?" "No." "Potatoes?" "No." "Coals?" "No." "What! thirteen shillings all told?" "Yes, sir." "The second name, I see, stands for £5, who is he?" The same man replied, nodding towards his companion, "That's him, sir." "Well, my man, what are you?" "Waggoner, sir." "On what wages?" "Eleven shillin' a week." "Rent?" "No." "Bacon?" "No." "Vegetables?" "No." "Eleven shillings a week is all?" "Yes, sir." "Who is the Treasurer?" "Me." "The Secretary?" "Him." "The class leader?" "Me." "The Society Steward?" "Him." And so it was *me* and *him* through a purposely protracted catechism.

The men, for persons of their order, were scrupulously neat and clean, and wore elaborately embroidered smock-frocks, or gaberdines, which reached from the neck to the top of their heavy, well-greased boots. Strongly impressed in their favour, Mr. Simpson said: "Come with me." He then introduced them to some well-

to-do laymen, to whom he stated their business, and who gave them substantial assistance. Having obtained his promise to open the chapel, they told him what was the nearest railway station, and that, as it was some miles from the village, they would in some way come and fetch him. They then went a little way apart, and spoke with low but earnest voices. "No doubt, our butcher will lend us his cart." "Yes, but that's not good enough for sich a gen'leman to ride in." "Yes, it is," said Mr. Simpson, who overheard them; "I will go in the butcher's trap," and the men were evidently much relieved.

At the time appointed the chapel was duly opened. The day was fine, the population excited, the congregations overflowing, the preacher in excellent trim, the Holy Spirit hallowed the services, and the collections were satisfactory. The two men together paid Mr. Simpson his expenses, amounting to two guineas, which he handed back to them as his contribution to the building fund. This they were extremely reluctant to accept, and were only prevailed upon to do so by his assurance that it would always give him pleasure to think he had a few bricks in the building. That night, when all was counted up, those good men discovered to their surprise and delight that their little sanctuary was free from debt.

This anecdote is very valuable for the purpose for which it was told—to show how highly the services of Methodism are prized, and how liberally sustained by poor people in remote villages. Mr. Simpson's mimicry of the men added interest to the story; and the butcher's trap reminded him of another incident which he usually told at the same time, the broad

humour and palpable fun of which broke down the gravity of all who heard it. Dr. Robert Newton and Mr. William Dawson were once driven together in a butcher's cart to a country missionary meeting. Being portly men, they filled the seat, and the butcher had to stand in front, steadying himself as well as he could. Thinking him in danger of toppling over, Dr. Newton invited him to lean upon Mr. Dawson and himself; but the man replied: "Bless yer, I is all right. This is how I allers rides when I drives calves."

Gifts, administrations, operations are much diversified among true and faithful Gospel ministers, but it is the same Spirit, the same Lord, the same God that worketh all in all; and unless this is acknowledged reverently and freely, many—perhaps most of them—may come to be regarded as carrying no adequate credentials. The subject is of profound importance. On no other has our own Church been compelled to listen to so much "vain babbling," and the evil grows. God chooses His own agents, and qualifies them for their respective duties; and when they faithfully carry out His will, according to their varying commissions, who can claim the right to exalt one to the humbling of another? "While one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal?" "Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."

It is a question of common sense. The planter, without the waterer, will lose his labour; the waterer, without the planter, will find his occupation gone. The sower, without the reaper, will vainly scatter the

precious seed; the reaper, without the sower, will have no use for his eager sickle. The labour of the agricultural year consists mainly in what produces no visible results; that which brings quick and tangible returns is limited to four or five glorious weeks in autumn.

From his peculiar gifts and his peculiar position in the Church, Mr. Simpson was more the waterer than the planter, more the sower than the reaper. We have seen, nevertheless, that he was no stranger to the harvest joy; and, it is true, not only that in all his abundant labours he coveted saving good, speedily and visibly resulting, but also that he was never happier than when engaged in work of a directly evangelistic character. All earnest Christian workers will sympathize with him in this. We all desire fruit; it is so agreeable to walk by sight; yet he who walks by faith, undeterred and undaunted by apparent failure, exemplifies Christianity under a sublimer aspect.

Harvests are proverbial times of joy. In the seed which the earth receives—which the birds waylay, which the rains drench, the frost pinches, the snow buries—the farmer sees nothing but treasure hid in a field, which may or may not be returned with increase; so that seedtime is not a season of feasting and hilarity. It is the sower who goeth forth weeping, and who walks by faith. In harvest the farmer usually gets back his own, “good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.” Then he walks by sight. Then, indeed, the most morose husbandman in the parish relaxes into smiles, beams with benevolence, and glows with goodwill to his workmen. The churl even is said to be bountiful.

Where is the poor sower during all this triumph? At home, and in bed with rheumatism, caught from the damp and cold of the seedtime. Or, if he has escaped the rheumatism, he probably enters the harvest field to act a subordinate part. Only the wisest head, only the most skilful pair of hands, may be entrusted with the seed-basket, or to manipulate the drill; but in harvest, strength, more than skill, is wanted. Little more than mere brute force is required to swing a scythe or to wield a pitchfork. The veriest dolt about the farm, if he has plenty of bone and sinew, may carry the honours of the day against the man to whose superior cunning the wealth of the field is owing. "No one remembers that same poor man," or rates him at anything higher than wage for such work as his stiffened joints can accomplish.

Revivals are harvest times. Then the Church walks by sight. Then the stoutest reaper is the hero of the hour. His praise is on all tongues; while they who have done all the weary preparatory toil, men commonly of greater gifts, men frequently of greater graces, are never named, or mentioned only in unfavourable contrast and ungenerous depreciation. Ye faithful preachers, ye patient tract distributors and teachers, ye godly fathers and mothers, be not too much discouraged! Of your due share of the honour and joy and triumph you cannot be finally defrauded. Only in the present life "one soweth and another reapeth." The true "harvest is the end of the world," when it will be made plain for ever that "the Lord of the harvest" has been also the well-pleased and unforgetting Lord of all the trying processes which have led up to it, and made it sure.

Mr. Simpson was not in the above sense a distinguished "scythesman." He wished he was. In other ways, ordained for him to walk in, few men of his generation were equally successful; but without "the soul-converting power" he could not be satisfied. Possibly he exaggerated the importance of the revivalist's peculiar part in the Divine order; but certainly he had no confidence in those who can "disciple" scores at once, without "fruits meet for repentance," with as much ease as a Popish priest, furnished with a large brush, could sprinkle them with holy water. Revivalism of this type—preaching "another Gospel," and not "that which we had from the beginning"—is becoming a characteristic and a peril of the times. The bloated gains which thus accrue to the Church are, in a short time, as disappointing as would be the reaping of an unripe corn-field. Mr. Simpson ceased not to testify "both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." In his earnest desire for "fruit," only on these old lines, his simplicity and humility were such that a little child might lead him.

During the Ilkley Revival Mission in the last winter of his life, night after night, in rain and snow, he headed the singing band, and spoke in the streets, inviting all to the house of God. When he was not himself the preacher, he took an active part in the prayer-meeting, delivering fervid exhortations, passing from pew to pew, and taking great pains with individual cases. Returning from a long journey one evening, he heard that a brother who had been announced to conduct one of these special services at Beamsley that night, was unable to fulfil his engage-

ment, and away he went, six miles on foot, though the ground was covered with snow, to take the service himself.

So happy he was, so well received, and, on a limited scale, so useful, when occasionally engaged in this particular line of work, that a brother minister once urged him to devote himself wholly to it, believing he would be as successful as Mr. Moody, the American evangelist. Possibly it might have been so; but surely we have no right to make such conjectures, or to suggest that Mr. Simpson with his seed-basket was less useful than Mr. Moody with his sickle. Workmen variously endowed for different lines of service, the work of each was expected to be "well done." Each was bound to be a "good and faithful servant," and neither man nor angel can be more. In any case, to their own Master they stand or fall.

In the early autumn of 1880, an old Richmond friend and his wife spent some ten days with Mr. Simpson and his family in his well-ordered house at Ilkley. Mr. Simpson had kept himself free from distant engagements, and, as is usual in rural neighbourhoods, the week-night services in the villages were discontinued during harvest. He was thus at liberty to give his undivided attention to his guests, and the time was spent principally on the breezy moors; in visiting Burley, Asquith, Denton Park, Bolton Abbey, the Strid, Barden Tower, Gill Beck, the Valley of Desolation, and other celebrated scenes and places in that most attractive country; and in quiet walks to distant farms, and to the men, women, and children at work in the fields. At these farms the welcomes given him by all alike, the unreserved and hearty

talk between himself and them, showed how strong was the pastor's hold upon the love and confidence of his people.

Exploring scenes of interest and beauty, there was nothing in the way of venture and physical exertion that he did not essay. He was as enterprising and active as a youth of twenty, and he took great pains to point out to the strangers and the young people what he deemed most worthy of note or admiration. On the moors he was a very boy. That wonderful air, and an occasional draught of the bright water issuing from the rocks, had a species of intoxication for him. Never in his most hilarious hours at College was he fuller of fun and antics. He ran, and capered, and leaped over big boulders, and then along the turf; and, where he found a smooth and soft declivity, he declared that if he had been alone he must needs have climbed to the top for the sake of "a good roll right down to the bottom." In fact, he challenged his friend to attempt this feat with him.

Indoors there was all the enjoyable talk of the old times, with the added topics of his Circuit, his work, his plans, his reading, his children. He loved to talk about his children, for he was justly proud of them; and when speaking of them to his confidential friends—then, perhaps, more than at any other time—the spirit of the man came out and showed itself. There were also his charming family devotions. One petition in particular, oftener than once repeated of a morning, impressed itself on the minds of his visitors, which subsequent events scored deep and made ineffaceable. He prayed that during the day their hearts might be kept in such order. and their minds so calm and

collected, that they would not be disturbed by *sudden surprises*. He said one day he had an impression that he should not remain much longer in the full work of the ministry, and avowed himself so delighted with that neighbourhood that, if two or three kindred spirits among his old acquaintances would join him, he would "sit down" at Ilkley.

Visiting the same friends, not far from the same period, he had neglected to notify the time of his arrival, and came some hours before he was expected. This was an old trick of his. Where he felt himself particularly at home, he liked to take his friends unawares, and was much amused if he happened to find one of them in some garb or at some employment in which they would scarcely elect to be seen. On this occasion, seeing his hostess at the front of the house, he walked cat-like round to the study window. His host was writing at a desk, fully in view, and finding the light obscured, he lifted his eyes, to see Mr. Simpson, his face passing quickly through some of its oddest changes, regarding him with inimitable drollery, and evidently enjoying the amazement he had produced.

About the same time occurred an incident which vividly illustrates Mr. Simpson's sympathy, so quickly moved, and when moved, so self-sacrificing and all-constraining. Another minister, a dearly attached friend of his youth, who had suffered from long-continued ill-health, and was unable to pursue his sacred calling, wrote him a letter saying he was much distressed in his mind, and hinting, without expecting what he ardently desired, that a quiet talk with Mr. Simpson would be a comfort to him. By return of post came

the answer. On his first free day, at a given hour, he would be by the side of his friend. Accordingly, at the time appointed, having travelled more than a hundred miles for the purpose, there he was. The sick brother himself is our informant: "I shall never forget our meeting. It would be useless to attempt to describe his look and the tones of his voice, which told more than words could do of the brotherly affection, and the tender, sorrowful sympathy which had brought him more than a hundred miles to see me." The object of the visit was gained; but when the grateful friend proposed to pay Mr. Simpson's travelling expenses, he was met with an explosive "No!"—how he could say No, will be well remembered; followed by the gentler assurance that to insist upon this would be to rob him of half the pleasure he had in coming.

Before leaving, Mr. Simpson feelingly referred to the nearing time when he, too, through broken health or failing powers, would be laid aside. That time he contemplated with shrinking, almost with dread; remarking that, after the activity and the excitement of his public life for so many years, it could not fail to be "a terrible trial." We have not hitherto found him much troubled with anxious care about the future; and, as is often the case among God's people, when he did give way, there was no such trial before him as that whereof he dreamed. His faith having already been proved true gold, needed not this additional test; and in truth his bright and happy trust in our Heavenly Father was rarely shaded by such misgivings. Generally, throughout his Christian course, he resembled Luther's bird: "Calmly holding by his little

twig, without a care for to-morrow's bed or to-morrow's breakfast, and leaving God to think for him."

In the spring of 1881, Mr. Simpson was on the missionary deputation to the south of Ireland. Of that tour he made copious notes, which we are told were intensely interesting; but, unfortunately, they have been handed from relation to relation, and from friend to friend, until at last they have got into the hands of somebody who is too much or too little of a friend to be willing to part with them. Anyhow, their whereabouts is not at present traceable. The following graphic letter, copied from the *Western Christian Advocate*, will do much to relieve this misfortune:—

"I have had the pleasure of a sixteen days' visit to Ireland, on behalf of foreign Missions. Travelled from Dublin to Cork, and from Cork westward almost to Kilkenny. Romanism appears to be not one whit less superstitious and tyrannical in Ireland than in its worst days previously.

"At Cork I stepped into a fine new church, where some Redemptionist Fathers were bringing a three weeks' Mission to a close. Congregation from 1200 to 1500, including many poor people. Was astonished at the number of crosses, crucifixes, and images carried into the church. I soon found the reason. After a litany in honour of 'Mary, full of grace,' a priest proceeded to the great ceremony of the evening, the blessing or consecration of objects of devotion. A basin of holy water was placed on the pulpit ledge, the priest muttered a prayer, and sprinkled the water over the heads of the people, as rosaries, then crucifixes, then pictures, then images were presented. I left him in

the commencement of a discourse on scapulars—red, black, and white. So this was the sum of the Mission. Religious emotion had been awakened, conscience aroused, to lead penitents to the priest, the confessional, and the idol!

“The lot of a Methodist preacher here is hard and depressing. Access to the surrounding population is precluded. The members of the two sects do not mingle in social life. The Protestants in most places are few in number, form a very small portion of the population, and are split up into two or three sections, the Episcopalians being almost as bigoted as the Roman Catholics. So the Methodist preacher works in a very narrow circle, like a man digging a well.

“One Circuit may be taken as a sample of most outside the great towns. The head chapel has a congregation of five on Sunday morning. There are five other very small chapels in other parts of the Circuit. Fifteen scattered farm-houses are regularly visited in the Circuit round, and services are held in them. No servants are present, or neighbours; only parents and children.

“Truly, a missionary’s lot in India is preferable to that of an Irish preacher. He may be alone in a population of 20,000, but he can get at them; and there is nothing to hinder him, if he can, from smiting every one of them under the fifth rib.

“W. O. S.

“*April 30th, 1881.*”

Whilst scrupulously careful to avoid an affectation of affluence and gentility beyond his means, Mr. Simpson was “given to hospitality,” and, as some said,

“generous to a fault.” Many instances of liberal benefactions to the needy from his purse might be given, but one must suffice. A few weeks before the end came, he was engaged for some special work in a very feeble Circuit, where he found the minister slowly recovering from a severe illness, and needing rest and a change of air, but unable to bear the requisite expense. The Circuit funds were low, so that there was no hope of help from that quarter. After service, when several friends met him at supper, Mr. Simpson spoke of the case, urging that something should be done. He then put down £5 as his own contribution. His example was infectious, and, in a few minutes, not less than £25 was raised for the afflicted minister.

Besides the alms which he did, he was ready to the last for every good word and work. Though he sometimes felt it to be a great cross to speak pointedly to individuals on the subject of personal religion, this did not hinder him from sowing, in his own way, beside all waters. On one of his last journeys he met with a young gentleman who knew him, but whom he did not know. “I have been having my holiday,” said the stranger; “and I am now going back to my work, which I love.” “Are you working for God, or for the devil?” was the unexpected and stern rejoinder. This proved to be a word spoken in due season; for, shortly after Mr. Simpson’s decease, that young man gave in a letter an account of the incident, declaring thankfully that the solemn question so abruptly asked had produced upon his mind a lasting impression for good.

There was no abatement in Mr. Simpson’s popularity, the hold he had upon the hearts of the people appeared

to strengthen, but his modesty and humility kept pace with both. "In one of our last interviews," says Mr. Thackray, "I referred to his peculiar power of getting hold of the people both in public and private, and of carrying them with him. He only answered, with great humility: 'What have we that we have not received?'"

XVIII.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

1881.

THE unexpected and lamented death of the Rev. William Morley Punshon, LL.D., on the 14th of April, made a deep and solemn impression upon Mr. Simpson. For a long time after the return of the latter from India, the two orators seldom met. It was only during the last three or four years of their lives that they came into familiar and affectionate relations to each other; and the sudden severance of the tie between them was the occasion of unusual sadness to the survivor—the more so, probably, by reason of his own jaded energies.

Mr. John Wesley Lewis says: “I travelled with him to Nottingham from Dr. Punshon’s funeral. He told me how deeply the Doctor’s death had affected him, how frequently they had stood together on the missionary platform; and was lavish in his praise of Dr. Punshon’s ‘growing ability and increasing readiness’ as a missionary advocate and public speaker. He was then suffering from fatigue, the result of his Irish deputation work. A week afterwards, when I accompanied him to Hucknall, he again complained that he was ‘not quite right;’

but this was not observable from any lack of vigour in sermon or lecture. I remonstrated with him for taking two services, urging that one was all he should have accepted. He said that in the future he would not take more than one. He was so gratified by his visit, and so cheered by the sight of so many of his friends, that, on leaving, he said to his host, Mr. Gray, of Linby: 'I will come again whenever you want me!' a promise giving bright hope of future profit and pleasure, alas! how soon to be blighted."

This promise to Mr. Gray was only one of scores made in similar circumstances. Mr. Thomas Martin, of the Darlington Circuit, writes:—

"I knew the Rev. W. O. Simpson before he went to India, he having got his wife from this Circuit. On his return, our missionary meeting was one of the first that he attended, and never to be forgotten. He preached and lectured for our day school (Melsonby) for many years; and the readiness with which he served us, and the wonderful effect produced, together with his genial manners and amiable disposition, endeared him to me more than any man I have ever known. The last time he was here, he said to a friend: 'I will come to Melsonby as long as Mr. Martin lives.' When the news of his death reached us, I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and so were many others."

At this time, Mr. Simpson was animated by a sanguine and, at last, a well-grounded hope of Mrs. Simpson's speedy restoration to full health. Arrangements were made for her removal to the residence of a friend, in the belief that she would shortly be able to resume her place in her own home.

Very touching it is to mark how, to the very last, the heart of the stricken husband clave to the wife of his youth, to whom he had been wedded five-and-twenty years, during nearly one half of which he had been deprived of her presence, her counsels, and her companionship. In reply to the last letter he received from Mrs. Simpson, which told and gave sufficient evidence of her convalescence, he said she could not tell how soft his pillow would be made that night by her note, nor how much joy it would give him to read it to the children when they came in. And then he expressed a good hope that very soon they would "be reunited, never, never to be separated" till one of them was "called up higher." Bright, indeed, was the dream; but, alas! it was only a dream.

Notwithstanding his abundant labours away from home, and his incessant travelling, he kept up his reading, together with his daily study of the Greek Testament, to the last. He had always some book on hand, which he took about with him for use as opportunity might serve. At the same time, nothing that he could well avoid was allowed to interfere with his duties towards his own flock. One of his last works was the making, in conjunction with his colleague, of the Circuit-plan. The District Meeting was at hand, and for that week it was difficult to arrange for his monthly service at a farmhouse on Addingham Moor, where the room and adjoining passages were usually crowded. This he frequently called his "crack service," and would sometimes travel long distances, at much personal inconvenience, rather than disappoint this rustic congregation. Mr. Thackray suggested that for once the service should be omitted. "Nay," said

Mr. Simpson, "put it in. Surely the District business will be done in time for me to get home on Friday evening, and we must not disappoint the people." That very evening he was brought home in his coffin.

On Sunday, the 8th of May, he preached three times, morning and evening at Ilkley, and at Langbar in the afternoon. The evening service had been announced as *in memoriam* of Dr. Punshon. The text chosen for the occasion was: "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils." It is remembered as a most solemn service, but no account of it has come to hand, except that, having described Dr. Punshon as dying "in harness," he added emphatically: "I should like to die like that;" an aspiration which was heard in heaven, and recorded for early answer.

On the following Sabbath, May 15th, he again conducted three services, preaching morning and evening, and in the afternoon delivering a public address to children, in the Irwell Street Chapel, Manchester. The occasion was the Sunday School Anniversary, whereat he had been the chosen preacher for thirteen successive years. The subject of the evening sermon was: "The grain of mustard seed." In the month of March he had preached on the same text at Addingham, when a young man who had not been to God's house for six months was so deeply convinced of sin that he went home to pray, and during the night he obtained the joy of pardon.

To show how little Mr. Simpson was doing, in spite of repeated warnings and reiterated promises, to husband his strength, how impotent he was to

withstand the solicitations of worthy friends in behalf of important and needy objects, for the next Sabbath, May 22nd, he was advertised to conduct three more Anniversary Services at Eastbrook. Nothing save physical feebleness in himself, or physical force from without, could restrain his seraphic zeal. In his case, alas! physical force found no administrators, and of physical debility he scarcely understood the meaning. The intimations which have been given as to his feelings of heaviness and fatigue describe only a transient and casual condition. Habitually, and to the last, he was vigorous, bright, and buoyant. Only a few days before he died, having walked a mile or two over the Moor to see some members of his flock, he had been so exhilarated by the wonder-working air of Ilkley, that he said on his return: "I felt as if I could have played at leap-frog all the way there and back."

The Sabbath promised to his old friends at Eastbrook he was not to see, or to see it only from his "place above." The sermon at Irwell Street, on the mustard seed, was his last. There his English ministry began, and there, in the all-wise providence of God, it abruptly ended. Addressing the Sunday scholars that day, and referring to the uncertainty of life, even of child-life, he remarked that before they met again, some of them would probably hear "the rustle of an angel's wing." Perhaps the summoning angel was hovering over the pulpit. Perhaps the inward ear of the preacher already caught the gentle motion of the "wing." Perhaps those sweet, tremulous, pleading impassioned tones were inspired by the solemnity of the hour.

On Monday, May 16th, Mr. Simpson returned from

Manchester to Ilkley, and on Tuesday morning he went to Huddersfield to attend the District Meeting. At the opening session he was asked to pray, and in doing so he made reference to the loss sustained by the Church in the death of Dr. Punshon, and to the lessons of admonition appropriate to survivors. Together with a former colleague, the Rev. H. T. Smart, he made his home at Sherwood House, the residence of his intimate and valued friend, Mr. Samuel Learoyd, solicitor.

Returning after dinner, for the afternoon sitting, he seemed to be tired, and though rain was falling, he requested his companion to walk slowly; but in the meeting he was presently his old self again. He arrived early, and took a seat by the side of the Rev. Charles Brighthouse, whom he knew in India. On the table there lay a soft felt hat, of huge dimensions, and cut according to advanced notions of clerical costume, which belonged to a junior minister sitting next, whose tastes turned that way. Seizing the hat, and wilfully addressing the wrong person, he cried: "Why, Brighthouse! how long have you worn a thing like this? But surely this is no hat? Let us see what we can make of it." Then, turning it about, and in and out, and putting it into different shapes, with a grave but ludicrously changing countenance, he said: "Ay, that is what it is! It is a boat, and a big boat too. If it was mine, I would use it for no other purpose."

In the evening, at Mr. Learoyd's house, Mr. Simpson complained of a pain in his head, and remarked that, since his visit to Ireland, he had never been quite free from pain, which he attributed to neuralgia. He did

not go out to the evening service, but remained in the house writing. After supper he was bright and happy, apparently at his best; and took the lead for two hours in an animated talk, giving, among other things, some facts connected with his trip to Ireland. In reply to a remark made by Mr. Smart, that Dr. Punshon would be gratified if he knew how well and kindly he was spoken of, he expressed his firm belief that the Doctor knew all about it.

At seven next morning Mr. Smart was appointed to preach, and Mr. Simpson said he intended to be present; but, at the earnest entreaty of the former, he promised to remain indoors, saying playfully: "You shall have my patriarchal blessing instead." Mr. Smart remarks that, "after the strain of conversation was over, he seemed a little depressed, as if his own troubles came back to his remembrance." At six on Wednesday morning, lest his friend should over-sleep himself, Mr. Simpson rose and went to call him. He did not lie down again, but spent the time till breakfast in reading, writing, and devotion. He ate heartily at breakfast, saying he felt "so well." He then conducted family prayers, making happy use of a text that had been quoted in conversation at the table: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He also made special supplication for an absent daughter of his host, in so tender a strain that it deeply touched the parents, and was afterwards much talked about by the family. Then he went forth to meet the ministers and laymen in the District Committee, walking cheerfully whither he would, for the last time; for, in a few short hours, he was to be carried by the hands of others, without will, or thought, or feeling.

The shock and trial to the friend of his youth, the Rev. Joseph Bush, who was Chairman of the meeting, must have been overwhelming. His own able pen has described the event, and it would be vain to attempt to improve his tender and touching description:—

“The Halifax and Bradford District Committee met in the Queen Street Assembly Room, Huddersfield, on Tuesday morning, May 17th. At the opening session Mr. Simpson was called upon to pray; and, referring to the death of Dr. Punshon, he pleaded that the bereavement might be sanctified, and that we might be found ready. On Wednesday, a little before noon, he rose to speak on the Schools’ Fund question. He spoke with ease and effect. Bright, racy, shrewd, keen, broad, and brotherly, he was himself at his best. At ten minutes past twelve he sat down. A few minutes after, he whispered to Mr. Sharow, one of the Circuit stewards: ‘I feel faint; take me out.’ At once the two rose, and, arm in arm, left the room; and, as to the majority of the District Meeting, they saw Mr. Simpson’s face no more. On reaching the vestry, he was much worse; and in a quarter of an hour became unconscious, and so remained. Medical men had been sent for. Skill and love did their best; fervent and agonizing prayer was made unto God for him. At one o’clock he was tenderly borne into the house adjoining Queen Street Chapel, and there, at a quarter-past two, our dear brother Simpson entered into rest. Throughout life his standard of privilege and duty had been this: ‘Ready for all Thy perfect will;’ and I can realize now, when the first premonition of danger was felt, and as he left the room,

knowing it might be to die, to die away from home, in that supreme moment these words would be in his heart; and, in response to the call of the Master, he would sweetly whisper: 'Ready for all Thy perfect will.'

Even so, brother Bush! This is no mere poet's fancy, but sober truth. Mr. Brighthouse tells that, as he bent over the prostrate form of his old friend, the lips moved, as with earnest effort "to say something." Perhaps he was trying to utter these very words, which describe so compendiously and truly his Christian life and character. When was W. O. Simpson, after he became a servant, not ready for the Master's will? We saw it always and everywhere; in his reverent heed when but a youth to the counsels of his godly parents, his early efforts to do good, his greed for knowledge, his determination to excel; in his going to preach the Gospel far hence among the Gentiles, his coming home at the beck of duty, his anxiety to return; in his loyal acquiescence in God's will, his cheerful resignation to Providential affliction of extraordinary severity and duration; in his incessant journeys, his abundant labours, his rushing into all open doors, at whatever cost, when he supposed himself called thereto by his allegiance to Christ. On all occasions he was ready for all the Master's will; and to suppose that he was not ready for the last call, would be to discredit both him and his Master.

The event was unspeakably solemn, but assuredly not unhappy. He shrank from the prospect of years to be spent in enforced inactivity, and thereunto he was not appointed; he desired to die in harness, and this was the Master's will. We have seen how, thirty-three years before, the "glad father" was suddenly snatched

away from the gaze of the "wise son;" we now see how, in circumstances remarkably similar, the "wise son" himself was unexpectedly caught up and restored to that "glad father."

Grave fears were felt as to the effect her husband's death would have upon Mrs. Simpson. By request of the medical men, the sad news was broken to her by her brother, the Rev. Henry R. Burton. She was terribly distressed; but now the God of her husband had more gracious designs concerning her, and He gave her all needful help. She expressed a strong desire to attend the funeral; and when the doctors forbade this, fearing that her health might not yet be sufficiently established to bear so much excitement, she quietly withdrew into the garden, and returned with three fresh flowers which she had gathered, saying to Mr. Burton: "Put these beside William for me; it is all that I can do." The commission was faithfully executed. The three flowers, culled by the sorrowing wife, were put in their proper place, next the heart of the true husband, and buried with him.

It was the intention of the family that the interment should take place at Ilkley; to Ilkley, therefore, the body was brought from Huddersfield, arriving, as already intimated, on the Friday evening when he should have conducted the service whereon he had set his heart, in the farmhouse on Addingham Moor. But here the friends at Eastbrook interposed. Mr. Simpson having spent eight years in Bradford and its neighbourhood, during the whole of which he had kept up his association with them, and done much work for them, which they knew how to appreciate, they are

surely to be praised for remembering that they had "ten parts" in their old pastor, "and also more right in him" than Ilkley could lay claim to. At Eastbrook he had spent the happiest years of his ministry. There he had achieved his most signal successes, there he had struck his roots most deeply, there his name was a household word, there were the largest number of his best beloved and most devoted friends and fellow-helpers in the Lord. They therefore "went boldly" to Ilkley, "and craved the body" of their dear and faithful minister, in the well-grounded belief that if he could have a voice in the matter, he would wish to slumber in their midst. The reasonable request was granted. A private vault was prepared at the eastern corner of the Mortuary Chapel in Undercliffe Cemetery; and there, under the efficient superintendency of his attached friend, Mr. Edward Schofield, the burial took place on Monday, May 23rd,—such a burial as rarely falls to the lot of a plain preacher of the Gospel.

The funeral *cortège*, consisting of a plain hearse and three mourning coaches, left Grove Cottage, Ilkley, shortly after eleven o'clock. At Burley and Shipley numbers of the inhabitants came into the streets to testify their respect for the deceased, and their sympathy with the mourners. At Lister Park, Manningham, a large number of friends met the hearse, and led the way to Eastbrook Chapel. A still larger number of gentlemen, many of them representing societies and institutions in the town with which Mr. Simpson had been connected, joined the procession as it neared the Grammar School, and there were also several carriages. A multitude had congregated in Manningham Lane, and Cheapside and Kirkgate were densely crowded.

The approaches to Eastbrook Chapel were thronged with some thousands of people, very many of whom, as the coffin was borne from the hearse to the chapel, manifested much emotion. A large proportion of the trades-people, along the whole line of route, had either wholly or partially closed their places of business; and, as a public recognition of the merits of the deceased minister, the great bell of the Town Hall was tolled from half-past twelve till four o'clock.

Before we entered the chapel it seemed as if all the people were outside; inside, it seemed as if all were there. It was a solemn, impressive, affecting sight. Large as is that well-known sanctuary, it was crowded in every part. Every seat appeared to be doubly occupied, and every available foot of standing-room was called into requisition. Those persons who formed part of the usual congregation would remember with peculiar feelings that Mr. Simpson had been announced to conduct their Sunday School Anniversary Services on the preceding Sabbath, and probably all the rest knew him more or less intimately. Nearly all wore mourning; and, by many infallible signs, their grief was deepfelt and general. Except for occasional sobs which could not be suppressed, all were silent as the eloquent tongue which had often roused them to sympathy or ecstasy, universal and unrestrained. The black drapery with which the pulpit had been covered in honour of Dr. Punshon was still there, and the communion table was set off with greenhouse plants and various floral emblems. Before the procession arrived, Miss Dewhirst played on the organ, "O rest in the Lord!" and, as the coffin was borne up the central aisle, "The Dead March." The coffin of

polished oak was placed before the communion rail, and was literally buried with wreaths of most exquisite flowers. The children, all of them young, and some of them little, with other near relatives, occupied the pews facing the coffin, and every heart said: "God help them!"

The preliminary portions of the service were conducted by the Rev. Joseph Bush, Chairman of the District, and the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, Superintendent of the Circuit; and the address was delivered by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., President of the Conference, Mr. Simpson's old, tried, trusted, and dear friend in India and in England. The address has since been published by its eloquent author, in all its unique and captivating entirety; but, for the sake of his departed friend, Mr. Jenkins will pardon the unsolicited insertion here of a few short extracts:—

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But we who believe in Jesus, shall sleep in Jesus, and rise again in Jesus. . . . But for this hope we should not merely have sorrow and perplexity to-day, but despair. . . . It seems to our earthly and unbelieving nature a violation of order, that a man who last Monday was in our midst, in the prime of extraordinary powers, working for good and against evil with the courage and energies of a giant, should now be lying before us in the posture and position befitting the spent frame of age and the end of a finished life. But the Father of Lights, of the heavenly bodies as well as of the constellations of the Church, who holdeth the stars in His right hand, sometimes ordains that the sun of a brilliant and far-shining light shall go down while

it is yet day. So it has been with the career of William Morley Punshon and of William Overend Simpson. Masters of utterance while they lived, they have in death a power of speech more moving in its silent tones, more persuasive in its arguments, than any eloquence that kindled their lives while they lived."

"It pleased Him who giveth to us no account of His ways, to decree that the missionary career of this labourer in the foreign field should fail in the latter harvest of its promise; for when on the eve of returning to India, to resume the work which of all others he loved best, the health of Mrs. Simpson gave way, and there crept slowly on in ever-deepening shade that terrible darkness which enveloped the following years of his family life. Crushed with the overwhelming pressure of a double collapse, first of his missionary hopes, and then of the light of his home and of his heart, he bowed himself at the footstool of the throne from which he had received the command and credentials of his commission, and said: 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.'"

"His characteristic in the pulpit and on the platform was force, and this was sometimes overwhelming. His physical temperament was a restless spring of life, and in many respects that temperament determined the expression of both mind and heart. His most striking faculty was imagination. It was wild as the fancy of a child, and yet intensely rational, and always under command. He saw an object at once—saw it in all its aspects, the grotesque equally with the grave—and it was copied into language with the

suddenness and fidelity of a photograph; and with the same quickness he put it to any use he wished to serve—illustration, analogy, adornment. There was a roughness in his manner, and what appeared to be the unstudied style of handling his subjects, that hardly prepared the hearer for so fine and chastened an inspiration of poetry as that which sometimes characterized his sermons and speeches. His reasoning power was less prominent than his imagination, but the faculty was vigorous and manly. He was not skilled in school methods of argument; he had his own way of constructing the proof and striking it home, and he rarely missed his mark. Both his reason and imagination troubled themselves little about processes of preparation. They went quietly on another path, carrying everything before them.

“As a preacher . . . he never reasoned with the Gospel; he reasoned with sinners—the Gospel was his message. He was not disposed to justify or to apologize for it. He proclaimed it, and was a little less patient with the unbelief of the day, than some of us are disposed to be. He took pains that the honest inquirer should find a genial task, and also in helping the timid spirit to take heart and venture on Jesus; but he assailed a mocking and flippant scepticism with a power of ridicule and sarcasm which I have never seen surpassed. There was no anger in it; it was too triumphant to be angry. We all remember that facial expression of grim comedy which was the prelude of his terrific banter in dealing with those whom no other weapon would reach. It reminded one of the destructive irony of the Prophet of Carmel.”

“He believed in the power of the sermon and in the power of speech, but he regarded that power not so much as an instrument of personal impressions as the initial force of practical action; and he came down from the pulpit and from the platform, not retiring to his study to muse upon what he had done, but to take the lead in carrying into the world the philanthropy of the Church. There was no line of work to which he was indifferent, and for which he had not some appropriate faculty.”

“During the last few years he had a quiet and considerable influence in Conference debates. Had he lived, there is no position among us for which he would not have proved himself an eligible candidate. He was beloved as well as admired by his brethren, and there is scarcely a department of Methodist administration which is not to-day the poorer for his death.”

“But God’s work depends upon Himself, and not on the instrument He employs to direct it. This is a lesson of the hour, and just now it is a hard lesson. God help us to receive it! . . . If these sudden and appalling strokes of bereavement bring the Master of all nearer to His people; if, while companions and co-workers are falling around us, we can in a clearer light see Him standing in our midst, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and hear the words by which He once aroused the lethargy of Israel’s grief over the fall of its leader, ‘Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest,’—we shall not be smitten in vain.

“The account of our dear and lamented brother’s decease may be given in a moment. . . . In himself

there was no perceptible abatement of energy or of intellectual vigour. I regret to say he permitted himself but little indulgence of rest. . . . A few minutes before his death he delivered an able speech on the Schools' question. Then the work was done. There was not a moment in which he had the opportunity given him of setting his house in order. It was a translation rather than a death; and in a moment he was in the presence of the Master and the Lord:

“ ‘O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!’

“The last note I had from him was in reference to some arrangement respecting his eldest son, who was accepted at the last Conference as a candidate for the ministry. Instead of the father we have the son. God bless that young man, and make him a worthy successor of the dead! God visit the mother and the children in their affliction, and fill with His guardian care and love the vacant place of the husband and the father!”

During the delivery of the address, the President was frequently under deep and manifest emotion, and the sympathy of his vast audience was intense and general.

From the chapel to the cemetery the long route was lined with spectators, and here, also, most of the shops were closed. The procession—headed by a body of the Borough police—was so long that at no point could the end be seen from the beginning. In the cemetery the assemblage seemed to be larger than ever, and some difficulty was experienced, though

there was no disorder, in opening a way to the grave. The President of the Conference and the Rev. G. Stringer Rowe—both of them sorely pinched for standing-room joined in the short service at the grave side. The coffin was lowered into its place, so covered with fairest flowers that it looked like a massive wreath woven together anyhow by hands of lavish love—

“One white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms”—

Sweet emblems of the hope that had saved the dead, and that now sustained the mourners. “The blessing of God Almighty”—the “grace” of Christ, the “love” of the Father, the “fellowship” of the Spirit, was invoked in behalf at once of the bereaved family and of “all” that sympathizing multitude. The last look was taken—the last till the kind father, the devoted minister, the faithful friend, shall welcome those who so sadly missed him to their mansions in the house of our Father.

The above description is given by one who was present all the day, making careful note of what was passing while he “mourned apart,” and who saw perhaps as much as any one man could see; but he acknowledges gladly that he has also drawn from the admirable account given in the *Bradford Observer* of May 24, 1881.

After the funeral there was a little disorder—not much noise, but considerable jostling, pushing, and confusion, arising from the eagerness of the people to look into the vault. In that dense crowd the workmen found it impossible to complete their melancholy task. After a while, with much difficulty, they covered the grave with planks, but the people seemed

resolved to wait for a possible peep when these were taken off again. At last some person in authority appeared, who said he would thank them to withdraw, as night was coming on and much remained to be done. He was met by a chorus of voices—many of them feminine, in respectful but sobbing appeal—“*Nay, maister, let us hev a look*”—“*We’ve come frae Allerton to see him*”—“*An’ us frae Shelf*”—“*An’ we frae Leeds*”—“*An’ I’ve walked twelve miles o’ purpose!*” The “*maister*” evidently saw that the shortest way out of the difficulty would be to gratify them. “*Well,*” said he, “*you see how we are fixed; but we will remove the planks, and if you will come up on this side and go quietly and quickly away on that, you need not be long about it.*” So they came and walked round the grave—many of them with uncovered heads, looking sadly but lovingly in, and moving away quickly in silent sorrow; thus forcibly reminding one of “*the people that came together*” to a still more solemn and touching “*sight,*” who, “*beholding the things that were done, smote their breasts, and returned.*”

The Rev. H. T. Smart says that, on the following Sabbath, he was preaching school sermons at Shelf, in the Great Horton Circuit, and he “*observed that every child was dressed in half-mourning, and most of the congregation in mourning also.*” This was quite in keeping with the extraordinary character of the entire proceedings, which are without a parallel in the records of funereal honours paid to a Methodist preacher. The whole scene from first to last was a sort of extravagance of love: love for the deceased minister and his many virtues; love also, let us hope,

for the loving God who had lent him to the Church and the world, and made him the means of such abundant blessing.

The love for Mr. Simpson, and the sorrow for his sudden removal by death, were not merely local—not limited to the neighbourhood of Bradford or to West Yorkshire, as was manifest from the number of friends who came to attend his funeral from many distant parts of England. And this was even more convincingly shown when, in response to a timely appeal in behalf of his widow and children, inaugurated in the District Meeting a few hours after his death, the sum of £3000 was subscribed in a few weeks by friends in almost every Circuit in the Connexion. This was highly honourable both to the deceased minister and the Church—particularly to the latter—prone as she sometimes is to kill her prophets and to leave sepulchre-building to the widow and the fatherless. But the Bradford friends did all things nobly. Partly by the liberality of the Sunday Schools in Bradford, a costly, but remarkably neat, chaste, and substantial tombstone of grey granite, chiefly polished, has been erected, bearing the following appropriate inscription:—

“ IN LOVING MEMORY OF
WILLIAM OVEREND SIMPSON,
Wesleyan Methodist Minister and Missionary.

Born in Leeds, April 15, 1831.
Died at Huddersfield, May 18, 1881.

“ In pureness, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in kindness, in the Holy Ghost, in love unfeigned, in the word of truth, in the power of God; by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.—2 Cor. vi. 6, 7.”

It will gratify great numbers to know that the confident expectation which cheered the last few months of Mr. Simpson's life—that the health of Mrs. Simpson was solidly and permanently improved, and that she would shortly resume her former position, has been fully realized. There she is in sound health to-day—mysteriously called, as her husband was before, to act the twofold part of mother and father, and cheerfully fulfilling her vocation. Such are the ways of Providence. Over that family there are heavenly watch and ward. The mother, for a long time, was withdrawn, but the father remained in charge: the father is called up higher, but the mother takes his place. “Even so, Father! for so it seemed good in Thy sight.”

XIX.

FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN.

WE have seen something of Mr. Simpson's character as a father; and a few quotations from letters written by him to his children shall complete our view of him in this relation.

"*September 13th, 1877.* When I got home from Burnley this morning, I found a note from Miss Rabett to say that you were down with scarlet fever. You may be quite sure that we were all very sorry and very much alarmed: I think I was the worst. I telegraphed to the doctor, and have just had his reply, saying that yours is a very mild attack, and that you are getting on nicely: so now I can talk about the matter calmly. I am glad you were sent to the hospital, because there you will have more care and greater skill than you could have elsewhere. If you go on nicely, you will come home soon, and make up for your enforced seclusion. Cissy has gone to tell Willie, he will tell Tom, and then we shall all be thinking about and praying for our little sick girl."

"*October 2nd, 1877.* We have one member less in our family, and two members more. Carlo has taken into his head to wander away recently, has been brought

back frequently, set off again on Saturday, and we have not seen him since. If the prodigal should return, the door may be shut in his face. Charlie got two beautiful little rabbits sent from Clayton West. We never kneel down without remembering the lassie away from home."

"September 13th, 1878. I ought to have written long ago to express my great satisfaction at the proof which the examination lists furnish of your application and diligence. It will not be the least drop of the sweetness of success to know that you have made glad the heart of your father."

"March 18th, 1879. Tom goes in for his examinations for the Cambridge scholarship at the end of this month. We must all ask our Father in heaven to help him."

"October 15th, 1879. I hope you will not feel it a very painful self-denial to have no share in Sporting Clubs. We know each other's position, my dear boy, and we cannot afford it. Your self-denial is mine: I feel a pang whenever you do. I am sorry that you should have to be anxious about the *res angustæ*, but we know of examples by way of warning that such anxiety may be a needful discipline in the making of a man. I will make arrangements to send you what you want when you let me know what it is. I trust you utterly; and, by pulling together, we shall by God's help pull through."

"November 5th, 1879. You cannot tell how pleased I was to get your letter this morning, for I was beginning to be anxious about your health. Whatever you do, take care of that. I enclose £6, which will pay your matriculation fee and leave you a little to go on with. Let me know as soon as you want some more, and I

dare say we shall be able to find it. Of course I cannot send large sums at once, but must send by bits, and that comes to the same in the end. I shall be glad to hear how you get on on Sundays: have you got to class yet? Could you not continue to write home once a week? When a week has passed without hearing from you, the time appears long. Do not deny yourself a little enjoyment now and then, if it is not too expensive. This is not the kind of advice fathers usually give to their boys at Cambridge, but I know you will stick to work without any spurring from me. God bless you! This is the constant prayer of your affectionate father."

"*December 2nd, 1879.* The frost was very keen last night. I have crossed several rivers frozen over. I do not wish such weather to continue, though I dare say you do. If it does, you will have glorious fun during the holidays, and I shall ask to 'go shares.' I was sorry to notice your reflections upon your want of success and the cause of it. You are quite right: you have ability enough, but have yet to learn the way of sticking to a thing. Try and conquer this weakness *now*, otherwise you will again and again disappoint yourself and others."

"*March 17th, 1880.* I am very glad you have told me all about your 'scrape.' I should have been grieved beyond expression if I had heard of it from some one else before hearing it from you. I do not want to be severe upon you, but I should not be acting sincerely if I did not say I am deeply grieved that this circumstance has happened. I believe your own share in it was the result of thoughtlessness; but I am sorry to think that you now know more than I know. I never

touched a 'card'—do not know what 'whist' means, or what it is to 'take a hand.' But you do not see what I see—that card-playing shows a type of character which I do not approve of. The knowledge of the game gives you a possibility of an entrance among men whom I abhor—and so do you, and amongst whom I pray I may never see a son of mine. Forget what you know, and never learn it again. I know you would never have touched a 'card' if you had known how strongly I feel about the matter. I have sent this morning permission for you to go in for the Oxford Examination; so give yourself to work heartily, and I have no doubt you will do credit to yourself."

"*April 9th, 1880.* Mr. Ward told me yesterday that you are to preach at Brunswick. I am rather glad than otherwise. Whoever knows you, will listen with a loving heart. It is most important that you should be prepared. Do not commit to memory. Get every thought into your mind. Ere you leave your room, see right through your sermon. Read over the hymns you intend to give out. For an occasion like that, it would not be unwise to mark a few thoughts upon which you intend to dwell in prayer. The pre-occupied mind is generally the calm mind. Follow such preparation with prayer, and I think you will then be able to keep distracting thoughts out of your mind. Be short, clear, strong, and earnest in application. Jesus will be with you. I am sure, my dear boy, you will go into the Brunswick pulpit a great deal better prepared and qualified than your father was."

"*May 7th, 1880.* (In the train.) I have had a severe shock this week. I went up to London on Tuesday for the meeting of the Governing Body of the Schools.

and to speak at the City Temple on Wednesday evening for the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. But on Wednesday afternoon, while passing from the bedroom to the sitting-room at Mr. Bell's, I became suddenly unconscious, and fell to the floor. I do not suppose I lay there more than a few moments: I picked myself up, found my way to the City, got medical advice, and returned home at once. I had an interview with Dr. Scott yesterday, and he declared that heart, liver, and lungs were sound as a bell. He thought the seizure was the result of biliary disorder and over-work. I would not have said aught about this, but I was afraid of your seeing something of it in the newspapers, and thinking it worse than it is."

"*May 19th*, 1880. We will not think of any particular place in the 'Tripos,' or of a Fellowship, but let us use all the means we can to get what we deserve and no more. . . . Willie will have told you he was accepted as a candidate for the ministry at Leeds the other day."

"*May 21st*, 1880. I hope you will do pretty well at 'the Oxford.' I shall not forget to pray for you day by day, that the good Lord who 'knoweth our frame' may give you good health, a quiet mind, and the use of all your faculties. I should feel more confident of the result if I did not know your desultory habits. If I were a boy again, I would try and nail myself down to regular work."

"*August 25th*, 1880. I send you £7. I do not wish you to place yourself in such straits again, though we both must keep in mind our financial motto: Economy without shabbiness. . . . I do not

find fault with late hours once in a way, but I do entreat you not to form the habit."

"*August 31st, 1880.* I was very glad to see the news of your success. I send you herewith the five shillings, but I am afraid it will come too late for your purpose: however, I have said good-bye to the shillings, and do not expect to see them again. For the future, apply yourself, my dear boy; do not have to chide yourself again and again with recurring carelessness, and then stand in dread of the result. You have the power in you; do not let it waste for want of care."

"*November 26th, 1880.* I am reminded by Cissy's exercise of her decorative skill, that it is your birthday to-morrow, and I seize a few moments to assure you of my prayers and good wishes. I can expect nothing more than this—that your future career may be as honourable to yourself and as pleasing to me so long as I am spared, as the past has been. I am quite delighted at the near approach of your holidays. I miss you very much, and shall be glad to have you at my elbow again."

"*November 30th, 1880.* I will re-fund all you spend of your prize-money; it has been fairly won, and should be spent on books. Your time to re-pay me, my boy, will be by and by. I am glad to hear of your missionary meeting 'do;' for I should be sorry to think that all your labour in the acquisition of knowledge was to run in secular channels. Your future life will be full of openings by which you may help the piety and increase the pleasure of those about you. . . . I got such a cold on Sunday week, coming from Langbar, that it occupied every corner

of my head, advanced down my cheeks, attacked my nerves in cheeks and temples, threw up a mound on my face and a smaller one on my gums, opened fire from these 'coigns of vantage,' and I surrendered."

"*April 6th, 1881.* I was pleased with the letter you sent me before I left for Ireland, and also with the one to Mary, but most of all with your (school) report. You have done well. . . . The Easter holidays brought gloom with them. I got home the day before Good Friday, in time to catch the first news of Dr. Punshon's death, and I went up to the funeral. I felt it all very, very sad, for I have known Dr. Punshon since I was about your age."

These extracts, from hastily written letters, speak for themselves. W. O. Simpson was a model parent. In early life he was the playmate of his children; their companion always; friend, guide, defender, he gave them his unstinted confidence and affection; and he had his reward in love, trust, reverence, and duty equally unmeasured.

His kindly attention to children was one of his most prominent, most pleasing characteristics. His zealous interest in Sunday School work need not be further referred to; and it will doubtless have been observed that the bulk of his literary productions relate to children and young people, showing how strong a hold they had on his mind and heart. And the feeling was reciprocal. Wherever he went, he won the trustful love of the children, numbers of whom came to think and speak of him, to dream and write about him, to address him and to pray for him, under the name by which he was best known to everybody—thus, "God bless 'W. O. Simpson!'"

The Rev. Henry R. Burton says: "Many a sick child he made glad with a gift of toys, and many both sick and well he drew towards all that is pure and fair." The explanation of his great influence over them we have seen correctly given by Mr. Schofield of Bradford: "He won their hearts by giving them his own."

"His intercourse with his colleagues," says the Rev. Joseph Dyson, "was of a truly Christian type, distinguished on his part by uncommon cordiality, frankness, and brotherliness. He had no secret policy; no plans of Circuit work that he wished to hide from them. He wanted everything to be perfectly understood by them as well as himself, so that there might be the most hearty co-operation to secure the best possible results for the Circuit and for Methodism."

He did his own work, and in some cases—as when a colleague was not in robust health—more than his proper share of the work of his Circuits, notwithstanding the claims upon his strength and time that reached him from afar. He was generally well able to do it. His "strength was firm:" he was "not in trouble" by reason of inadequate vigour "like other men," neither was he "plagued" by such vexations as harrassed less heroic spirits; therefore he was equal to toils and difficulties too great for "other men."

When he lived at Clapton, he said one week-day evening to a friend who was with him on a visit, "Do you know Mr. Smetham?" "Yes, I know him." "Well, I want you to call and keep him at home, while I take his service at Richmond Road. He has a bad cold, and is not fit to go out; but he won't admit it, and I can only help him by guile. Don't tell him till he gets uneasy about the time: then say that I

am already in the pulpit." These instructions having been faithfully carried out, "Ah," said Mr. Smetham, evidently well pleased, "*that* is W. O. Simpson!"

Doing full Circuit work, serving the whole Connexion, studious of everybody's interests but his own, often returning jaded from long journeys, and having to commence work again immediately—perhaps to go miles into the country, he never asked his colleagues to relieve him; and here is one who writes: "I never took but one service for him." Possibly the brother was not much to blame. W. O. Simpson had a will of his own, and that obstinate "No" of his might have much to answer for. Perhaps it would not have required great ingenuity to help him now and then "by guile;" but it must be admitted that he was seldom to be caught napping, and that he was not only a willing but a somewhat wilful worker. It was his nature to work, as it is the nature of birds to sing. He was like a lark, too much engrossed with its vocation in the skies, and eventually dropping dead to the earth in the very act of singing. "*That* was W. O. Simpson."

"Men of light and leading," seeing more of him, were not slow to acknowledge his sterling qualities; and he was equally ready to own that a fuller acquaintance with them had led him to regard them generally with affection and respect.

"In the Conference," says Mr. Bush, "on Connexional Committees and in District Meetings, he was an exceedingly serviceable man; not a great talker, but ready in debate, and wise in counsel. He thought before he spoke; he weighed facts and balanced probabilities and formed his own conclu-

sions; and then he argued." Would that "in the Conference and elsewhere" every one would do likewise! "Great talkers" are the bores and the bane of these occasions. Many of us thought Mr. Simpson a model Conference speaker. His object was to promote a general understanding, and to expedite proceedings. Clear, crisp, concise, forcible, every word told; whereas some others, if they did not "darken counsel by words without knowledge," so swathed it in circumlocution as to make it valueless for all purposes of enlightenment and guidance. Surely, in a deliberative assembly composed of earnest Christian men, who are supposed to be "of one heart and soul," half-hour speeches should be as remarkable for their rarity as half-hour silences are in heaven.

There was in Mr. Simpson a formidable reserve of force for sterner service, lying latent, and only called into requisition on rare and imperative occasions. When in India, having to ford a river in a lonely place by the help of a number of natives, he had reason to suspect foul play. The natives whispered slyly to each other, casting sinister glances towards the Englishman; and when they reached the ford, they suddenly assumed a menacing attitude, and refused to go any further. Dark deeds perpetrated in similar circumstances were present to Mr. Simpson's mind. Feeling himself in danger, but betraying no signs of fear, he stepped up quietly to the ring-leader, and with one blow of his fist felled him to the ground. The effect was magical. The mutiny was over. The natives respected the man of ready resource, returned to their duty, and landed him safe and dryshod at the other side of the river. In this case the strength

of his good right hand was of signal service to him, and few will dispute that it was exercised as righteously as bravely.

In his tongue also lay latent, only for casual use, an uncalculated reserve of vigour, the exercise of which demanded courage equal, albeit of another kind. His speech, never contemptible, was sometimes terrible, as will have been gathered from the President's address at the funeral; and this was not more the case in dealing on the platform with a flippant scepticism, than in handling, on private occasions, persons whose spirit and behaviour courted the lash of his ready wit. Idle men, pompous men, plagiarists, sacerdotalists, confident but ignorant men, stupidly tenacious men, hard and unfeeling men, he could not endure. Such persons generally feared him, and had little to say in his favour. Once, among a party of friends after one of his lectures, the conversation turned upon the subject of our Wesleyan periodicals, when a young minister made some very disparaging remarks anent both the accomplished editor and his staff, and, with some warmth of feeling, persisted in running down both. "Come, come," said Mr. Simpson, "out with it. Confess that you have sent a wonderful contribution, which has been declined with thanks." The admission was not made, but it was believed that this heavy hammer had hit the right nail on the head. At all events, there needed no second blow.

With all his fidelity in the use of his sterner gifts, Mr. Simpson constantly maintained the dignity of his Christian character, and was never known to lose his temper. Like a grand old mastiff, he might growl, but he never snarled. Such puttings forth of his power as

the above were exceptional. In his tongue was "the law of kindness." To the just, the true, the unassuming, to industrious and patient toilers, to all who sought by honourable means to accomplish a worthy aim, whatever might be their abilities, he was always a friend and brother, a sagacious counsellor, a sympathetic and ready helper.

The little "roughness" referred to by the President, adhered somewhat to him in social life, except when, to use his own expression, he was "put on his best behaviour" by artificial, and therefore uncongenial, society; then, again to quote himself, he would "go into his shell." This was noted to his disadvantage by those to whom manner is a matter of absurdly exaggerated importance. He affected not extreme gentility, and had little regard for those who did. Whatever was fastidious or finical or fantastic in speech or style or fashion, was repellant to his healthier taste and manlier judgment. For such things his "scourge of small cords"—mimicry, derision, banter—was always ready, and applied with no sparing hand. So it was when he described, in a lecture, the fashionable bonnet of the period as "a postage stamp kept on with a boot-lace;" and so it was when, in another lecture, with inimitable drollery, he mimicked those advocates of culture who called it "caltsha," and who gave no further evidence of their possession of that commodity.

The truth is that in private he was too much in haste to communicate his thoughts to be squeamishly exact in expressing them; in public, too much concerned to do business for the Master to be scrupulous about trifles, and too earnestly resolved to get his

weapon well in under the fifth rib to respect your beard in the doing of it. Nevertheless, when occasion suited, when his high aims could be best served in this way, he would often wing his darts with the finest feathers of rhetoric and poetry; and there were many passages both in his sermons and speeches that for chasteness, fancy, and finish were unsurpassed by the best masters. When Mr. Simpson's obituary was considered in Conference, the Rev. William Arthur, M.A., said: "He was a thorough Englishman, a downright and upright Methodist preacher, a hard-working labourer in our Master's vineyard, and a mighty archer with winged words."

Mr. Simpson was a trustful and a thankful man of God. Rarely, almost never, did he refer to difficulties and troubles such as have sufficed to overwhelm the souls of others, to bring them under long eclipse, and to make life's chariot wheels drag heavily, like Pharaoh's amid the ooze and slime, the rocks and wreckage of the Red Sea. Seldom did he miss an opportunity of bearing witness to the loving-kindness of the Lord. For his own excellent health, for the favour God had given him in the sight of the people, for the ceaseless calls upon his time and energies, for his enjoyment of the changeful and wandering life whereto he was appointed, for his freedom from care and worry, for the health and happiness of his children, their trustful love, their success at school, the openings for their settlement in life, the acceptance of his eldest son as a candidate for the ministry, for the slightest brightening in the darkest point in his horizon, for adequate help in Providential difficulties,—his gratitude was like a brook that goes on for ever. Everywhere he heard

voices calling him to "offer unto the Lord thanksgiving," and his life was a psalm of praise. How could he be ungrateful, how could he be untrustful, whom God had helped hitherto? Goodness and mercy having followed him all his days, what should hinder him from dwelling in the house of the Lord for ever?

It follows that he was a happy man. No morbid views ever entered into his theories of life. He held, with M. Renan, that "Youth is the entrance to an excellent thing, namely, existence;" that "This life, which it is the fashion to calumniate, is very good, and worthy of the appetite which youth shows for it." Mr. Simpson would have no grinning death's head on his dinner table, to remind him of

"The shroud, the pall,
The breathless silence and the narrow house,"

which are sure to come soon enough; but, instead, he would have open windows, balmy breezes, songs of birds, sweet flowers, and all available emblems of the love of our Heavenly Father, whereby He seeks to draw his earthborn children into the light of His face below, and the joys of His house above. He would not accept even Solomon's teachings in Ecclesiastes, except as qualified by jubilant Psalms, explained by the assuring discourses of the Lord Jesus, and set off with triumphant Apostolical Epistles.

His happiness had deeper roots than can be struck in any philosophies of this world. Reconciled to God by the death of His Son, having God's peace within him, and living at peace with all men, it was firmly grounded, and could not be ephemeral. Loving God supremely, all things — and he knew it — worked together for his good.

With full health and exuberant spirits, employed incessantly in his high calling, and loving that employment with a passion that never flagged—welcomed everywhere, honoured and useful everywhere—what was there to spoil his peace? Careless as to the future, taking no anxious thought for his life, confiding his beloved ones to his Father and their Father, he was truly, solidly, habitually happy. Obtaining his desire—to “die in harness,” working to within an hour of his “last end,” dying in his full strength, crowned with glory straight from the battle-field, this was surely the happiest of all. It was scarcely less a mark of God’s distinguished favour than the chariot sent from heaven to carry the tired Tishbite to the abode of peace, away from Jezebel’s malice and Ahab’s meanness.

Mr. Simpson was taken away in the richest ripeness of his days. He had thought, not without a momentary misgiving, of a time when he must retire from active life, though he had also indulged in dreams of pleasant ways of spending his idle hours; and there is, after all, an experience, a wisdom, a serenity, a blessedness about a godly old age, which are very beautiful and much to be desired. All this he missed. But he missed also the second childhood—the querulousness, the decrepitude, the aches and pains, and manifold infirmities of age; and who shall say that these are not amongst the things which it is gain to lose?

“A man who is young in years,” says Francis of Verulam, “may be old in hours, if he hath lost no time; but that happeneth seldom.” It did happen to W. O. Simpson. He was old in hours, for he had lost no time. In all Christian biography it would be difficult to find a man more worthy of the imitation

of youthful Christians, and especially of young ministers—in his early and lifelong efforts to fit himself for whatever he might have to do, his prompt improvement of all opportunities for usefulness, his possession of himself, his indifference to vexatious circumstances, his scorn of meanness, his joyousness, manliness, integrity, candour, modesty, humility, brotherly-kindness. “Once and for ever,” says Mr. Bush, “he turned his back upon sin, and his face towards God; and thenceforth strove to get farther from sin and nearer to God. For twenty-eight years he carried out the first of the famous *Twelve Rules of a Helper*: ‘Be diligent. Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed; never while away time.’”

The Rev. Robert Posnett gives a graphic picture of Mr. Simpson in his study, which will at once be recognised as just by many of his colleagues and old friends: “When I entered his study, I generally found him very busy, and his position was almost always precisely the same. He sat with the window at his left hand, and his own old-fashioned desk-table, with its pigeon-holes and drawers of different sizes, before him. Around him and within reach I should see Cruden’s *Concordance*, Smith’s *Bible Dictionary*, the *Greek Testament*, Bagster’s *English Bible* with marginal references; sometimes Farrar’s *Life of Christ* for reference; and one or two other favourite books, and these were the usual tools with which he worked.”

Instances illustrating his aptness at repartee have been given already. Here is one more. His ready and fearless wit made him a dangerous man to be treated by any one with *hauteur* or impertinence. He frequently remarked with satisfaction, that notwith-

standing his incessant journeys, he rarely met with real discourtesy or intentional offence from his fellow-travellers. There were, however, exceptions. Once when he and three or four other brethren of kindred spirit were making themselves "at home" in a railway carriage, the train drew up at Grantham. The door was suddenly opened by a man who, from his haughty bearing, appeared to feel himself "monarch of all he surveyed." Perceiving that the occupants of the compartment did not make room for him with an alacrity commensurate with his self-importance, he stepped back, crying with a loud voice, "Guard!" The guard came. The man said in scornful tone, "Find me another carriage: this must be the place for dogs." "Guard!" instantly added Mr. Simpson, "kindly take him to the compartment for puppies."

For the information of "those that shall come after," and of those who never saw him, some description may be given of his personal appearance. He was a little above the average height, broad and strong-built; and, "the whole body fitly joined together," he was grand of mien and of a portly presence. In this respect his physical characteristics were on a par with his mental qualities. Except the whiskers, there was nothing stunted, or meagre, or insignificant about W. O. Simpson. Here, by the way, is a fact worth telling anent those whiskers. A gentleman with whom he met at a party—a great stickler for the razor—complimented him in warm terms upon his "clean and wholesome face," and went on to bemoan the degeneracy of an age that can admit fully-developed beards and even moustachios into the very pulpit. Mr. Simpson, looking earnestly at him, instantly divined the reason of his objection to

the said hirsute appendages, and playfully replied: "Perhaps you and I are in the same boat. We wear no beards, no moustachios, and only the shimmering ghosts of a pair of whiskers, because of the sterility of the soil. That, I confess, is my case. I detest the Egyptian fashion of shaving, and would fain go in for all three, but I cannot grow them. So I am compelled to shave, or to exhibit a crop which might become a lady, but would shockingly discredit my own sex."

In any company an intelligent stranger would think him a man of mark. His gait, as previously intimated, was marked by a slight swing or bounce, becoming less and less observable as he advanced in years. He usually walked at a brisk pace, rarely declining from the perpendicular, his head erect, his eyes—as if purposely brought with him for use, like his hand-bag and umbrella—taking accurate note of everything. His head, which was less massive than might be supposed from a front view, was well formed, according to the approved principles of phrenologic science—the intellectual having ample prominence. The forehead was broad, lofty, open, placid; lighting up and moving under the inspiration of pleasure or imagination, but rarely darkened by a shade, and apparently without the mechanism necessary to construct a scowl.

The face was a study. Full, long, broad, open, all but hairless, it offered more scope for study than any to be found among the first five thousand men you may meet. When he says of Professor Churchill, "He has a wonderful variety of facial expression," he might be describing himself.

It is not easy to describe that face, expressing as it did all the operations of his busy brain and all the

impulses of his generous heart—from thought and fancy to fun and passion, from sympathy to revulsion, from indignation at an unworthy act to the tender look and winsome smile that drew forth the burning secret of a sulky child. In repose, the eyes, which were not large and prominent as is usual in eloquent speakers, bore a look of singular meekness; the chin was well formed, and not without a shrewd suspicion of its “double;” the mouth bespoke great firmness; the whole countenance indicated quiet power, which might be roused to passion—a mind set upon high achievements, and not to be deterred by trifles. It was moreover indicative of absolute content. In one of his published papers he remarks, “The typical American must be very hungry if he is as hungry as he looks.” If Mr. Simpson himself was as contented as he looked, then indeed in that capacious chest of his there was a great calm.

“More than most Methodist preachers,” says Mr. Bush once more, “he went in and out among the people. His services were freely rendered both to large and small places. He had a keen relish for rural Methodism, and enjoyed the village missionary anniversary, and loved the genial and homely ways of a well-ordered farmhouse. . . . Among country Methodists few of his brethren have been so widely known. . . . Others have been better known outside of Methodism, but among ‘the people called Methodists’ not many have been so well known and loved.”

It follows that to a multitude of our people this biography may not contain much that is new: it may, nevertheless, be acceptable to some of them as reviving reminiscences, which are fast becoming dim and

shadowy, of many delightful hours passed in familiar intercourse with a favourite friend and minister whom God has taken. To others who never knew him, let it be accepted as a sincere and honest attempt to depicture a plain but great and good man as he really was—a man intensely human; the humanity, however, permeated and glowing with such divinity as is attainable by lifelong union and communion with the God-Man Christ Jesus.

The eloquent and touching passage from a sermon by Bishop Simpson, which concludes the Chatauqua papers, will fitly close these notices of the life of his English namesake:—

“When a disobedient son bows before the Cross, a wandering prodigal is brought home by a strange succession of events—how do the father and mother cry out in rapture, praising God! And when I think how God uses reverses, how riches are sometimes swept away, how death sometimes takes a partner, a friend, a brother, and brings one humbly before the Cross, I can only cry out, ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!’ And the day is coming when light shall dawn on the mountain tops, and when the voice of prayer and praise shall resound through the whole earth, and the joy that angels know, we shall know in singing ‘The whole earth is full of His glory.’ We may not sing it so fully here as we shall sing it by-and-bye. But I have thought of our ascent to heaven; and when I think of it, and the bare possibility of my getting there, with all my unworthiness, and meanness, and sin, if I can be saved it will be an exhibition of the wonderful condescension of the living God; and I think, if I may use the phrase, when I get safely in,

and the gate closes behind me, the angels will cry out for joy, 'Safe home at last!' And when our children and grandchildren come, O how the song shall reverberate throughout all heaven, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!' It will be our song for eternity."

To this Mr. Simpson only adds a devout and loving prayer that the aged Bishop might be spared to attend the Ecumenical Methodist Council to be held in London in 1881; but though the Bishop was "left," he himself was "taken." Three or four months before the assembling of that Council—in which he had felt much interest—from which he had anticipated great delight and blessing—the voice of W. O. Simpson was mingling with the heavenly voices, and singing "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!"

The months passed by, the Council was duly held, the Bishop came and went again, more moons have waxed and waned, and now his own eloquent voice takes up the strain, the very thought of which so fired his imagination and made glad his heart beneath the weight and "rush of numerous years:"

"O may we bear some humble part
In that immortal song!" *Amen.*

THE END.

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